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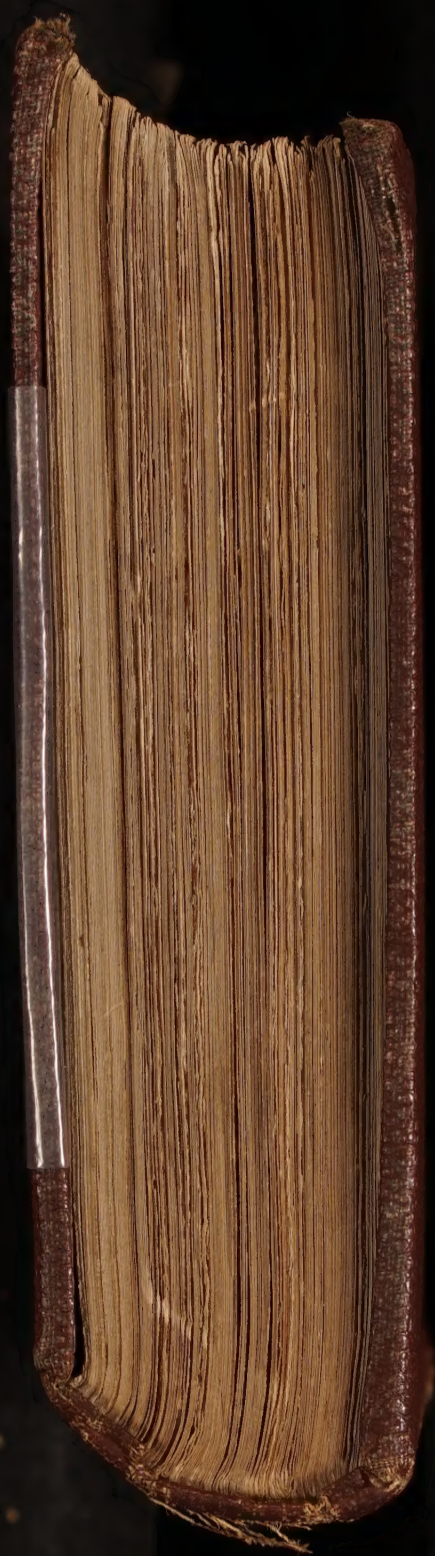
POETICAL

WORKS

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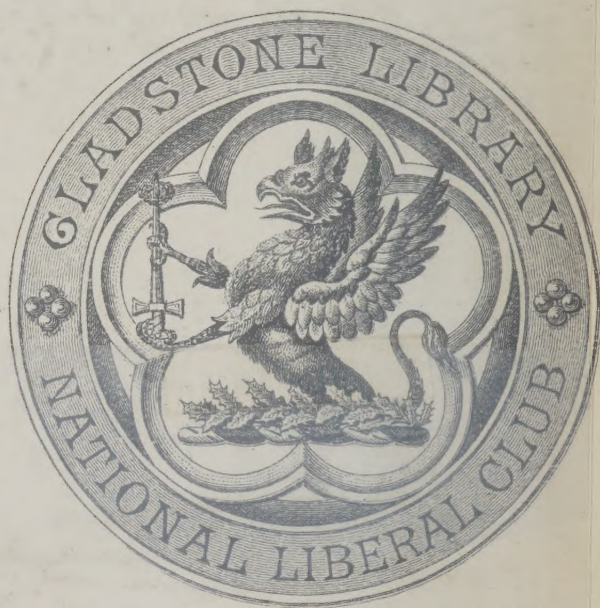






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Edmund Spenser

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

THE
TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH
NOTES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

BY
FRANCIS J. CHILD.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

1864.



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PREFACE.

THESE volumes were at first intended to be little more than a reprint of the deservedly popular edition of Spenser, published in 1839, under the superintendence of Mr. George Hillard. But the necessity of reducing the annotations to a more compact form, and the hope of making some improvements, led to alterations, and these, becoming more extensive as the work progressed, were thought at last to be so considerable as to constitute it a new edition. It will be perceived, however, that a very large portion of Mr. Hillard's notes have been retained.

The kindness of various friends having permitted the use of old copies of nearly all the poems, a scrupulous revision has been made of the text, which, though originally printed with ordinary care, and, on the whole, faithfully reproduced by Todd, required correction in some places. The glossary has been entirely reconstructed, and pains have been taken to make the definitions at once philologically accurate and conformable with the actual usage. The *Life of the Poet* prefixed to this volume is believed to be

more complete and more correct than any former biography. In preparing this, as also in the historical illustration of the poems, important assistance has been derived from an unpretending, but valuable, work of Mr. Craik, "Spenser, and his Poetry," published ten years ago among "Knight's Weekly Volumes."

To Upton, a man of rare learning and sagacity, the student is more indebted than to any other writer, for elucidations of obscure passages in the *Fairy Queen*, particularly in the allegory, and for curious expositions of the authors whom Spenser had read or has imitated. Much is also due to Warton and to Jortin. The plan of the present undertaking did not allow of a large use of the labors of these scholars. Such notes as have been directly transferred from English commentators are indicated by their authors' full names; those of the American editors by initials.

To those readers who do not require assistance, and who are annoyed by marginal notes of any kind, it is suggested that a slight effort will enable them to disregard such superfluous aid, which, never meant to be obtrusive, is offered only to those who find a glance at the bottom of the page less an interruption to their enjoyment of the poet, than an unresolved difficulty in the meaning, or a reference to the end of the volume.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A NEW impression of these volumes having, during my absence from the country, advanced more than half-way to completion, I am prevented for the present, from noticing as they deserve, two papers which have been recently put forth on subjects connected with Spenser's biography. The one of these was contributed by Mr. Keightley to "Fraser's Magazine," and, contrary to the custom of that author, adds very little to what was previously known. The other article, which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" for November, 1858, (and which, therefore, is immediately accessible to all who feel an interest in the matter,) is worthy of special attention. It discusses two of the most curious, if not the most important, questions in the life of Spenser — the name and history of his youthful mistress, the enigmatical Rosalind, and of his wife. The discussion of the first of these points has hitherto resulted only in an exposure of the extreme folly of those writers who have attempted it; but, unless I am greatly deceived, the article now spoken of has most ingeniously resolved the puzzle, and has satisfactorily shown that Rosalind was Rose, sister of Samuel Daniel, the poet, — that the rival

whom she preferred to Colin Clout was John Florio, "the Resolute;" and also that the wife whom Spenser took in his maturer years, was Elizabeth Nagle, a member of a family with which it was already known, that Sylvanus Spenser, the poet's eldest son, formed a marriage connection.

Such changes in the Notes as were required by these discoveries (for so I do not hesitate to call them) have been made in the fourth and fifth volumes, where alone changes were necessary.

F. J. C.

December, 1859.

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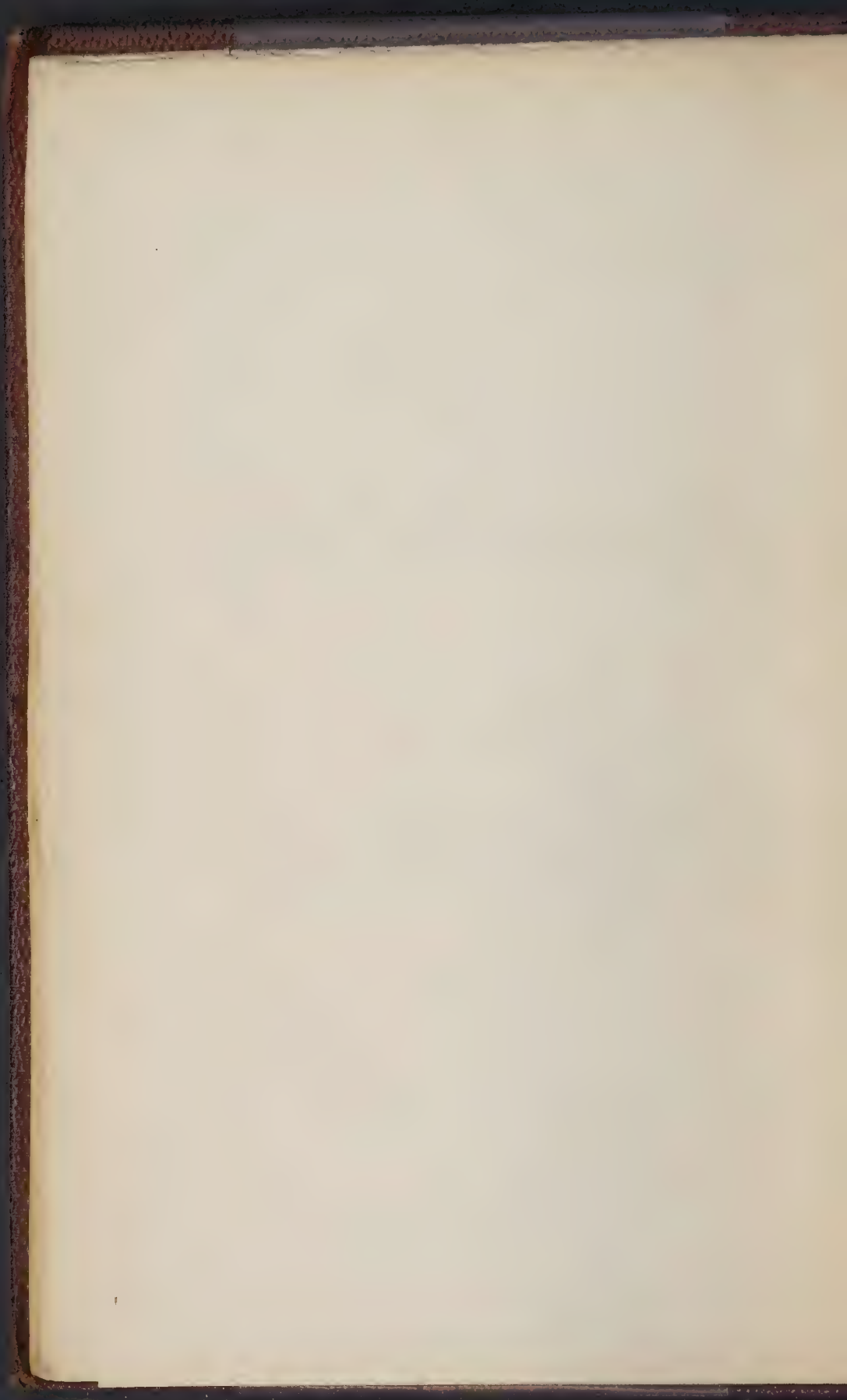
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MEMOIR OF SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER, "the poets' poet," was born in London.¹ From the seventy-fourth of the "*Amoretti*,"² we learn that his mother's name was Elizabeth; of his father, not even so much as this is known. They had another child, Sarah, to whom her brother gave a part of his Irish estate as a marriage portion.³ A tradition preserved by Oldys, the antiquary, points out East Smithfield, near the Tower, as the particular district of the capital where the poet first saw the light. Such a fact might probably be settled beyond question, were it not for deficiencies in the parish records of the city of London; and the same unfortunate circumstance obliges us to rely exclusively on a passage in one of the *Amoretti* in fixing the year of his birth. These Sonnets were entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 19th of November, 1594, together with an *Epithalamion* in honor of the author's own nuptials, which are supposed to have taken place the same year. The 11th of June (O. S.) was the marriage day; the sixty-

¹ *Prothalamion*, v. 128-131, Vol. V. p. 311.

² Vol. V. p. 279.

³ See the Appendix to this Memoir, p. lxxi.

eighth Sonnet was written on Easter Sunday; the sixty-second, on the 1st of January; the fourth, also on the first day of the year. We conclude, therefore, that the Sonnets from the fourth to the sixty-second were composed in the year 1593, and the sixtieth towards the end of that year. This Sonnet contains the following lines:—

“So, since the winged god his planet cleare
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent;
The which doth longer unto me appeare,
Then al those fourty which my life out-went.”¹

If, then, the poet was forty-one years old when he wrote this passage, it would appear that he was born in the year 1552.²

That Spenser's immediate progenitors were in humble circumstances, has been inferred from his having been entered at the University as a sizar. His family was connected, however, as he himself boasts more than once, with “a house of ancient

¹ Vol. V. p. 272.

² The biographers, basing their statement solely upon this Sonnet, and upon the date of Spenser's marriage, say 1553.—Mr. Peter Cunningham has found a notice of an Edmund Spenser who was employed in 1569 as a bearer of despatches from the English Ambassador in France to the Queen, and George Turberville addressed an epistle from Russia to one Spenser, which, though first printed in 1587, is said by Anthony Wood to have been written in 1569, and to the author of the *Fairy Queen*. Could either of these Spensers be shown to be our poet, questions of difficulty would arise with regard to his age; since a boy of seventeen is not likely to be selected as the messenger of an ambassador, or as a confidential friend by a man of forty. But the mere coincidence of names and the authority of Anthony Wood are easily set aside, when alleged in objection to a fact established on such evidence as the year of Spenser's birth.

fame." It was allied with that of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, whose descendants, justly proud as they may be of the trophies of Marlborough, are exhorted by Gibbon "to consider the Fairy Queen as the brightest jewel in their coronet." Certain ladies of this house, to whom their now illustrious kinsman dedicated some of his smaller poems, willingly acknowledged "bands of affinity";¹ but the degree of relationship in which the parties stood has not been ascertained. Some light has been recently thrown on the general subject by Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax, Lancashire. In an interesting communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (August, 1842,) he has shown it to be highly probable, that the branch of the Spensers from which the poet was derived was that of the Le Spensers, subsequently Spensers, of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire. The evidence on which the poet's connections are assigned to this locality is, principally, the well-known fact that Spenser had relations in the North of England, the remarkable frequency with which the names Edmund and Lawrence (the name of the poet's second son) occur for two centuries among the Spensers in the neighborhood of Burnley, and the circumstance that the Lancashire Spensers spelt their name with an *s*, while that of the Althorpe family was always spelt with a *c*.²

Of the education of Spenser it is simply known that he was admitted at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, as a sizar, on the 20th of May, 1569; that he pro-

¹ See the dedicatory epistles, Vol. V. pp. 42, 97, 171.

² See *Gent. Mag.*, Aug. 1842, pp. 138-143. Craik's *Spenser* and his *Poetry*, I. 9-13.

ceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in January, 1573, and to that of Master of Arts in June, 1576. While at the University, he made the acquaintance of Gabriel Harvey, a man of considerable heavy learning, conceited, and irascible, but withal honest and kind. Harvey long resided at Cambridge as Fellow, and writing in 1580 of some abuses then prevailing there, he complains in strong terms of a person whom he styles his friend's "old controller," adding, that "in other respects affairs go on very much as before, continual war being kept up between the heads and the members."¹ These obscure phrases Todd conceives to authorize the deduction, "that some disappointment had occurred in regard to Spenser's academical views, and that some disagreement had taken place between him and the master or tutor of the society"; a conjecture which rests on grounds so slight as not to admit of discussion.

The year in which Spenser entered the University is perhaps also marked by his first appearance before the world as a writer of verse. Towards the end of 1569 was published a work entitled, "A Theatre wherein be represented as wel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, as also the great joyes and plesures which the faithfull do enjoy. Devised by S. John van der Noodt." This book begins with six *Epigrams* which are substantially the same as six of the Visions of Petrarch, printed among the "Complaints," in 1591, as Spenser's genuine compositions (and there said to have

¹ "Cætera fere ut olim: Bellum inter capita et membra continuatum." — TODD.

been "formerly translated"), and these are followed by fifteen translations in blank verse of Sonnets by Bellay, eleven of which appear again in the Complaints, with only such changes as the introduction of rhyme required. The Theatre for Worldlings makes no mention of Spenser's having taken part in the work; on the contrary, both the Epigrams and the Visions are stated to be translated from the Dutch into English by Theodore Roest. If this circumstance, taken in conjunction with his unripe age, should dispose the reader to doubt whether he had anything to with either the earlier or the later version of these poems, it may be remarked, on the other hand, that Spenser's having furnished two new poems to the volume shows that the Complaints could hardly have been published without his knowledge and sanction; that the Visions in question are in the same style as other compositions which have never been denied to be his; and that the Visions of Petrarch were rendered, not immediately from the Italian, but (as may be perceived on comparison) from the French of Marot, who was a favorite author with our poet in his youth.

At some time after leaving Cambridge, Spenser went to reside in the North of England, it may be with relations in Lancashire, and it was among the hills¹ of this romantic region, perhaps, that he fell in love with that Rosalind whose ill usage he bewails in one of his earliest, and retaliates in one of his latest songs.²

¹ Such at least seems to be the most natural interpretation of the Sixth Eclogue in the Shepherds' Calendar.

² The Shepherds' Calendar and the Sixth Book of the Fairy Queen.

The real name of this proud young lady has been concealed from us. Aubrey says she was a kinswoman of the wife of Sir Erasmus Dryden, grandfather of John Dryden.¹ She is described by the commentator on the *Shepherds' Calendar* as a gentlewoman of no mean house, and endowed with uncommon gifts both of nature and manners;² and in the *Fairy Queen* (where she is undoubtedly intended by Mirabel) her beauty is highly extolled, and her position is represented to be one of honor and dignity, though her parentage was humble.³ From the North Spenser was recalled by Gabriel Harvey, who seems to have had an eye for his interest, and to have informed him of a chance of preferment;⁴ and early in 1579 we find him residing in Kent,⁵ very probably at Penshurst, for before the end of the year he had entered into the service of the Earl of Leicester. This last fact we derive from a letter written by Spenser to Harvey from Leicester House, on the 16th of October, 1579.⁶ He was at that time expecting to go to France and Italy on business of the Earl, who was, he says, to provide principally for his maintenance, and in whose concerns he was to employ "time, body, and mind," and the letter includes a long piece of Latin verse addressed to Harvey by way of farewell. With Philip Sidney he was now

¹ Sir Erasmus married Frances Wilkes of Hodnel, Warwickshire. An Edmund Spenser is known to have been living, in 1569, at Kingsbury, in the same county, and it is not unpalisble that the poet may have made the acquaintance of Rosalind while on a visit to this namesake.

² E. K.'s Gloss to v. 26, Ecl. IV.

³ Book VI. vii. 28.

⁴ Gloss to v. 18, Ecl. VI. Shep. Cal.

⁵ Gloss to v. 21, Ibid.

⁶ See the letter, Vol. V. p. 881.

on terms of some familiarity, and there was an engagement between them to exchange letters while he should be abroad. There is one remarkable expression in the course of this letter, which, understood loosely, would lead us to believe that Spenser had even been already presented to the Queen. "Your desire," he says, "to know of my late being with her Majesty must die in itself." But the most that these words will really warrant is, that he had at some time been employed as Leicester's agent on confidential business with Elizabeth. Had the business not been of this character, there was no reason for making a mystery of the circumstance, and that a formal presentation at court is not intended requires no argument, for that would have been announced with something of the same flourish with which so notable an event is celebrated in "Colin Clout's come Home again."

The Shepherds' Calendar had been now perhaps a long time completed. An officious friend, whose name still remains concealed under the initials E. K.,¹ had

¹ As Spenser is known to have been on intimate terms with a Mrs. Kerke, that name has been suggested for his editor. Another hypothesis is that E. K. and the poet were the same person. But to say nothing of the meanness of a man's praising himself under a disguise, we should be sorry to think Spenser capable of the pedantry and folly which the comments of E. K. display. Those who do not stick at such an admission may, however, be unwilling to grant that he did not understand himself; that he could have explained *astart*, "befall unawares"; *entrained*, "wrought between"; *forswatt*, "sunburnt." E. K. professes, indeed, to have been in Spenser's confidence, and "privy to his secret meaning"; but he has told us very little that we could not have guessed without his help, while he has left much unexplained that we should like to know:

furnished a sort of general introduction, arguments to each Eclogue, and a running gloss, in which he attempted to explain what he regarded as the more difficult allusions and hard words, and had prefixed to the whole a letter to Gabriel Harvey (dated the 10th of April, 1579), commending the virgin work of the "new poet" to his patronage and protection. All this he had done on his own responsibility, and without the knowledge of Spenser, who had been "for long time far estranged"; absent from London, we may suppose, in the North country and in Kent. In addition to this poem Spenser had written several others, which were in circulation among his friends; but all of these he hesitated to publish, for reasons of modesty or of prudence thus stated to Harvey. "First, I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writings, least, by overmuch cloying their noble ears, I should gather a contempt for myself, or else seem rather for gain and commodity to do it, for some sweetness that I have already tasted. Then also me seemeth the work too base for his excellent lordship, being made in honor of a private personage unknown, which of some illwillers might be upbraided not to be so worthy as you know she is; or the matter not so weighty that it should be offered to so weighty a personage, or the like." The particular work here referred to, in honor of Rosalind, is very probably, after all, only the *Shepherds' Calendar*, of which she might be regarded as the heroine, although she by no means constitutes its sole subject, and which, though dedicated to Sidney from the beginning, could not dispense with the approbation of Leicester.

All scruples, of whatever nature, were finally overcome, and the *Shepherds' Calendar* was given to the world in December, 1579.¹ Both the author and his commentator expected the book to be severely handled, probably on account of the strong Puritanic or Low Church sentiments of two of the *Eclogues*, and this may be the reason why it was published anonymously. It went through five editions in seventeen years, but the name of the author seems for some time not to have become generally known. One John Dove, who translated it into Latin verse between 1584 and 1596, had evidently never heard of Spenser, and George Whetstone ascribed it, eight years after it appeared, to Philip Sidney. The merits of the work were peculiar and great, but not such as we are likely to appreciate at this distance of time. If it suffers by a contrast with what Spenser and others effected afterwards, it appears to advantage side by side with any poetical composition that had preceded it for a hundred and fifty years. The author, while deprecating a comparison with Chaucer and *Piers Ploughman*,² plainly aspires to be considered of their school, and not of the cold, forced, and affected versifiers that intervened between them and his day. And if his earliest production be not entirely free from the faults of his predecessors and contemporaries, — if it be chargeable with artificial sentiments, with extravagance, with the poor conceit of alliteration, with a want of originality, sincerity, and force, — it has still

¹ It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 5th of December.

² "Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus his stile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the ploughman playd 'a while."

much of the free movement, the essential music, the richness, life, and spirit of genuine poetry.

It will be convenient to notice in this place several early compositions of Spenser, which have either been entirely lost, or, if preserved at all, have come down to us incorporated in his later poems. These are, —

1. His *Dreams*. A work described in a letter to Harvey of the 10th of April,¹ 1580, as fully finished and presently to be imprinted, and in a postscript further said to be grown as great as the Calendar by means of a gloss, or running paraphrase, which E. K. had written to it. Of this production Harvey speaks thus in reply to the letter of Spenser just mentioned: “*Extra jocum*, I like your Dreams passingly well; and the rather because they savor of that singular extraordinary vein and invention which I ever fancied most, and in a manner admired only in Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Pasquil, and all the most delicate and fine-conceited Grecians and Italians (for the Romans to speak of are but very ciphers in this kind); whose chiefest endeavor and drift was, to have nothing vulgar, but in some respect or other, and especially in lively hyperbolical amplifications, rare, quaint, and odd in every point, and, as a man would say, a degree or two at the least above the reach and compass of a common scholar’s capacity.” And he afterwards proceeds: “I dare say you will hold yourself reasonably well satisfied, if your Dreams be but as well esteemed

¹ The date is printed “quarto *Nonas* Aprilis,” but *Nonas* must be a mistake for *Idus*, since the earthquake of the 6th of April is mentioned at the beginning of the letter. Harvey’s reply, carelessly stated by Todd and others to be without date, was written on the 23d of April, *nono Calendas Maias*.

of in England as Petrarch's Visions be in Italy; which, I assure you, is the very worst I wish you."¹ From what is said by both parties, we may infer that the Dreams was of a similar character to Petrarch's Visions, but a comparatively extensive work, and by no means only the seven Sonnets printed under that title among the Complaints.

2. *Nine Comedies.* These are mentioned in two letters of Harvey, in one of them in such terms as to show beyond doubt that they were dramatic compositions: "To be plain, I am void of all judgment if your Nine Comedies, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses (and in one man's fancy not unworthily) come not nearer Ariosto's comedies, either for the fineness of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish Queen doth to his Orlando Furioso, which notwithstanding you will needs seem to emulate and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that you know it hath been the usual practice of the most exquisite and odd wits in all nations, and specially in Italy, rather to show and advance themselves that way than any other; as, namely, those three notorious discoursing heads, Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine did (to let Bembo and Ariosto pass), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole country; being indeed reputed matchable in all points, both for conceit of wit and eloquent deciphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or

¹ See the Correspondence, Appendix II., Vol. V.

with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tongue."

3. *Dying Pelican*. This, as well as the *Dreams*, was completed and ready to be printed in 1580.

4. *Slumber*. Mentioned in Spenser's first letter to Harvey (October, 1579), and probably the same as *A Senights Slomber*, instanced by Ponsonby in his advertisement to the *Complaints* as one of sundry poems understood to be written by Spenser, which he was desirous to print, but could not obtain.

5. *Epithalamion Thamesis*. A work written in verse imitating the ancient quantitative metre, without rhyme, and thus described in Spenser's second letter to Harvey: "Trust me, you will hardly believe what great good liking and estimation Master Dyer had of your Satirical Verses, and I, since the view thereof, having before of myself had special liking of English Versifying, am even now about to give you some token what and how well therein I am able to do; for to tell you the truth, I mind shortly at convenient leisure to set forth a book in this kind, which I entitle *Epithalamion Thamesis*, which book I dare undertake will be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the invention and manner of handling. For in setting forth the marriage of the Thames, I show his first beginning and offspring, and all the country that he passeth through, and also describe all the rivers throughout England which came to this wedding, and their right names and right passage." This poem has either perished, or, what is more likely, was suppressed by the author; but the marriage of the Thames and the Medway is made

the subject of a pleasing episode in the Eleventh Canto of the Fourth Book of the Fairy Queen.

6. *Stemmata Dudleiana*. A Latin work, whether in prose or verse is not known, celebrating the ancestry and family of the Earl of Leicester. Of this Spenser says in a postscript to his second letter: "Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry apostrophes therein, addressed you know to whom, must more advisement be had than so lightly to send them abroad; howbeit, trust me, (though I do never very well,) yet in my own fancy I never did better."

7. *Court of Cupid; Legends; Pageants*. The two first are mentioned by E. K. in the Epistle he prefixed to the Shepherds' Calendar, as excellent works which sleep in silence and are known to few; the last, in a note on the twenty-fifth verse of the Sixth Eclogue, where a line of the poem is quoted:

"An hundred Graces on her eyelids sat."

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the substance of all these pieces may have been embodied in the Fairy Queen. The Court of Cupid was perhaps the early form of the Masque of Cupid in the Twelfth Canto of the Third Book, while the line quoted by E. K. from the Pageants closely resembles one in the description of Belphebe:

"Upon her eyelids many Graces sate."

Fairy Queen, Book II. Canto III. 25.

8. *Moschus's Idyllion of Wandering Love*. This is said by E. K., in a gloss on the Third Eclogue of the Shepherds' Calendar, to have been very well translated by Spenser into English rhymes.

9. *The English Poet*. Probably a treatise in prose on the nature and art of poetry. It is noticed by E. K. in his argument to the Tenth Eclogue of the Shepherds' Calendar, and appears to be alluded to by Harvey in his third letter to Spenser.¹

10. *Sonnets*. Two lines are quoted from one of these in the gloss to the ninetieth verse of the Tenth Eclogue of the Shepherds' Calendar, —

“The silver swan doth sing upon her dying day,
As she that feeles the deepe delight that is in death.”

Another is known to have been written by Spenser upon Harvey's “Satyrical Verses.”²

11. *Ecclesiastes* and *Canticum Canticorum*, translated; *The Hell of Lovers*, his *Purgatory*; *The Hours of the Lord*; *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*; *The Seven Psalms*. All these are mentioned by Ponsonby in his advertisement to the Complaints, together with *A Sennight's Slumber* and *The Dying Pelican*, as compositions ascribed to Spenser, but no one of them is known to be preserved in any form.

The correspondence between Spenser and Harvey, already several times alluded to, consists of five letters, two by Spenser and three by Harvey, written in October, 1579, and April, 1580. One of Harvey's letters is mostly devoted to a description of an earthquake, but the principal subject of the rest of the correspondence is a project for reforming English versification, which seems to have originated with Harvey

¹ “What! Is Horace's *Ars Poetica* so quite out of our *English Poet's* head,” &c.

² See Todd's *Life of Spenser*, p. xxxvi. note.

and to have been taken up with zeal by a coterie over which Sidney and Dyer presided. They proclaimed, we are told, "by the authority of their senate, a general surceasing of rhyme, instead whereof they prescribed certain rules of quantity"; in other words, they ordained that thenceforth English verse should be made to conform to what they conceived to be the laws of ancient prosody. Spenser suffered himself to be drawn into this foolish scheme, and for a year worked away at hexameters and iambic trimeters quite seriously. He even, as we have seen, wrote a poem of some length (the *Epithalamion Thamesis*), in classic metre. But good sense soon resumed its sway over his mind; he never published this poem, and only a few scraps remain to testify his ill success in what he called English Versifying.¹

Before quitting these letters, we must notice two curious passages which, very strangely, have received no attention, although they throw a light on the history of Spenser's affections. Some time before 1579 the poet became enamored of the fair Rosalind, who at first encouraged his addresses, but afterwards slighted him in favor of an unknown rival.² It has generally been supposed that he continued to cherish through many years an ardent, though hopeless, passion for this lady, and in "Colin Clout's come Home again" (written, at the earliest, not before 1591) he certainly professes a constancy unshaken by despair, while he generously attributes the blame of his dis-

¹ See a specimen of "Iambic Trimeter" in Vol. V. p. 383.

² See the Sixth Eclogue of the *Shepherds' Calendar*.

appointment less to her pride than to his own presumption in looking so high. Nevertheless, in his letter of April 10, 1580, Spenser writes to Harvey that "his sweetheart sends many sincere commendations, and wonders that no answer has been returned to her letter."¹ To this message the obdurate bachelor, who had threatened the year before never to cease railing at Spenser until he had cured him of the sentimental mood, replies, that her letter shall be attended to as soon as possible, and protests that "she is a *second Rosalind*."² From all this it would appear that the lover soon found a consolation for the disappointment he had met with; and that some of his biographers have wasted their sympathy.

We have seen that in October, 1579, Spenser was expecting to be sent to the Continent, there to reside some time as an agent of his patron, the Earl of Leicester. He looked forward to this mission with no pleasure, but it was better, he thought, than wasting the flower of his youth in petty employments at home.³ It is probable, however, that he never went

¹ "Sed, amabo te, meum *Corculum* tibi se ex animo commendat plurimum, jam diu mirata te nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse. Vide, quæso, ne id tibi capitale sit; mihi certe quidem erit, neque tibi hercle impune, ut opinor."

² "Sed, amabo te, ad *Corculi* tui delicatissimas literas propediem quam potero accuratissime [respondebo.] Quid quæris? Per tuam Venerem, *altera Rosalindula est*; eamque non alter, sed idem ille (tua, ut ante, bona cum gratia) copiose amat Hobbinolus. O mea Domina Immerito, mea bellissima Collina Clouta, multo plus plurimum salve atque vale!"

³ "Namque sinu pudet in patrio tenebrisque pudendis,
Non nimis ingenio juvenem infelice virentes
Officiis frustra deperdere vilibus annos."

on this service, for, in a letter written six months afterwards, he makes no allusion to his having been out of the country in the interim. We may suppose, therefore, that his relations to Leicester, whatever was their nature, remained unchanged until August, 1580, at which time he received the appointment of secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, then deputed to the government of Ireland. On the 22d of March following he obtained the perhaps additional office of Clerk of the Decrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery,¹ and in the same year the Queen granted him "a lease of the Abbey of Iniscorthy or Enniscorthy, and the attached castle and manor in the county of Wexford, at an annual rent of 300*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, with the condition that he should keep it in continual repair";² which property he conveyed, by an indenture dated the 9th of December, 1581, to Richard Synot. Lord Grey was recalled in 1582, and "with him," says Todd, "Spenser probably returned to England." But this is an arbitrary assumption, all the little evidence we have upon the subject tending to show that he remained in Ireland. He certainly retained his office in the Court of Chancery until June, 1588,³ when he was appointed Clerk of the Council

¹ Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, I. 320.

² Cited from Collins's Peerage (Vol. IV. p. 310), by Mr. Craik.

³ Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, I. 320. It is to be observed that another Spenser, mentioned in a letter of Sir William Pelham, Lord Justice of Ireland, was employed in a confidential capacity under the Irish administration. This letter is dated July 14, 1580, and the person spoken of is said to be growing into years. One Master Spenser was also intrusted with a letter from James VI. to Queen Elizabeth, in July, 1583. The conjecture would not be

of Munster. Again, in Lodowick Bryskett's "Discourse of Civil Life," dedicated to Lord Grey, a party of gentlemen is described as having assembled in the author's cottage near Dublin, among whom was "Mr. Edmund Spenser, your lordship's late secretary," and Dr. Long, Primate of Armagh. / Dr. Long was raised to the primacy in 1584, and he died in 1589, so that this meeting must have taken place between those two dates. Lastly, we know positively that Spenser was in Dublin on the 18th of July, 1586, from his having then addressed a sonnet to Gabriel Harvey from that place.¹

The whole province of Munster having been depopulated in consequence of the severe measures taken under Lord Grey to suppress the rebellion of the Desmonds, the Queen was desirous of repeopling the country with English families. Accordingly the large territories of the Earl of Desmond were divided into seigniories among a number of *gentlemen undertakers*, as they were termed; persons who bound themselves to cultivate and improve the estates thus granted them. Sir Walter Raleigh received for his share 42,000 acres in the counties of Cork and Waterford; Spenser, 3,028 acres in the county of Cork. The date of his grant is said to be June 27th, 1586,²

altogether implausible that this latter (and perhaps the former as well) was the same Spenser that was charged with despatches to the Queen from the English Ambassador in Paris, in 1569. There is no reason at all for identifying any of these with the poet.

¹ See Vol. V. p. 374.

² Birch cited by Todd, *Life*, p. xlix. This is the date of the Queen's articles for the plantation of Munster, an abstract of which is given in Smith's *History of Cork*, I. 60-63. Mr. Har-

and we may believe that so poor a man entered into possession immediately.

In the summer ¹ (or perhaps the autumn) of 1589, Spenser received at Kilcolman a visit from Sir Walter Raleigh, who, being then out of favor with the Queen, may have thought the opportunity a good one for attending to his Irish estates. Spenser had, it is believed, acquired Raleigh's friendship while the one was secretary, and the other a captain in the army, under Lord Grey, and, since the lamented death of Sidney,² there was no man at court on whose generous patronage the poet could with such confidence rely. To Raleigh, then, himself a poet and the most accomplished of knights, Spenser determined to submit the three books which he had now finished of

diman (Irish Ministrelsy, I. 320) says: "On the plantation of that province, Queen Elizabeth, by letters patent, dated 26th of October, 1591, granted him the manor and castle of Kylcolman, with other lands, containing 3,028 acres, in the baron of Fermoy, county of Cork, also chief rents, 'forfeited by the late lord of Thetmore, and the late traitor, Sir John of Desmond.' *Orig. Fiant, Rolls Office, Dublin.*" Sir William Betham, in his pedigree of Spenser (Gentleman's Magazine, Aug. 1842, p. 140), says he "had a grant of Kilcolman, and other lands, by patent dated 26th of October, 1591 (3,028 acres English, held by common socage)." This last account may be taken from the former. There is either some mistake about this second date, or, which is more probable, a new patent was issued in 1591, confirming or extending the privileges granted by that of 1586.

¹ Sir Walter returned from the Portugal expedition towards the end of June, 1589, and on the 17th of August following Captain Francis Allen writes to Antony Bacon, Esq., that "my lord of Essex hath chased Mr. Raleigh from the court and confined him into Ireland." (See Todd's Life of Spenser, p. lii.)

² It occurred in October, 1586. — Sidney appears to have en-

his great chivalrous tale ; and never was author more fortunate in his choice of a judge. Ten years before this he had communicated to Harvey some portion of an heroic poem which he called the Fairy Queen, and solicited his opinion. The reply of this learned Theban was not favorable.¹ "In good faith," says he, "I had once again nigh forgotten your Fairy Queen ; howbeit, by good chance, I have now sent her home at the last, neither in better nor worse case than I found her. And must you of necessity have my judgment of her indeed ? To be plain, I am void of all judgment, if your Nine Comedies, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, (and in one man's fancy not unworthily,) come not nearer Ariosto's Comedies, either for the fineness of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish Queen doth to his Orlando Furioso ; which, notwithstanding, you will needs seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. But I will not stand greatly with you in your own matters. If so be the Fairy Queen be fairer in your eye than the Nine Muses, and Hob-

couraged Spenser to undertake a poem in honor of Elizabeth, if he did not even suggest the theme. See the verses by W. L., *post*, p. 15: —

"And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes,
So Spenser was, by Sidneys speaches, wonne
To blaze Her fame, not fearing future harmes."

¹ To judge by the faint praise bestowed in his complimentary verses (*post*, p. 13), Harvey never heartily liked the Fairy Queen, He evidently preferred the Shepherds' Calendar.

goblin run away with the garland from Apollo, mark what I say,—and yet I will not say that I thought—but there an end for this once, and fare you well till God or some good angel put you in a better mind.” Such was not the judgment of Raleigh. Enchanted with this adventurous song, he would not allow the poet to remain any longer buried in the obscurity of an Irish wilderness. He was ambitious of presenting a man of such extraordinary merit to the Queen, and prevailed on Spenser to accompany him to England with that object.¹

How much of the *Fairy Queen* was written before 1580, it is impossible to say.² It was undoubtedly, in the main, as the author says, “the fruit of savage soil,”³ the product of a long and industrious seclusion in Ireland. After having kept them by him full nine years, Spenser committed the first three books to the press. The volume which contained them was entered in the Stationers’ Registers on the 1st of December, 1589, and was published in 1590. Annexed to this volume was the well-known letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, in which the plan of the whole poem is distinctly set forth. It was to portray in the person of Prince Arthur, before he became king, the image of a brave knight perfected in the twelve private Moral Virtues. This was to be accomplished

¹ See Colin Clout’s come Home again, v. 178–193.

² “Lately at the College, taking down the wainscot of his chamber, they found an abundance of cards with stanzas of the *Fairy Queen* written on them.”—Aubrey, on the authority of Dryden.

³ See the Sonnets to the Earl of Ormond and to Lord Grey, pp. 22, 24.

in twelve books, and then, if the undertaking proved successful, another poem was projected which should exhibit the Political Virtues in the same hero, after he came to be king. Only one half of the first part of this vast design was completed.

We may presume that Raleigh lost no time in bringing Spenser under the notice of his royal mistress. He was graciously received, and allowed at various times to read portions of his poem to the Queen;¹ and to her also it was dedicated upon its publication. By Raleigh he had been led to expect that her Majesty's bounty would be exerted in his behalf, and we may infer from several passages in Colin Clout's *come Home again*, that, in case of his meeting with sufficient encouragement, he was inclined to take up his residence in England. But the road to court favor was found to be neither smooth nor short, and the impatient poet was destined "in suing long to bide." Spenser's patrons belonged to a party hostile to Burleigh, and in the *Shepherds' Calendar* he had spoken in terms distasteful to his lordship of the sequestration of Archbishop Grindal: these circumstances, together with the Treasurer's general contempt for "ballad-makers," proved a serious obstacle to his obtaining even that benefaction which Elizabeth was willing to grant. He had his "Prince's grace, but lacked her Peer's."² Such at least was the poet's and the common opinion, and

¹ Colin Clout, v. 362.

² The tradition that the Queen's liberality was obstructed by Lord Burleigh (preserved in Fuller's *Worthies*, and rejected by Todd as wanting sufficient authority) is confirmed by an entry

though Spenser afterwards denied¹ that he had ever intended to reflect on this powerful minister in any of his writings, it is impossible to understand the indignant verses, so often quoted, in the *Ruins of Time* and *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, in any other sense. Still, whatever opposition may have been offered to his interests was at last withdrawn, and a pension of fifty pounds a year was conferred upon him in Feb-

in Manningham's nearly contemporaneous Diary, extracted by Mr. Collier in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxxv.

"May 4, 1602. When her Majesty had given order that Spenser should have a reward for his poems, but Spenser could have nothing, he presented her with these verses :

'It pleased your Grace upon a time,
To grant me reason for my rhyme;
But from that time until this season,
I heard of neither rhyme nor reason.'

The account in Fuller runs thus:—

"There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser, presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil, her Treasurer, to give him a hundred pounds; and when the Treasurer (a good steward of the Queen's money) alleged that sum was too much, 'Then give him,' quoth the Queen, 'what is reason': to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of high concernment, that Spenser received no reward. Whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the Queen in her progress:—

'I was promised on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.'

Hereupon the Queen gave straight order (not without some check to her Treasurer) for the present payment of the hundred pounds she first intended unto him."—Fuller's *Worthies*, by Nuttall, II. 379.

¹ In the Sixth Book of the *Fairy Queen*, Canto XII. 41.

ruary, 1591: from which time it is thought that he should be considered as filling the office of Poet-Laureate, though he is not named by the title in his patent.¹

We are unable to determine with exactness the duration of Spenser's visit to England. He came over in the autumn of 1589. The dedication of *Daphnida* is dated from London, the 1st of January, 1591; ² that of Colin Clout's *come Home again*, from Kilcolman, the 27th of December, 1591. It is probable, moreover, that he was in the country when he received his pension from the Queen, in February of the same year.³ He would seem, therefore, to have passed at least a year and a half at court. The miseries which he endured in his pursuit of the favor of the great, he has described in his *Mother Hub-*

¹ Todd's *Life of Spenser*, p. lxvi.

² According to the custom of dating then prevalent, this would be understood to mean January 1, 1592; but if Spenser was in London then, he could not have been in Ireland five days before. Malone and Todd, to be sure, consider the date of the dedication of Colin Clout's *come Home again* to be wrongly printed, and would change 1591 to 1594 or 1595; their reasons, however, are not satisfactory. In the *Amoretti* and the *Shepherds' Calendar*, Spenser begins the year with January, and we have only to suppose him to have done the same in the dedication of his *Daphnida*, to make all the facts known about this visit consistent, and to save him an unaccountable and unrecorded journey to Ireland.

³ It has already been noticed (*ante*, p. xxv.) that Mr. Hardiman, quoting an original document in the Rolls Office, Dublin, gives the 26th of October, 1591, as the date of the letters by which Spenser obtained his Irish estate. It is, however, perfectly certain that he was one of the undertakers among whom the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond were divided in 1586. Some additional favors may have been granted him while in England, which required the issue of a second patent.

berd's Tale, with an intensity of feeling which nothing but the bitterest experience could inspire :—

“ To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne —
 Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend ! ”

But all this time was not so ill bestowed. During his residence in England he wrote several poems, and retouched others for publication. Early in 1591 appeared *Daphnida*, an elegy written on the death of Douglas Howard, wife of Arthur Gorges, a poet and scholar to whom Spenser felt a particular attachment. In the course of the same year, Ponsonby, the publisher of the *Fairy Queen*, collected into a small quarto nine short poems, some of them written several years before, which, he says, in his address to the reader, “ were dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by [the author] himself ; some of them having been diversly embezzled and purloined from him since his departure over sea,” — that is, his ten years' expatriation in Ireland. To this volume the printer gave the name of COMPLAINTS, a title which indicates a strong tendency in the author's mind, and which would not inappropriately describe nearly the whole collection of his minor poems.

The first poem in this volume, *The Ruins of Time*, is principally devoted to the commemoration of Spenser's earliest patrons, Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, together with other members of that family, and may in fact be regarded as a sort of

posthumous compensation for the *Stemmata Dudleyana*, which, it will be remembered, was never published. From the dedication to the Countess of Pembroke we learn that it was written in England, and at the suggestion of some friends who thought that Spenser had not shown proper gratitude to his deceased benefactors. As Sir Francis Walsingham is spoken of as dead in the course of the piece, it could not have been finished before April 6th, 1590, when that event occurred.

The second piece in this volume, *The Tears of the Muses*,¹ if not remarkable for poetical merits, is extremely interesting, from the light it throws on the condition of literature at the time when it was written. This must have been in 1590, while Spenser was still fretting at the insensibility of those mighty peers who would spend nothing in the patronage of genius, but wasted their revenues in sumptuous pride and vulgar pleasures. In the excess of his resentment he penned this lamentation of "the thrice three Muses" on the contempt into which poetry had fallen, reiterating at greater length, and in general terms (which still invite a particular application), those complaints which the supposed hostility of Burleigh had evoked in the *Ruins of Time*. But although the occasion and the principal burden of these doleful strains seem to be the private grievances of the author, they sometimes take a wider

¹ This was dedicated to Lady Strange, sixth daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, and a relative of the poet. It was for her and her daughter's husband, the Earl of Bridgewater, that Milton composed his *Arcades and Comus*.

range. The Mar-prelate controversy was now raging violently, and, while the mind of the nation was occupied with polemics, a writer who did not join one side or the other was not likely to receive much attention. No talents are too mean for such disputes, and it must have been humiliating indeed to a man like Spenser to be eclipsed by a crowd of vulgar and ignorant wranglers. The controversy was carried into the theatres, and their license to entertain the people was abused by a free handling of "matters of state and religion." The consequences which ensued are depicted in striking terms in the Complaint of Thalia. Shameless ribaldry and scurrilous folly drove out innocent mirth and "seasoned wit"; and that gentle spirit who had already, at the age of twenty-six, extinguished the fame of every rival on the comic stage, OUR PLEASANT WILLY, withdrew himself from the revolting scene, until the reign of reason and taste should be restored.¹

Next follows *Virgil's Gnat*, a skilful and pleasing paraphrase of the *Culex*. We read on the title-page that this had long before been dedicated to the Earl of Leicester. It must, therefore, have been written between 1579 and 1588, the year in which Leicester died, and (as it has reference to some offence which Spenser had undesignedly given his patron) probably as early as 1580, while the poet was still in the Earl's service. This, then, would be one of those poems

¹ There can be no longer any question whether Shakespeare is meant by "our pleasant Willy." See Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, Chap. VII.; Knight's *Biography*, pp. 342-348.

which had been for several years circulating in manuscript, and the preservation of which we may owe to the printer Ponsonby.

Virgil's Gnat is succeeded by *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, a satire in the manner of Chaucer, full of point and spirit, and penned with an energy uncommon to Spenser. This delightful piece was, according to the author, composed in the "raw conceit of his youth." If so, it was probably written before he went to Ireland,¹ and while he was still waiting for preferment at Leicester House. A second and more irritating experience of life at court would enable him to deepen the colors and sharpen the strokes of his earlier sketch. The whole composition was no doubt worked over before it was published, and some of the most vigorous passages appear to have been added during this revision.

After *Mother Hubbard's Tale* comes the *Ruins of Rome*, a series of thirty-two sonnets translated from Bellay's *Antiquities of Rome*, to which is added an Envoy. These translations are printed without dedication or any sort of preface, and, like all the remaining pieces in the *Complaints*, except the poem which is next to be noticed, are ascribed to Spenser solely on the authority of Ponsonby. If really his, they may be considered as youthful performances to which he attached no great value.

Muiopotmos, or *The Fate of the Butterfly*, is dated,

¹ As Todd has remarked, the description of the ape at court (v. 663-679) may have reference to the same "great magnifico" satirized by Harvey in his *Speculum Tuscanismi*. See Harvey's letter to Spenser of the 23d of April, 1580.

probably by mistake of the printer, 1590, instead of 1591. There is reason to suppose that it was published before the rest of the volume. An enthusiastic critic has pronounced this airy little poem the most beautiful thing in Spenser out of the magic circle of the Fairy Queen;¹ but, with all its grace, it is deficient in that "minute pencilling of nature" which the character of the piece required, and though carefully elaborated, it is not picturesque. If *Muiopotmos* be meant for anything more than a simple tale of a spider and a fly, or a fable with the general moral of the insecurity of youth and happiness, the enigma which it contains defies solution. The date of the composition cannot be fixed.

Three series of *Visions*, the second translated from Bellay, the third from Petrarch, form the remainder of the Complaints. They set forth through a succession of *tableaux* the instability of glory and the vanity of all worldly things, — Spenser's most favorite theme. Their stately eloquence is rather impressive, and we do not hesitate to call them, with the printer, "meditations very grave and profitable." The interesting question concerning the authorship of the last two has already been noticed.²

In December, 1591, we find Spenser again in Kilcolman. Some of the brilliant expectations he indulged on his first setting out for England may not have been realized, but he was henceforth to receive the liberal pension of 50*l.* a year, a sum equivalent

¹ Christopher North in Blackwood's Magazine, November, 1833.

² *Ante*, pp. x., xi.

to at least two hundred and fifty at the present time. Before leaving Ireland he had probably assigned his office of Clerk of the Council of Munster to another person,¹ for valuable considerations. In this case, he would now be entirely at leisure to cultivate the Muses.

His first production was the so-called pastoral of *Colin Clout's come Home again*; an offering of gratitude to Raleigh, the Queen, and others who had befriended him, expressed under the form of a description of his sojourn in England. In this poem he gives a history "agreeing," he assures us, "with the truth, in circumstance and matter," of the visit paid him by Raleigh in 1589, their voyage in company to England, and his introduction to Queen Elizabeth, and sketches briefly the most distinguished poets and scholars, and the most beautiful ladies, that adorned the metropolis and the court. The perfections of the Queen are extolled in lofty phrases, nor is the occasion lost to read inexperienced "shepherds" one lesson more on the dangers and vexations that hedge the way to preferment with princes. A sharp tirade against the vices of courts, and the abuses practised there in the name of Love, conducts to a long metaphysical exposition of the nature of that passion, and this not very appropriate episode is terminated by a fervid eulogy of Rosalind, to whom the poet still professes an everlasting devotion:—

"And ye, my fellow shepheards, which do see
And hear the languours of my too long dying,

¹ See page xli. of this Memoir.

Unto the world forever witnesse bee
That hers I die, nought to the world denying
This simple trophe of her great conquest."

The poem on being finished was dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh, in a letter dated December 27, 1591,¹ and was no doubt despatched to him over sea, fresh from the author's pen. Like many other compositions of Spenser, it remained unprinted several years, but it was probably read extensively in manuscript.² It was made public in 1595, together with other pieces, in a small quarto, and before it appeared at least one passage was interpolated, suggested by an event that had occurred since 1591: this was a notice of the death of the Earl of Derby, (the husband of one of Spenser's kinswomen, and himself a poet,) which took place in April, 1594.

The other pieces which were included in the same volume with Colin Clout's come Home again, are all elegies on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, and as such would most naturally have been composed towards the end of the year 1586. They are by various authors, Spenser's, which is entitled "Astro-

¹ Todd's reasons for changing this date to 1594 or 1595 have no force whatever. The Rosamond and the Cleopatra of Daniel are probably alluded to, v. 416-427, and neither of them was published until after 1591. But Spenser may have seen them in writing, as he had the Eliseis of Alabaster (v. 400-411); or if he had not, there still was an opportunity for him to insert his compliment in 1595. See also the notes, Vol. IV. pp. 377, 385.

² Whether this was owing to the caution of booksellers or to the indifference of authors, it was extremely common in those days. The Elegy on the death of Sir Philip Sidney must have been written about nine years before it was printed.

phel,¹ a Pastoral Elegy," being the best, where none are of first-rate merit.

There are no indications that the feeling with which Rosalind had inspired the youthful scholar fresh from the University was ever very deep; at any rate, her image had long since been transferred from his heart to his fancy, and had become the object of mere poetic contemplation. But whatever may be thought of this attachment, its flame was now, at the distance of only a year from the time when the lines just quoted from Colin Clout were penned, to be extinguished in a more serious and a more fortunate passion. Henceforth we hear no more of Rosalind, except in that Canto of the Fairy Queen where her pride and cruelty are represented as visited with a heavy punishment.² The history of his successful courtship is minutely detailed by the lover himself in the *Amoretti*, and ranges in time from the end of 1592 to the early part of 1594.³ The lady's name was Elizabeth. In the Fairy Queen she is called a country lass, and in the Epithalamion she is said to live near the sea. Her position in society was not

¹ Sidney in his love-poems calls his mistress Stella and himself Astrophel, coining this last out of the Greek equivalent for Stella and the first syllable of his own Christian name.

² Book VI. Canto VII. Compare the passage in Colin Clout, v. 903-951.

³ See the first page of this Memoir, and Vol. V. p. 241. The number of Spenser's children, four, or possibly five, shows that he could not have been married later than 1594. Nor can we well suppose that he was married earlier than that, for the Sonnets begin with the close of a year, and the language used of Rosalind in Colin Clout will not admit of our believing this to be the year 1591.

improbably the same as that of the "merchant's daughters," to whom an appeal is made in the same poem. In a pedigree "compiled from the records of Ireland" by Sir William Betham, she is indeed set down as daughter of an anonymous peasant of obscure family; but no reader of the Sonnets will believe that the object of such respectful, as well as ardent, devotion was a Dulcinea who owed all her charms and accomplishments to a Quixotic imagination, or doubt that she was a gentlewoman of a station and breeding equal to those of her admirer. After a hard siege of more than a year, in which the assailant suffered many a rebuff, this "sweet warrior" surrendered, and the marriage took place (apparently in the city of Cork¹) on St. Barnabas's day, 1594. The charms of his Elizabeth are profusely celebrated by Spenser in his Amoretti, in the Fairy Queen,² and best of all in his Epithalamion. Love roused his whole nature into action, and excess of happiness stirred his serene temper to an unwonted depth. Accordingly, he who would get at once the truest and the most favorable idea of the man, should read these Sonnets and this Marriage Song. "His Amoretti overflow with all love's tenderest fancies. All those in which joy is subdued by serious thought, and in which he looks with conjugal eyes and with a conjugal heart on his betrothed, are beautiful exceedingly." But this is not praise enough for the matchless Epithalamion. "Joy, Love, Desire, Passion, Gratitude,

¹ See Epithalamion, v. 167. Kilcolman was in the vicinity of Cork.

² Book VI. Canto X.

Religion, rejoice in presence of Heaven to take possession of Affection, Beauty, and Innocence. Faith and Hope are bridesmaids, and holiest incense is burning on the altar."¹

The Amoretti and Epithalamion were entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 19th of November, 1594, and were published in the following year.²

While Spenser was inditing these love-poems, and was to all appearance absorbed in the sentiment which inspired them, he was so far from neglecting his estates as to incur the imputation of attempting to add to them by encroachments and oppressive legal proceedings. There are passages in his minor poems which indicate a temperament somewhat irritable and suspicious; he was doubtless sufficiently jealous of his rights, and the hostility of the native landholders among whom he was settled would be certain to bring him into collision with them. It would be no wonder, therefore, if he became unpopular among his

¹ Christopher North in Blackwood's Magazine, November, 1833.

² They were dedicated by Ponsonby to Sir Robert Needham, in the following terms:—

"SIR:—

"To gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so ready, nor thought anything so meet, as those sweet-conceited Sonnets, the deed of that well-deserving gentleman, Master Edmund Spenser; whose name sufficiently warranting the worthiness of the work, I do more confidently presume to publish in his absence. This gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wished for in England, now at the length crossing the seas to your happy company (though to yourself unknown) seemeth to make choice of you, &c.

"Yours in all dutiful affection,

"W. P."

neighbors, and if his memory, which, we are told, is still preserved in the vicinity of Kilcolman, should not be regarded by their posterity with affection or respect. The particular aggressions with which he is charged are thus stated by Mr. Hardiman in his *Irish Ministrelsy*¹:—

“In 1593, Maurice, Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, petitioned the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, stating, ‘where[as] one Edmund Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your suppliant for three plough lands, parcel of Shanballymore (your suppliant’s inheritance), before the Vice-President and Council of Munster, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your suppliant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed; and nevertheless, for that the said Spenser, being clerk of the Council in the said province, and *did assign his office unto one Nicholas Curteys*, among other agreements with covenant that during his life he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doth multiply suits against your suppliant, in the said province, upon pretended title of others.’ — *Orig. Rolls Office*. At the same time, Lord Roche presented another petition against Joan Ny Callaghan, whom he states to be his opponent ‘by supportation and maintenance of Edmund Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your suppliant.’ — *Orig*. He again exhibited another plaint, ‘that Edmund Spenser of Kilcolman, gentleman, hath entered into three plough lands, parcel of Ballingerath, and disseized your suppliant thereof, and continueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said land, and converteth a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling. Whereunto the said Edmund Spenser appearing in person had several days prefixed unto him peremptorily to answer, which he neglected to do; therefore after a day of grace given,’ on the 12th of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed his possession. — *Orig. Decree*.”

In the eightieth Sonnet, written some time after

¹ Page 320 of Vol. I.

Easter, 1594, we are told that six books of the *Fairy Queen* are finished, and the author, indirectly apologizing to Elizabeth (as he had done in the thirty third) for not finishing his undertaking, desires leave to rest awhile, and gather breath for the second portion of his task. His marriage followed soon after this Sonnet was written, and as there is no work that we can assign to the period immediately succeeding the nuptials, we are at liberty to believe that the poet was occupied for a year or more with the preparation of his *View of the State of Ireland*. The second part of the *Fairy Queen* was entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 20th of January, 1596, and was published in the course of the same year, together with a new edition of the first three books, in which some judicious changes and corrections were made. The six books were reprinted in a single folio in 1609, and then, ten years after the author's death, appeared for the first time the Two Cantos of *Mutability*, which were to have formed a part of some subsequent book. It is not known that any more of the *Fairy Queen* was ever written. Sir James Ware, to be sure, states confidently that the latter part was finished in Ireland, and was lost by the carelessness of a servant by whom it was sent to England. But it is inconceivable that the poet should have accomplished in the four years between 1594 and 1598, interrupted as that time was by his marriage and by a long visit to England, a task equal in extent and superior in difficulty (since the adventures left unfinished in the first six books were to be formed, together with those which should succeed, into a con-

sistent whole) to that on which he had expended full sixteen.¹ The only positive evidence of importance which bears on the subject is the inscription of an epigram cited by Todd from a book of Sir John Stradling (*Epigrammatum Libri Quatuor*), published in 1607: "Ad Edm. Spencer, eximium poetam, *de exemplaribus suis quibusdam manuscriptis, ab Hibernicis exlegibus igne crematis, in Hibernica defectione.*" Certain papers of Spenser were therefore destroyed by the fire which consumed his dwelling; and if any person shall choose to consider that a part of the concluding books of the Fairy Queen were among them, it will be impossible to refute his opinion.

The superintendence of the publication of the Fairy Queen might naturally call Spenser to England. But other works of his had been printed without his assistance, and a more probable motive for his undertaking the journey is the hope of additional preferment. He crossed the sea, perhaps in the latter part of 1595. In the summer of the following year we

¹ The testimony of Browne (*Britannia's Pastorals*, Book II. Song I.), though not decisive, is worth as much as the hearsay of Sir James Ware, seventeen years later: —

"But ere he ended his melodious song,
A host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this swan from his attentive mates."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (October 15, 1853), considering the case by no means so clear, thus quotes from Mrs. Hall's "Work on Ireland": "More than mere rumor exists for believing that the lost books have been preserved, and that the manuscript was in the possession of a Captain Garrett Nagle within the last forty years." (!)

And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre
By name of Honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse."

The condition of the unhappy country which Spenser had adopted for his home, and with the government of which he had been in several capacities connected, would necessarily incite a thoughtful mind to inquire into the cause, and to seek for a remedy, of the enormous evils by which it was overrun. The poet gave no little time to these investigations, and had his sympathies been more heartily engaged on the side of the miserable natives, and his attention less exclusively directed to the interest of their foreign masters, his opportunities for observation and his natural sagacity were such as would have enabled him to do both the state and humanity some service, and to have greatly assisted, perhaps, in the solution of a practical problem, the difficulties of which still remain nearly as great as ever.¹ The "View of the State of Ireland, written dialogue-wise between Eudoxus and Irenæus," exhibits the fruits of his inquiries and reflections. It is a very interesting discourse, and admirably written. The evils and abuses which

¹ "But they say it is the fatal destiny of that land, that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good will prosper or take good effect; which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soil, or influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared." — Extracted from the Introduction to the View of the State of Ireland, Todd, VIII. 299.

require redress are exposed with great power and clearness; the remedy proposed is the same which Lord Grey had employed, and which Spenser had sanctioned in the Legend of Justice,—unsparing, thorough-going force; “a strong hand,” and a free use of the sword.

This treatise was probably composed in Ireland, and, receiving afterwards a few finishing strokes in England, presented in the earlier part of 1596 to the Queen and the most considerable persons of the court.¹ It was first published in 1633, at Dublin, by Sir James Ware. The author doubtless looked to have some reward for the zeal he had displayed for the English government; nor were his claims entirely passed over, for in a letter from the Queen, dated the 30th of September, 1598, he is recommended to the Irish administration to be sheriff of Cork.

There can be no question that Spenser had returned to Kilcolman before this time. He was living on his estates in October, 1598, when the insurrection in Munster broke out. None of the English undertakers could expect mercy of the rebels, and Spenser least of all. They pillaged his goods and burnt his house. He escaped with his wife, but an infant

¹ The date of the manuscripts, of which not a few remain, is said to be uniformly 1596; but the work is too elaborate to have been written, as Todd supposes, in the first half of that year. The various copies were perhaps adapted to the more or less ferocious tastes, and to the private enmities, of the parties to whom they were submitted. “In some manuscripts I have seen,” says Todd, “the severity of Spenser, as well in respect to certain families as to the nation in general, is considerably amplified.” (!)—Life of Spenser, p. cxxvi.

child, so says Ben Jonson,¹ perished in the flames. Thus stripped of all his means of living except his pension, Spenser naturally took refuge in England. But he survived his misfortunes only three months. He died at an inn in King Street, Westminster, on the 16th of January (O. S.), 1599.² He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and, as was most fit, next to Chaucer. The Earl of Essex undertook the charge of his funeral; poets attended upon his hearse, and mournful elegies, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb.³ We are informed by Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals*,⁴ that Queen Elizabeth had ordered a splendid monument to her laureate,

¹ *Conversations with Drummond*, (Shakespeare Society,) p. 12.

² "He died for lack of bread, in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, 'He was sorry he had no time to spend them.'" — *Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, p. 12. This absurd and calumnious piece of gossip (now generally rejected as such) is confuted at length by Todd, who, however, also exceeds his authority when he states that Spenser's heart was broken by his misfortunes.

³ *Todd's Life*, pp. cxxix., cxxx.

⁴ The passage, which was first cited in Craik's *Spenser and his Poetry*, occurs at the end of the first Song of the Second Book.

"Mighty Nereus' queen,
In memory of what was heard and seen,
Employed a factor, fitted well with store
Of richest gems, refined Indian ore,
To raise, in honor of his worthy name,
A Pyramis, whose head, like winged Fame,
Should pierce the clouds, yea, seem the stars to kiss,
And Mausolus' great tomb might shroud in his.
The will had been performance, had not Fate,
That never knew how to commiserate,
Suborned curst Avarice to lie in wait
For that rich prey (gold is a taking bait):

but that her design was frustrated through the avarice of some person whom he does not mention. The monument which actually stands over the poet's remains was erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, about thirty years after his death, and restored in 1778 at the expense of Pembroke College.

The pedigree of Spenser, as compiled by Sir William Betham from the Records of Ireland, assigns to him four children, Sylvanus, Catherine, Lawrence, and Peregrine. All of these are said to have attained to adult years, and the oldest and youngest sons are known to have left offspring of their own. To these four we are to add, if we accept Ben Jonson's authority, the infant child that was lost at the destruction of Kilcolman, making in all the highly improbable number of five. Persons still survive who claim to be lineally derived from this illustrious source; but a satisfactory case cannot be made out, and, in the opinion of Mr. Hardiman, the family long since became extinct. Undoubted descendants of the poet's sister Sarah were existing in 1845, under the name of Travers.¹ His wife was remarried, shortly after his death, to one Roger Seckerstone.

Besides the pieces already mentioned, there will

Who, closely lurking like a subtle snake
Under the covert of a thorny brake,
Seized on the factor by fair Thetis sent,
And robbed our Colin of his monument."

¹ An interesting investigation of all the known facts respecting Spenser's descendants and family connections is given further on in an Appendix, which has been extracted from Craik's Spenser and his Poetry, Vol. III. p. 243.

be found in these volumes five Epigrams, which are appended to the Amoretti in the first folio edition of Spenser's complete poems (1611), and as many Sonnets, one addressed to Harvey, the others prefixed, by way of compliment to the author or publisher, to certain translations from the French and Italian which appeared between 1595 and 1599. Other works have been attributed to him, but none, it is believed, upon sufficient reasons.

Several portraits of Spenser have been preserved, and two have been published. "Mr. Beeston" told Aubrey that "he was a little man, wore short hair, little band, and little cuffs."

The foregoing sketch, while it presents a summary of all that can now be ascertained of the uneventful career of the writer, does not afford a satisfactory insight into the character and spirit of the man. This can only be attained by reading his works in the light derived from a knowledge of his life and fortunes. Feeling himself predestined to poetry, Spenser listened to no other vocation. Literature was not yet for a long time to become one of the recognized and profitable professions. No great poet before Shakespeare ever made a fortune from the public by his writings. Those who set up to live by their wits (and men of genius tried the experiment) fell into the vilest prostitution, and sometimes perished in misery. The choice was indeed the patron or the jail. Spenser never had any doubt or made any secret of his preference. The very plan of the *Fairy Queen*, a plan formed early in life, perhaps at college, implies

a design on Elizabeth's strong-box and the good offices of twelve of her knights. Bashfulness did not long stand in his way. He was resolved to have a share in "that rich fee which poets wont divide." In the *Shepherds' Calendar* he urges his claims with some confidence; with time he grew clamorous, and he was, to speak the truth, throughout his life an importunate suitor. Sidney, Leicester, Earl Grey, and Raleigh successively befriended him, and the Queen gave him first a considerable estate, and then a respectable stipend. Thus he procured the leisure to exercise his pen, "the vacant head which verse demands,"¹ but he incurred at the same time the obligations of a court-poet, which, though they may have sat lightly on the shoulders of a loyal subject and an humble offshoot of the aristocracy, by nature prone to admiration, led him sometimes into servile compliances and into a habit of adulation. We join in the praises bestowed on Sidney, the true "precedent of nobleness and chivalry"; we demur not to his laudation of the virtue and the personal charms of Elizabeth,² whom he saw through the glowing haze of the divinity that doth hedge a king, and whose red hair might well look golden as she was dispensing her praises and her pensions; we can even excuse the eager partisan who

¹ See *Shepherds' Calendar*, October, v. 100.

² "It is often ludicrous to witness Spenser's trepidation on finding that he has gone too far in praise of beauty. Whether speaking in his own character, or that of another, he checks himself at full speed, and lugs in the Queen. Sure as fate, there comes that everlasting Cynthia." — Christopher North, *Blackwood's Magazine*, Nov. 1833.

vilified the Queen of Scots and justified her execution; but we cannot applaud the panegyrist of Lord Grey's administration in Ireland, or of Leicester's campaign in the Netherlands. And, speaking more generally, we do not love to see our "sage, serious Spenser" turn his great moral song into a venal eulogy of the great, — committing, as it were, the ineffectual simony of selling niches in the Temple of Fame.

But conformity was the vice of the times, — it could plead the example of innumerable churchmen, — and flattery was a custom, and almost a necessity, among poets. Spenser was no innovator; he was not haunted by an austere, uncompromising conscience, by a restless intellectual scepticism, or even curiosity; he was not impatient of authority and routine. In his youth he was indeed a Puritan, but against the natural tendency of his mind, which should rather have been to Catholicism; the reason was, his patrons supported the Low-Church party. He was satisfied with the existing order of things, provided men of letters were handsomely maintained. What he wanted was the complete command of his time, — comfort and ease, not idleness, for in labor he was indefatigable. He would not sacrifice everything to obtain this. We should be sorry to do less than justice to the moral elevation of his purposes and of his poetry. He aspired to give us "nobler loves and nobler cares"; nay, sometimes, doubtless, more religiously, "to make men heavenly wise through humbled will." This aspiration he has expressed in one of his early pieces.

"O what an honor is it to restrain
The lust of lawless youth with good advice!"

But his courage quailed before poverty. He could not maintain so high a flight on an empty stomach. We wish he had been born to a competency. He would then have been spared much irritation of spirit, and we some unmanly complaints, while the suspicion of rapacity and oppression would never have darkened the fame of one who was surely, on the whole, a gentle and upright man.

In his ready adoption of the prevailing fashions of literature we have another manifestation of his conservative, or, let us rather say, of his yielding disposition, and of the facility with which he took the color of circumstances. In the *Shepherds' Calendar* he kept up the intolerable practice of systematic alliteration. In his greatest works he was contented to repeat the commonplaces of classic poetry, mythology, and philosophy, and to imitate the Italians where the Italians had imitated the ancients. It is to the moralities and the pageants that we owe his frequent personifications; it was the allegory which the commentators had constructed on the Orlando, and Tasso upon his Jerusalem, that led him to make the Fairy Queen a deliberately "dark conceit." But all this was to be expected of a character so placid and unenterprising.

The better part of Spenser's life was spent in Ireland, in what must be regarded as seclusion. Some time was given to business, some to study. Lodowick Bryskett says he was "not only perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophy, both moral and natural." Of course he was a scholar, and had a well-stored mind, but his learning has been

greatly overstated. There is nothing in his poetry, or in the man, which should lead us to think that he regretted the loss of society. He was a faithful friend to Harvey, and at forty became an ardent lover; but it strikes us that his sympathies were contracted, and his affections not very active. His acquaintance seems to have lain among courtiers, scholars, and book-characters. Mankind he may have understood, for we are assured that he was versed in moral philosophy; but men he had not profoundly studied, not even his own heart. There are few, if any, traces of self-discipline, of a struggle with nature, in all his writings; which requires explanation in so contemplative a poet. He seems never to have known a great sorrow. The "atmosphere of mild melancholy" which hangs over his compositions is deceptive. It is in part an illusion produced on the reader by the habitually pensive attitude of his mind, or by the melody of his verse: we can never be merry when we hear such sweet music. Some of it is a humorous sadness, nor does it appear in any great degree to have sprung from a rooted discontent with his position and prospects in life, or with himself. His passions gave him very little trouble. He knew them in a general way, but not as a man knows his mortal enemy when he has grappled with him. He could give an outside view of any one of them, but could not depict the complex as it exists in human hearts. He had not dramatic perception or power: his men and women are mere abstractions, and, roughly speaking, they are all alike. He probably consulted well for his reputation in suppressing his juvenile comedies,

for his comic vein was extremely thin, and adapted only to satire. His acquaintance with the material world was as superficial as his knowledge of character. There is a forest and there is a garden in the Fairy Queen, and his verse is thick bestrewn with flowers; but there are no traces that Nature and he had often been together. He has his primroses, his daisies and daffodils, but not the dew-filled primroses of Herrick, the mountain daisy of Burns, or the golden daffodils of Wordsworth. In connection with these peculiarities must be noticed the coldness of his temperament. If we admire his tranquil health and uniform vigor, we miss the intense nervous energy and the fine frenzy of poets compact of more fiery substance. He often affects enthusiasm, indeed, but seldom feels it. Only twice has he risen far above his ordinary calm level; in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* and in his *Marriage Song*. In the one case, disappointment, and perhaps insult, had stung him into hearty indignation; in the other, his entire being, "liver, brain, and heart," was possessed and stimulated by the new-born passion of love. Of power he exhibits no lack, — who has not felt his strength, though wielded with such grace, in the allegory of *Despair*? — but it is power for the most part too much diffused to produce great effects. He has few of those pregnant lines, those quintessential abridgments of thought and feeling, which, once read, stick for ever in the memory, and gradually become adopted into the language itself. Three or four phrases of the sort have a currency in more elegant literature; not one has taken its place among the proverbs of the

people. A similar want of concentration is the fault of his descriptions, which are often lively and splendid, seldom striking and picturesque. They do not seize on the characteristic feature of the subject, and consequently make only a vague impression on persons of ordinary imagination. His pictures are vivid without being sharply defined, and are adapted less to the focus of common vision than to that of the poetical eye, which is naturally constituted to correct such a defect.

But if Spenser's imagination was not comprehensive, precise, and bold, it was fertile, rich, and various. If he was destitute of profound passion and warm sympathy with his kind, he manifests a natural gentleness, a noble sentiment, and an exquisite moral purity, which thoroughly engage our interest and our esteem. The most characteristic quality of his mind is undoubtedly sensibility to beauty. This may account for whatever want of originality there may seem to be in his compositions, and for his dealing so little with real human concerns. Such a susceptibility would lead him to repose, rather than to action; to accept readily traditions of all sorts; to stand aloof from the harsh and vulgar facts of actual life; to linger among the mellow scenes of the past and in the twilight realms of fancy; to dream over the ruins of time, obsolete institutions, and creeds outworn. Most peculiar is the modification which this faculty, combined with moral purity, gives to his love of woman. Voluptuous though this be, it is ever controlled and chastened by a predominant feeling of the beauty of holiness.

Spenser's most extraordinary power is that of language, the power of conveying impressions by sounds. It is through the ear more than the eye that he achieves his triumphs, and he makes up by his mastery over this art for many other deficiencies. The pathos of his verse affects us when his sentiments do not. In him more than in any other of our poets do music and sweet poetry agree; one of the arts is complementary to the other, and he produces some of the effects of both. No instrument known before his time was capable of expressing his deep and complex harmonies, and he invented¹ one which many a genius has since touched skilfully, but none with the hand of the master, who, through nearly four thousand stanzas, adapted it to a great variety of subjects and proved it equal to all. If we consider that a peculiar organization is necessary for the appreciation of melody, we shall not wonder at the widely different estimate which is put upon Spenser even by persons of poetical taste. He has most justly been called "the poets' poet." Historically, nothing can be more true. Milton, Dryden, Cowley, Thomson, Pope, Gray, Southey, Keats, and we know not how many more, formed or nourished themselves on his strains. It was not so much for the visions he unveiled to their eyes, as for the deep delight his music gave to ears so finely touched. "He will not be adequately appreci-

¹ The Spenserian stanza agrees exactly through eight lines with that used by Dunbar in "The Merle and the Nightingale." Spenser's invention consisted in adding an Alexandrine, which gave the stanza a new character. See Craik's *Spenser and his Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 129.

ated or enjoyed by those who regard verse either as a non-essential or as a very subordinate element of poetry. Such minds, however, must miss half the charm of all poetry, of which verse is as much one of the necessary constituents as passion or imagination itself. Those who dispute this will never be able to prove more than that their own enjoyment of the sensuous part of poetry, which is really that in which its peculiar character resides, is limited or feeble; which it may very well be in minds otherwise highly gifted, and even endowed with considerable imaginative power. The feeling of the merely beautiful, however, or of beauty unimpregnated by something of a moral spirit or meaning, is not likely in such minds to be very deep or strong.”¹

Of the *Fairy Queen* we will not attempt to speak in particular, purposing now to leave that office to Campbell. Some reasons why this great poem should not be popular will appear from what has already been said; but that it should be the bugbear it has been to the lovers of poetry is very unfortunate, and is partly the fault of the editors. Let him who would derive from the *Fairy Queen* the pleasure it is capable of affording skip the preliminary essays of Hughes, Spence, Warton, Upton, and Hurd, and give as little heed as may be to the notes of this and every other edition. The *Fairy Queen* “is vision unrolled after vision to the sound of endlessly varying music.” Let him not trouble himself, therefore, about its architec-

¹ See Craik's "Literature and Learning in England," Vol. III. pp. 100 - 102, where are excellent remarks on Spenser.

ture, and seek to reduce it to rules of symmetry, or to any other rules save those of a castle in the air. Let him not concern himself about the allegory, which was dark enough two hundred and fifty years ago, and has since become in many places impenetrable. Let him be content to enjoy what others misunderstand, and grateful if a revelation should be made to his inward eye of two meanings, where most readers perceive, and the author haply intended, only one, let him leave such discoveries to inspiration, nor be tempted to consider things too curiously. Let him pass over what he does not like. Spenser will never be read at all, if he is to be diligently perused like the standard histories. "Much depends," says Charles Lamb, "upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Fairy Queen* for a stop-gap?" Select rather a June morning, when the brilliant white clouds are sailing slowly through a blue sky, a grassy bank under a tree, looking down a long valley with broken hills in the distance; let mind and body both be at ease, and both disposed to dream, but not to sleep, and when the influences of nature have had their due effect, open, if you please, at the middle of the *Legend of Sir Guyon*.

"Among the numerous poets belonging exclusively to Elizabeth's reign," says Campbell, "Spenser stands without a class and without a rival. . . . He brought to the subject of the *Fairy Queen* a new and enlarged structure of stanza, elaborate and intricate, but

well contrived for sustaining the attention of the ear, and concluding with a majestic cadence. His command of imagery is wide, easy, and luxuriant. He threw the soul of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive, than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been since. It must certainly be owned, that in description he exhibits nothing of the brief strokes and robust power which characterize the very greatest poets; but we shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colors of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry. His fancy teems exuberantly in minuteness of circumstance, like a fertile soil sending bloom and verdure through the utmost extremities of the foliage which it nourishes. On a comprehensive view of the whole work, we certainly miss the charm of strength, symmetry, and rapid or interesting progress; for, though the plan which the poet designed is not completed, it is easy to see that no additional cantos could have rendered it less perplexed. But still there is a richness in his materials, even where their coherence is loose, and their disposition confused. The clouds of his allegory may seem to spread into shapeless forms, but they are still the clouds of a glowing atmosphere. Though his story grows desultory, the sweetness and grace of his manner still abide by him. He is like a speaker whose tones continue to be pleasing, though he may speak too long; or like a painter who makes us forget the defect of his design by the magic of his coloring. We always rise from perusing

him with melody in the mind's ear, and with pictures of romantic beauty impressed on the imagination. For these attractions the Fairy Queen will ever continue to be resorted to by the poetical student. It is not, however, very popularly read, and seldom perhaps from beginning to end, even by those who can fully appreciate its beauties. This cannot be ascribed merely to its presenting a few words which are now obsolete; nor can it be owing, as has been sometimes alleged, to the tedium inseparable from protracted allegory. Allegorical fable *may* be made entertaining. With every disadvantage of dress and language, the humble John Bunyan has made this species of writing very amusing.

“The reader may possibly smile at the names of Spenser and Bunyan being brought forward for a moment in comparison; but it is chiefly because the humbler allegorist is so poor in language, that his power of interesting the curiosity is entitled to admiration. We are told by critics that the passions may be allegorized, but that Holiness, Justice, and other such thin abstractions of the mind, are too unsubstantial machinery for a poet;—yet we all know how well the author of the Pilgrim's Progress (and he was a poet though he wrote in prose) has managed such abstractions as Mercy and Fortitude. In his artless hands, those attributes cease to be abstractions, and become our most intimate friends. Had Spenser, with all the wealth and graces of his fancy, given his story a more implicit and animated form, I cannot believe that there was anything in the nature of his machinery to set bounds to his power of enchantment.

Yet, delicious as his poetry is, his story, considered as a romance, is obscure, intricate, and monotonous. He translated entire cantos from Tasso, but adopted the wild and irregular manner of Ariosto. The difference is that Spenser appears, like a civilized being, slow, and sometimes half forlorn, in exploring an uninhabited country, while Ariosto traverses the regions of romance like a hardy native of its pathless wilds. Hurd and others, who forbid us to judge of the *Fairy Queen* by the test of classical unity, and who compare it to a Gothic church, or a Gothic garden, tell us what is little to the purpose. They cannot persuade us that the story is not too intricate and too diffuse. The thread of the narrative is so entangled, that the poet saw the necessity for explaining the design of his poem in prose, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh; and the perspicuity of a poetical design which requires such an explanation may, with no great severity, be pronounced a contradiction in terms. It is degrading to poetry, we shall perhaps be told, to attach importance to the mere story which it relates. Certainly the poet is not a great one, whose only charm is the management of his fable; but where there is a fable, it should be perspicuous.

“There is one peculiarity in the *Fairy Queen* which, though not a deeply pervading defect, I cannot help considering as an incidental blemish; namely, that the allegory is doubled and crossed with complimentary allusions to living or recent personages, and that the agents are partly historical and partly allegorical. In some instances the characters have a threefold allusion. Gloriana is at once an emblem of

true glory, an empress of Fairy-land, and her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Envy is a personified passion, and also a witch, and, with no very charitable insinuation, a type of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The knight in dangerous distress is Henry the Fourth of France; and the knight of magnificence, Prince Arthur, the son of Uther Pendragon, an ancient British hero, is the bulwark of the Protestant cause in the Netherlands. Such distraction of allegory cannot well be said to make a fair experiment of its power. The poet may cover his moral meaning under a single and transparent veil of fiction; but he has no right to muffle it up in foldings which hide the form and symmetry of truth.

“Upon the whole, if I may presume to measure the imperfections of so great and venerable a genius, I think we may say that, if his popularity be less than universal and complete, it is not so much owing to his obsolete language, nor to degeneracy of modern taste, nor to his choice of allegory as a subject, as to the want of that consolidating and crowning strength, which alone can establish works of fiction in the favor of all readers and of all ages. This want of strength, it is but justice to say, is either solely or chiefly apparent when we examine the entire structure of his poem, or so large a portion of it as to feel that it does not impel or sustain our curiosity in proportion to its length. To the beauty of insulated passages who can be blind? The sublime description of ‘*Him who with the Night durst ride,*’ ‘The House of Riches,’ ‘The Canto of Jealousy,’ ‘The Masque of Cupid,’ and other parts, too many

to enumerate, are so splendid, that, after reading them, we feel it for the moment invidious to ask if they are symmetrically united into a whole. Succeeding generations have acknowledged the pathos and richness of his strains, and the new contour and enlarged dimensions of grace which he gave to English poetry. He is the poetical father of a Milton and a Thomson. Gray habitually read him when he wished to frame his thoughts for composition, and there are few eminent poets in the language who have not been essentially indebted to him.

‘ Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repair, and in their urns draw golden light.’ ”

APPENDIX.

SPENSER'S DESCENDANTS AND FAMILY CONNECTIONS.*

THE first investigation which this subject received was from Dr. Birch, in his *Life of Spenser*, prefixed to the edition of the *Fairy Queen*, published in 3 vols., 4to, in 1751. Some important additional particulars were added by George Chalmers, in his "Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers," 1799. All Birch's and Chalmers's statements are incorporated, along with some further information, in Mr. Todd's *Life of the Poet*, prefixed to his edition of his works in 8 vols., 8vo, 1805. Other facts have since been communicated by Mr. T. Crofton Croker, in his "Researches in the South of Ireland," 4to, 1824; by Mr. J. Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsey," 2 vols., 8vo, 1831; by the Rev. J. Mitford, in the *Life* prefixed to the edition of "Spenser's Poetical Works" in 5 vols., 8vo, 1839; and by Mr. F. C. Spenser, of Halifax, in a paper printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1842.

The entire number of the descendants of Edmund Spenser, mentioned in these various accounts, amounts to above twenty; but at least six or seven of them must be considered as very doubtful. We will enumerate them in their order:—

1. SYLVANUS SPENSER is admitted, on all hands, to have been the eldest son of Edmund Spenser and his wife, of whom we know only that her name was Elizabeth. It appears from a curious document, of which Mr. Hardiman has given an abstract from the original in the Rolls Office, Dublin, that before the year 1603 the poet's widow had contracted a second marriage with one Roger Seckerstone. The document in which this fact is stated is a petition from Sylvanus Spenser to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, representing that the evidences of his late father's lands of Kilcol-

* From Craik's "Spenser, and his Poetry," Vol. III. p. 243.

man, and others, to which he was heir, were unjustly withheld from him by his mother and her new husband, and praying remedy. Sylvanus Spenser married Ellen, eldest daughter of David Nangle, or Nagle, of Moneanymy, and of Ellen Roche, daughter of William Roche, of Ballyhowly. Both these estates are in the county of Cork; Moneanymy, or Monanymy, lying a little way south from Kilcolman. Both the Nagles and the Roches were Roman Catholic families; and this connection, as will be seen, had an important influence upon the fate of the Spensers. The mother of Edmund Burke, we may notice in passing, who was a Miss Nagle, and a Catholic lady, is said to have been the grand-niece of this wife of Sylvanus Spenser; and perhaps the great orator derived his Christian name in this way from the great poet. Sylvanus Spenser, who was probably born in 1595, died before 1638; and left, according to the common account, two sons, Edmund and William, but according to the pedigree drawn up by Sir William Betham, and published in Mr. F. C. Spenser's paper, also a third named Nathaniel.

2. LAWRENCE SPENSER, of Bandon Bridge, in the county of Cork, second son of the poet, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, according to whom he died before 1654, and is not known to have left any descendants, or to have been married.

3. PEREGRINE SPENSER, youngest son of the poet, was married; his eldest brother Sylvanus having, "in order," as is stated, "to prefer him in marriage," made over to him a part of the estate which he inherited from his father, namely, the lands of Rinny, or Renny, near Kilcolman. According to Mr. Hardiman he died in 1641; but Mr. Todd refers to a manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, in which he is described on the 4th of May, 1642, as "a Protestant, resident about the barony of Fermoy, and so impoverished by the troubles as to be unable to pay his debts." He left a son, Hugolin.

4. CATHERINE SPENSER, eldest daughter of the poet, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, who places her between Sylvanus and Lawrence, and marries her to William Wiseman, of Bandon Bridge, but assigns her no descendants.

5. EDMUND SPENSER, eldest son of Sylvanus, had his estates erected into the manor of Kilcolman, by royal letters patent confirmatory, on the 18th of February, 1638 (to remedy defective titles). He undoubtedly died unmarried, or at least without leaving any descendants, although the pedigree drawn up by Sir

W. Betham, probably by an error in the way in which it is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, assigns to him the children of his brother William.

6. WILLIAM SPENSER, second son of Sylvanus, became his elder brother's heir. Mr. Hardiman has printed from the Irish Privy Council Book, preserved in Dublin Castle, the following interesting letter from Cromwell, dated Whitehall, 27th March, 1657: — "To our right trusty and right well-beloved our Council in Ireland: A petition hath been exhibited unto us by William Spenser, setting forth, that, being but seven years old at the beginning of the rebellion in Ireland [1641], he repaired with his mother (his father being then dead) to the city of Cork, and during the rebellion continued in the English quarters. That he never bore arms or acted against the Commonwealth of England. That his grandfather Edmund Spenser, and his father, were both Protestants, from whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descended on him, which, during the rebellion, yielded him little or nothing towards his relief. That the said estate hath been lately given out to the soldiers in satisfaction of their arrears, only upon the account of his professing the Popish religion, which, since his coming to years of discretion, he hath, as he professes, utterly renounced. That his grandfather was that Spenser who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation; and for those works, and his other good services, Queen Elizabeth conferred on him the estate which the said William Spenser now claims. We have also been informed that the gentleman is of civil conversation, and that the extremity his wants have brought him to have not prevailed over him to put him upon indirect or evil practices for a livelihood. And, if upon inquiry you shall find his case to be such, we judge it just and reasonable, and do therefore desire and authorize you, that he be forthwith restored to his estate, and that reprisal lands be given to the soldiers elsewhere; in the doing whereof our satisfaction will be greater by the continuation of that estate to the issue of his grandfather, for whose eminent deserts and services to the commonwealth that estate was first given him. We rest your loving friend, OLIVER P." The estate of Kilcolman was, in fact, restored to William Spenser; but, as far as we can make out, not till after the Restoration. And he had afterwards a royal grant, dated 31st July, 1678, of other lands in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, to the

extent of nearly two thousand acres. Ballinasloe, at a later date so famous for its fair, was one of the properties he obtained in Roscommon. At the Revolution he joined King William, and is stated in a representation of his claims, which appears to have been drawn up about 1700 or 1701, to have rendered important public services by acting as a guide to the Earl of Athlone, in his military operations after the battle of the Boyne. For the part he took, it is affirmed, "he had 300 head of black cattle and 1,500 sheep taken from him; his family was stript, his house plundered, and his only son had above twenty wounds given him by the Irish army." In consideration, it is added, of these services and sufferings, his Majesty, in 1697, granted him the forfeited estate of his cousin Hugolin, who had taken the opposite side, being the same lands of Renny, near Kilcolman, which had been made over to Hugolin's father, Peregrine, by his elder brother Sylvanus, the father of this William. The interference, however, of the Board of Trustees, appointed by Parliament in 1700 to determine the validity of these grants by the crown of Irish forfeited estates, prevented his deriving any benefit from the royal bounty, till he came over to England to urge his suit, when he obtained a confirmation of the grant through the influence of Congreve, the poet, who took an interest in him, and introduced him to Montague (afterwards Earl of Halifax), then at the head of the Treasury. Dr. Birch describes him as a man somewhat advanced in years. According to Mr. Hardiman's account, the grant in 1697, of Hugolin's forfeited estate, which extended to 332 acres, was to the son of this William. They were probably both included. On the 24th of November, in the same year, the father and son mortgaged all their estates in Cork, Galway, and Roscommon, for the sum of £2,100; and on the 21st of February, 1716, they sold the lands of Ballinasloe to Frederic French, ancestor of their present possessor, the Earl of Clancarty. William Spenser, the date of whose death is not stated, left, by his wife Barbara, one son, Nathaniel, and one daughter, Susannah.

7. REV. NATHANIEL SPENSER, of Ballycanon, in the county of Waterford, clerk, third son of Sylvanus Spenser, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, who states that he died intestate, in 1669; having married Margaret, daughter of — Dean, Esq., by whom, however, he appears to have had no issue.

8. HUGOLIN SPENSER, son of Peregrine, the poet's youngest son, is supposed to have forfeited the lands of Renny, that would

otherwise have descended to him from his father, by engaging in the rebellion of 1641 with his Catholic relations, the Nagles and Roches. He appears to have been a Catholic himself; the property, however, was restored to him after the Restoration by the Act of Settlement of 1663. But he forfeited it a second time, as we have seen, by siding with King James at the Revolution, and it then came into the possession of his cousin William. He himself was outlawed, and it does not appear to be known what became of him.

9. NATHANIEL SPENSER (2), styled of Renny (that small property being apparently all that now remained in the family), the only son of William, made his will on the 14th of October, 1718, wherein he mentions three sons, Edmund, Nathaniel, and John, and a daughter, Barbara. His wife's Christian name was Rosamond. He died in or about 1734; "and soon after this," says Mr. Hardiman, "the rest of the property passed away from the poet's name and family. The latter has long since become extinct."

10. SUSANNAH, or SUSAN, SPENSER, daughter of William. Of her nothing is known, except that she is mentioned in her brother's will.

11. EDMUND SPENSER (2), of Renny, eldest son of Nathaniel (2), married Ann, daughter of John Freeman, of Ballinquin, in the county of Cork, Esq.

12. NATHANIEL SPENSER (3), second son of Nathaniel (2).

13. JOHN SPENSER, third son of Nathaniel (2).*

14. BARBARA SPENSER, daughter of Nathaniel (2).

15. EDMUND SPENSER (3), called of Mallow, stated by Mr. Todd, from the information of Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, to have been when he wrote (in 1805) yet remembered in Dublin as a

* We find in an interesting article on "The Irish Rivers," in the *Dublin University Magazine* for October, 1845, an extract from a work called "A Guide to the Blackwater," by Mr. O'Flanagan, in which it is stated that "the last of the Spensers of whom we have an authentic account" lived at Renny, or Rinny, and had contracted an intimacy with his housekeeper, from which she inferred that he meant to marry her; and that this woman, who was also employed by her master as his barber, cut his throat while shaving him on the morning of the day on which he was to have been married to a lady in the neighborhood. "In the small antique dwelling at Rinney," it is added, "is pointed out the room in which she did the deed." Was this Nathaniel Spenser, the 12th, or John Spenser, the 13th?

lineal descendant of the poet. This is, no doubt, the same person who is mentioned by a writer in the "*Anthologia Hibernica*," in 1793, as having been resident a few years before at Mallow, and as having been "in possession of an original portrait of the poet, which he valued so highly as to refuse £500, which had been offered for it, with many curious records and papers concerning his venerable ancestor." We have no account, however, of the links of his ancestral descent. It is possible that he may be the same person already mentioned as Edmund Spenser (2).

16. MRS. BURNE, daughter of this Edmund Spenser of Mallow, married to Mr. Burne, who, when Todd wrote, filled, or had lately filled, some office in the English Custom-House. She, too, was said to have an original picture of the poet; but an inquiry after it was not attended with success.

17. MRS. SHERLOCK, of Cork, mentioned by Mr. Crofton Croker, on his own recollection, as residing in that city not more than six or seven years before he wrote (1824), who used frequently to boast of her descent from Spenser, "and," adds Mr. Croker, "I have been told, possessed his picture, which she had more than once refused to dispose of, though by no means in affluent circumstances."

18. JOHN SPENSER (2), of Youghal. Mr. Mitford has printed at the end of his *Life of Spenser* a letter, dated from 7 Grove Terrace, York, 22d July, 1839, and signed, Robert Rouiere Pearce, in which it is asserted that the person who came over in the reign of King William to claim Spenser's estate (it should be the estate of Hugolin Spenser) was John Spenser, Esq. of Youghal; that this person not only raised a troop of horse at his own expense for King William, at the head of which he fell mortally wounded at the battle of the Boyne, but "lent his Protestant sovereign a considerable sum of money," "which," adds the writer, "as far as I know, has never been repaid"; that the fact of his death in the manner stated is recorded on a tablet in St. Mary's Collegiate Church, Youghal; and that a copy of his will still exists in the hands of the writer's mother, his descendant. It is quite certain that the claimant who came over to England after the Revolution was William Spenser of Kilcolman; nor have we any evidence that this John Spenser of Youghal, if such a person existed, was any descendant of the poet. No known account or pedigree of the family contains such a name. Still Mr. Pearce may have some evidence in proof of his assertion which he has not produced.

19. MRS. DAY, asserted by Mr. R. R. Pearce to have been the daughter and heir of John Spenser (2) of Youghal.

20. THOMAS DAY, son of this Mrs. Day.

21. JOHN DAY, son of Thomas.

22. MRS. PEARCE, only daughter and surviving child of John Day.

23. ROBERT ROUIERE PEARCE, son of Mrs. Pearce.

To this list of names it may be added, that Dr. Birch, writing in 1751, states that some of the descendants of Spenser were then remaining in the county of Cork. And, in a communication dated the 6th of June in the present year (1845), Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax informs us, that he has been for some time in correspondence with a direct female descendant of the poet in Ireland, through whose medium he is in possession of very important matter connected with his family.

In a subsequent communication, Mr. Spenser states a few particulars respecting his own and the poet's Lancashire ancestors, in addition to those given in his paper published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The first of the Lancashire Spensers is Adam le Spenser, of Hurstwood, who begins the pedigree about 1327, the first year of the reign of Edward III. But the same name, Adam del Spenser, is found in Cumberland (near Carlisle), in the reign of Edward II.; whence Mr. Spenser infers that the family had probably come to Lancashire from that quarter. With regard to the immediate ancestors of the poet, and of himself, Mr. Spenser says: "I have ascertained the very bench in the church of Burnley occupied by the family, and, I think, also their grave within the church. Although they are called *Yeomen* in the Church Register, I find them associated with the Townleys of Townley, and all the first gentry of the neighborhood, in the parish business. The armorial bearings of the family are the same as Lord Spencer's and the Duke of Marlborough's, with the exception of three fleurs-de-lis on the bend, in place of three escallop shells, the former probably referring to services in the French wars of our Edwards." The property called *Spensers*, it seems, was disposed of by John Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser, in 1690.

The only person related to Spenser, before he had children of his own, of whom even the Christian name has hitherto been known, is his mother, and of her we know nothing more than that. The name of his father has not been discovered; nor has

any of his biographers stated whether he had either sister or brother. It is certain, nevertheless, that, whatever may have been the fate of his own descendants, many of those of his father still exist, derived from a sister, named Sarah, who probably accompanied the poet when he first went over to Ireland in 1580, and at any rate afterwards resided with him when he settled at Kilcolman. A full and very clear account of the descendants of Sarah Spenser and her husband will be found in the following extract of a communication with which we have been favored by their representative, John Moore Travers, Esq., of Clifton, near Cork:—

“The family of Travers were settled, in the reign of Edward I., at Natesby, in Lancashire; which estate they held, in direct succession from father to son, till the reign of Philip and Mary; when it descended to Brian Travers, who sold it (or rather mortgaged it) to George Strickland, who sold it to a person of the name of Leyburne. This Brian Travers afterwards settled at Pill, in the neighborhood of Bristol, having inherited the estate of Pill in right of his wife. He had a son named John Travers, who came to Ireland when Lord Grey de Wilton came over as Lord Lieutenant; and he was the first of the family of Travers that settled in Ireland. This John Travers married Sarah Spenser, the sister of Edmund Spenser the poet, who granted to him, as a marriage portion with his sister, the Townlands of Ardenbane and Knocknacple, in Roche’s country, in the county of Cork, which was part of 3,028 acres of land, part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, granted by Queen Elizabeth to the said Edmund Spenser; in which grant Kilcolman Castle and Lake were comprised. There seems to have been some doubt as to the power of Edmund Spenser to convey away this land to Travers; and therefore he passed his bond to Travers for a sum of money, by way of guarantee of the title. These lands appear to have been held by the second son of John Travers; but they have not continued in his family. I know not in what way, or by whom, they were parted with, nor whether either the grant or the bond be in existence. But neither of them is in the possession of any of the family.

“The above-named John Travers and Sarah Spenser, his wife, had two sons; namely, Robert Travers, the eldest, afterwards Sir Robert Travers, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Primate Boyle (ancestor of the Earls of Cork and Orrery and the

Earls of Shannon), and was Judge Advocate in Ireland and Vicar-General of Cork. Sir Robert inherited and purchased several estates in the county of Cork, particularly in the baronies of Ibane and Barryroc, and his principal seat, called Ballinamona, near Courtmacsherry, was situated in these baronies, the estates in which have ever since continued in his family, and are now in my possession, as the lineal descendant of Sir Robert. Sir Robert was killed at the battle of Knocknanness, in the county of Cork, in the rebellion of 1641.

"The second son of John Travers and Sarah Spenser was Zachary Travers. I do not know whom he married; however, he left two sons, viz. Walter, who was the second Provost of Trinity College, Dublin (having succeeded Adam Loftus, who was the first Provost), and John, who, having the command of a troop of dragoons, under Lord Broghill, was killed in an ambuscade, in the rebellion of Ireland, January, 1642. He left no issue; nor did the Provost, Walter, leave any. The estates of Zachary, which had descended to Walter, he devised to John Travers, the second son of Sir Robert Travers, who was his first-cousin; and these estates, which were considerable, thus descended to John Travers of Garrycloyne, now residing at Birchhill, in the county of Cork.

"Sir Robert Travers left two sons, Richard and John; and two daughters, — Margaret, who married Sir Richard Alworth, the ancestor of the present Lord Doneraile; and Elizabeth, who married Sir John Meade, the ancestor of the present Earl of Clanwilliam. Richard Travers, the eldest son of Sir Robert, who was my great-grandfather, married Ellen Stawell. The children of Sir Robert being very young when he was killed, many valuable documents and records of the family were lost, and the title-deeds only were preserved. Richard Travers had five sons. The eldest, Robert, married Hester Hodder; and had Boyle Travers, my grandfather, who married Anna-Maria Moore. Boyle Travers left two sons: John Moore Travers, who died without issue male; and Robert Travers, my father, to whom the estates in Ibane and Barryroc descended, with the family seat of Ballinamona, now in my possession. Robert Travers left three sons; viz. myself; Boyle Travers, a general in her Majesty's service; and Thomas Otho Travers, a captain in the service of the East India Company, who died, July, 1844, at his seat of Leemount in the county of Cork."

We have to add, that Mr. Travers's only child is the lady of Sir William St. Lawrence Clarke, of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London.

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Travers states that the impression on his mind is that John Travers and Spenser came to Ireland together; and that they were very probably related previously to the marriage of his ancestor with the poet's sister.

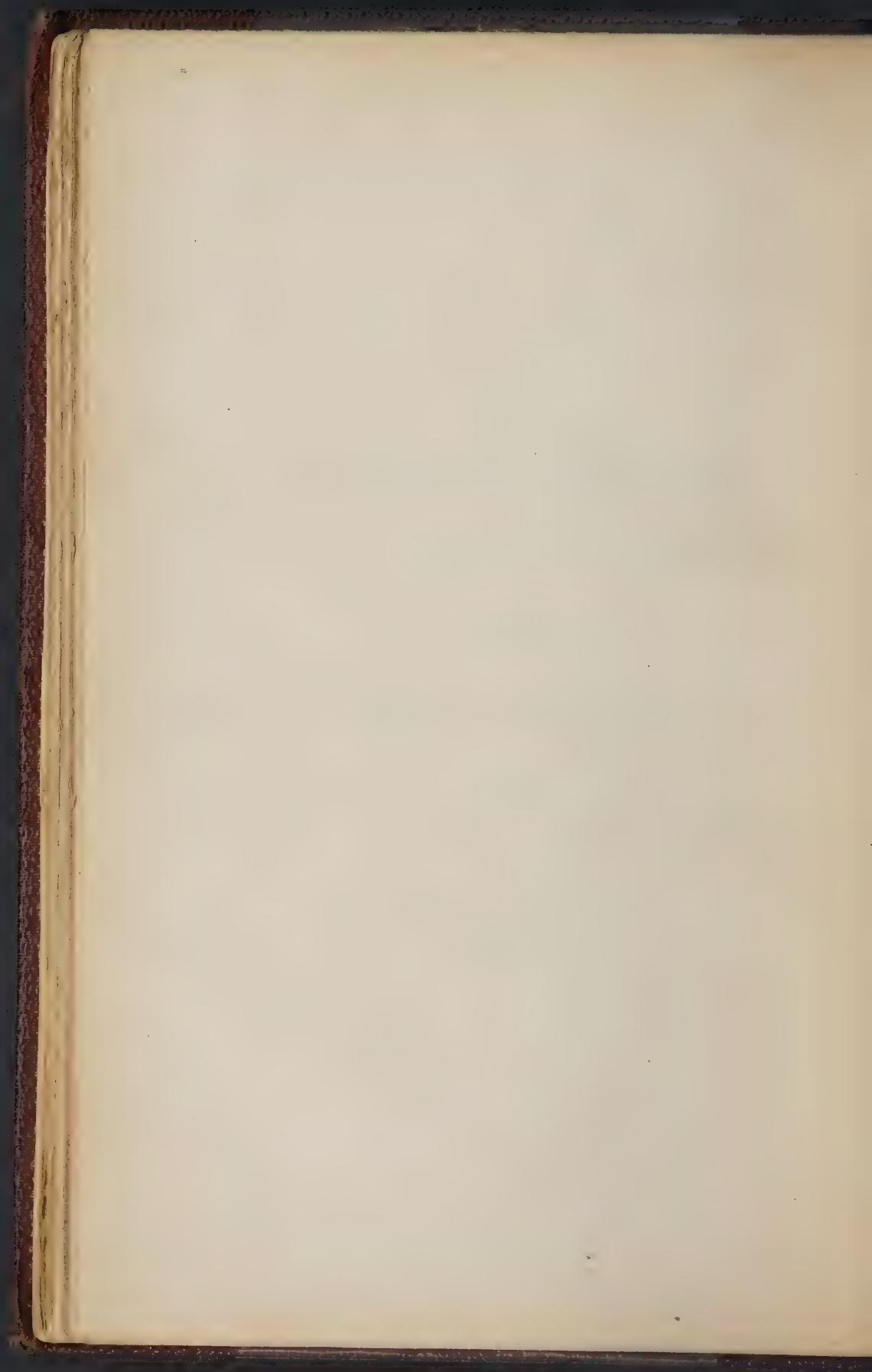
THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELVE BOOKS,

FASHIONING

XII. MORALL VERTUES.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE.
1590.



TO THE MOST HIGH MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPRESSE

RENOWMED FOR PIETIE VERTVE AND ALL

GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT

ELIZABETH

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE OF ENGLAND

FRAVNCE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA

DEFENDOVR OF THE FAITH &C.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT

EDMVND SPENSER

DOTH IN ALL HUMILITIE

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.*

* This is the Dedication to the Edition of 1596.

TO THE MOST MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE ELIZABETH BY THE GRACE OF
GOD QVEENE OF ENGLAND FRANCE AND IRE-
LAND DEFENDER OF THE FAITH &C.

Her most humble

Servant :

Ed. Spenser.



A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

EXPOUNDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COURSE OF
THIS WORKE: WHICH, FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT
LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE BETTER UN-
DERSTANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, knight,

LO. WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES AND HER MA-
JESTIES LIEFETENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF
CORNEWAYLL.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading therof, (being so by you commanded), to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the

most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspicion of present time. In which I have followed all the antique poets historicall; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in philosophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named *Politice* in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private Morall Vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve Bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of Politicke Vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightful and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is

Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a communewelth, such as it should be ; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be : So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure : whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out ; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye Land. In that Faery Queene I meane *Glory* in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine *the Queene*, and her kingdome in *Faery Land*. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia : Phæbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth *Magnificence* in particular ; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I

make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three Bookes contayn three. The first of the Knight of the Red-crosse, in whome I expresse *Holynes*: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth *Temperaunce*: The third of Britomartis, a lady knight, in whome I picture *Chastity*. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly, as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the Twelfth Booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her annuall feaste xii. dayes; uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. Books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownishe younge man, who, falling before the Queen of Faries, desired a boone, (as the manner then was,) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen. That being graunted, he rested him

on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an antient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that expleyt. Presently that clownish person, up-starting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.), that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And estesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the First Booke, vz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day ther came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have bene slayn by an enchaunteresse called Acrasia: and therfore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon,

he presently went forth with that same palmer: which is the beginning of the Second Booke, and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his Love.

But, by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as accidents then intendments: as the Love of Britomart, the Overthrow of Marinell, the Misery of Florimell, the Vertuousnes of Belphebe, the Lasciviousnes of Hellenora; and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the history; that, from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. Ianuary, 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Ed. Spenser.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.¹

A Vision upon this Concept of the Faery Queene.

ME thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that Temple where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne ; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tumbe faire Love, and fairer Vertue kept,
All suddainly I saw the Faery Queene :
At whose approach the soule of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene ;
For they this Queene attended ; in whose steed
Oblivion laid him downe on Lauras herse :
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the hevens did perse :
Where Homers spright did tremble all for grieve,
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife.

¹ The first two of these complimentary poems are by Sir Walter Raleigh, and the third by Gabriel Harvey. The authors of the others are unknown. C.

Another of the same.

THE prayse of meaner wits this Worke like profit
brings,

As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena
sings.

If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein,
Vertue herselfe can best discerne to whom they writ-
en on.

If thou hast Beauty praysd, let Her sole lookes divine
Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by Her
eine.

If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
Behold Her Princely mind aright, and write thy
Queene anew.

Meane while She shall perceive, how far Her vertues
sore

Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote of
yore :

And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will ;
Whose vertue can not be exprest but by an Angels
quill.

Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy
device.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COLLYN,¹ I see, by thy new taken taske,
 Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
 That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
 And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes ;
 That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes unto Kinges :
 So like the lively larke that mounting singes.

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
 And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight :
 Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
 Those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight ;
 Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well ;
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.²

Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes .
 Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers,
 So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes
 Delight the daintie eares of higher powers :
 And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,
 Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine !
 In whose faire eyes Love linckt with Vertue sittes ;
 Enfusing, by those bewties fyers devyne,
 Such high conceites into thy humble wittes,

¹ In these verses allusion is made to the *Shepheards Calender*, Spenser's first published work, in which he speaks of himself as Colin Clout. H.

² I. e. *pre-eminence*.

As raised hath poore Pastors oaten reedes
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse Knight with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou dost vayle in type of Faery land,
Elyzas blessed field, that Albion hight :
That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But, iolly shepeheard, though with pleasing style
Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne,
Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,
Ne daunted be through envy or disdaine.
Subiect thy dome to her empyring¹ spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes light.

HOBYNOLL.

FAYRE Themis streame, that from Ludds stately towne
Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes :
Nere thy sweet bankes there lives that sacred Crowne,
Whose hand strowes palme and never-dying bayes.
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes :
For he hath taught hye drifts in Shepeherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now singes in Faeries deedes.

R. S.

¹ *Empyring*, enkindling, inflaming.

GRAVE Muses, march in triumph and with prayes;
Our Goddess here hath given you leave to land,
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde:
So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
With leaves of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
Even of the fairest that the world hath seene!

H. B.

WHEN stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
And what revenge the States of Greece devisd,
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguise:
But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,
And brought him forth, the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spencer saw the fame was spredd so large,
Through Faery land, of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a Shepeheard then he made his choice;
But Sydney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes,
So Spencer was, by Sidneys speaches, wonne
To blaze Her fame, not fearing future harmes:

For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,
Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeres,
So Spencer now, to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.¹
What though his taske exceed a humaine witt?
He is excus'd, sith² Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.

To looke upon a worke of rare devise
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserved prise
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either prove the iudgement to be naught,
Or els doth shew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a iealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend:
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
'Tis needlesse for the hoast to have a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my iudgement to be such
As can discerne of colours blacke and white,
As all³ to free my minde from envies tuch,

¹ *Feres*, companions.

² *Sith*, since.

³ *Alls*, also.

That never gives to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanship is such
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore ;
Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware,
But such hath beene the custome heretofore,
And customes very hardly broken are ;
And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you give your hoast his utmost dew.

IGNOTO.

VERSES

ADDRESSED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE
QUEENE TO SEVERAL NOBLEMEN, &C.¹

*To the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hatton,
Lord High Chauncelor of England, &c.*

THOSE prudent heads, that with their counsels wise
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from those grave affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play :
So Ennius the elder Africane ;
So Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay.
So you, great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay²
The rugged brow of carefull Policy ;
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

¹ The foregoing Letter of the Author to Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Verses addressed to Spenser, were originally appended to the first three books of the Faerie Queene. Then followed various Sonnets, which were probably sent with presentation copies of the volume. At first there were ten (the 1st, 6th, 3d, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 14th, 16th, 17th, in our arrangement), which occupied pp. 601-605. Seven sonnets were afterwards added, and, to make room for them, in the copy we have followed, eight pages, not numbered, are substituted in the place of pp. 601-604. In other copies, still other arrangements are found. C.

² *Delay*, smooth.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord
High Treasurer of England.*

To you, right noble Lord, whose carefull brest
To menage of most grave affaires is bent,
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdomes government,
(As the wide compasse of the firmament
On Atlas mighty shoulders is upstayd,)
Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from comune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receave,
And wipe their faults out of your censure grave.

*To the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford,
Lord High Chamberlayne of England, &c.*

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, in gentle gree,¹
The unripe fruit of an unready wit,
Which, by thy countenance, doth crave to bee
Defended from foule Envies poisonous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well besfit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry

¹ Gree, favor.

Under a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long living memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility :
And also for the love which thou doest beare
To th' Heliconian ymps,¹ and they to thee ;
They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare :
Deare as thou art unto thyselfe, so love
That ² loves and honours thee ; as doth behove.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

THE sacred Muses have made alwaies clame
To be the nourses of nobility,
And registres of everlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and chevalry.
Then, by like right, the noble progeny
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the service of sweete Poetry,
By whose endeavours they are glorifide ;
And eke from all of whom it is envide
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which gives them life, that els would soone have
dide,
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

¹ *Ymps*, offspring.

² *That*, i. e. him that.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

REDOUTED Lord, in whose corageous mind
 The flowre of chevalry, now bloosming faire,
 Doth promise fruit worthy the noble kind
 Which of their praises have left you the haire,
 To you this humble present I prepare,
 For love of vertue and of martiall praise;
 To which though nobly ye inclined are,
 (As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,¹)
 Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,
 In which trew honor yee may fashiond see,
 To like desire of honor may ye raise,
 And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
 Receive it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,
 For honor of your name and high descent.

*To the most Honourable and excellent Lord the Earle
 of Essex, Great Maister of the Horse to her
 Highnesse, and Knight of the Noble Order
 of the Garter, &c.*

MAGNIFICKE Lord, whose vertues excellent
 Doe merit a most famous Poets witt
 To be thy living praises instrument;
 Yet doe not sdeigne² to let thy name be writt
 In this base Poeme, for thee far unfitt;

¹ Assaies, proofs, or trials.

² Sdeigne, disdain.

Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby.
 But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,¹
 Doe yet but flagg and lowly learne to fly,
 With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty²
 To the last praises of this Faery Queene,
 Then shall it make more famous memory
 Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene:
 Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenaunce
 To these first labours needed furtheraunce.

*To the Right Honourable the Earle of Ormond and
 Ossory.*

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, a simple taste
 Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl³ hath bred;
 Which, being through long wars left almost waste,
 With brutish barbarisme is overspredd:
 And, in so faire a land as may be redd,⁴
 Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone,
 Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
 But where thyselfe hast thy brave mansione:
 There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,
 And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits;
 And in thy person, without paragone,
 All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
 Such, therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
 Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

¹ *Flitt*, fleet.

² *Sty*, ascend.

³ I. e. Ireland.

⁴ *Redd*, conceived of.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Charles Howard,
Lord High Admiral of England, Knight of the
Noble Order of the Garter, and one of her
Maiesties Privie Counsel, &c.*

AND ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample, to the present age,
Of th' old heroës, whose famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,
In this same pageaunt have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian King,
That vainly threatned kingdoms to displace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace,¹
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,²
That it may live to all posterity.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, High
Chamberlaine to her Maiesty.*

RENOWNMED Lord, that, for your worthinesse
And noble deeds, have your deserved place
High in the favour of that Emperesse,

¹ Allusion is here made to the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

² *Semblably*, with resemblance.

The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace,
 Here eke of right have you a worthie place,
 Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene,¹
 And for your owne high merit in like cace :
 Of which, apparaunt prooffe was to be seene,
 When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene²
 Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,
 And their disloiall powre defaced clene,
 The record of enduring memory.
 Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
 That all posteritie thy honor may reherse.

*To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey
 of Wilton, Knight of the Noble Order of the
 Garter, &c.*

MOST Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
 And patrone of my Muses pupillage,
 Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
 In the first season of my feeble age,
 I now doe live bound yours by vassalage ;
 (Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave³
 Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage ;)
 Vouchsafe, in worth, this small guift to receave,
 Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
 Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account :
 Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
 In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,

¹ He was cousin to Queen Elizabeth.

² *Deene*, din.

³ *Reave*, take away.

And roughly wrought in an unlearned loome :
 The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favorable
 doome.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one
 of her Maiesties Privie Counsell.*

IN vain I thinke, right honourable Lord,
 By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
 Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record
 In golden verse, worthy immortal fame :
 Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)
 Thy gracious Soverains praises to compile,
 And her imperiall Maiestie to frame
 In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
 But, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while
 To baser wit his power therein to spend,
 Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,¹
 And unadvised oversights amend.
 But evermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
 Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

*To the Right Honourable Sir Francis Walsingham,
 Knight, Principall Secretary to her Maiesty, and
 of her Honourable Privy Counsell.*

THAT Mantuane Poetes incompar² spirit,
 Whose girland now is set in highest place,

¹ *File*, smooth or polish.

² *Incompar*, incomparable.

Had not Mæcenas, for his worthy merit,
 It first advaunst to great Augustus grace,
 Might long perhaps have lien in silence bace,
 Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
 This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
 Flies for like aide unto your patronage,
 (That are the great Mæcenas of this age,
 As wel to al that civil artes professe,
 As those that are inspir'd with martial rage,)
 And craves protection of her feeblenesse :
 Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
 In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.

*To the Right Noble Lord and most valiaunt Cap-
 taine, Sir Iohn Norris, Knight, Lord President
 of Mounster.*

Who ever gave more honourable prize
 To the sweet Muse then did the martiall crew,
 That their brave deeds she might immortalize
 In her shril tromp, and sound their praises dew?
 Who then ought more to favour her then you,
 Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,
 And precedent of all that armes ensue?
 Whose warlike prowesse and manly couráge,
 Tempred with reason and advizement sage,
 Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;
 In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage;
 And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile.
 Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
 Love him that hath eternized your name.

*To the Right Noble and valorous Knight, Sir Walter
Raleigh, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes,
and Lieftenaunt of Cornewaile.*

To thee, that art the Sommers Nightingale,
Thy sovaine Goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rusticke madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
Thou onely fit this argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her
bowre,
And dainty Love learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,
To tast the streames that, like a golden showre,
Flew from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loves praise;
Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall stowre,
Whenso thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet, till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praises bee thus rudely showne.

*To the Right Honourable and most vertuous Lady, the
Countesse of Pembroke.*

REMEMBRAUNCE of that most heroicke spirit,¹
The hevens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth (through immortall merit

¹ Sir Philip Sidney, her brother.

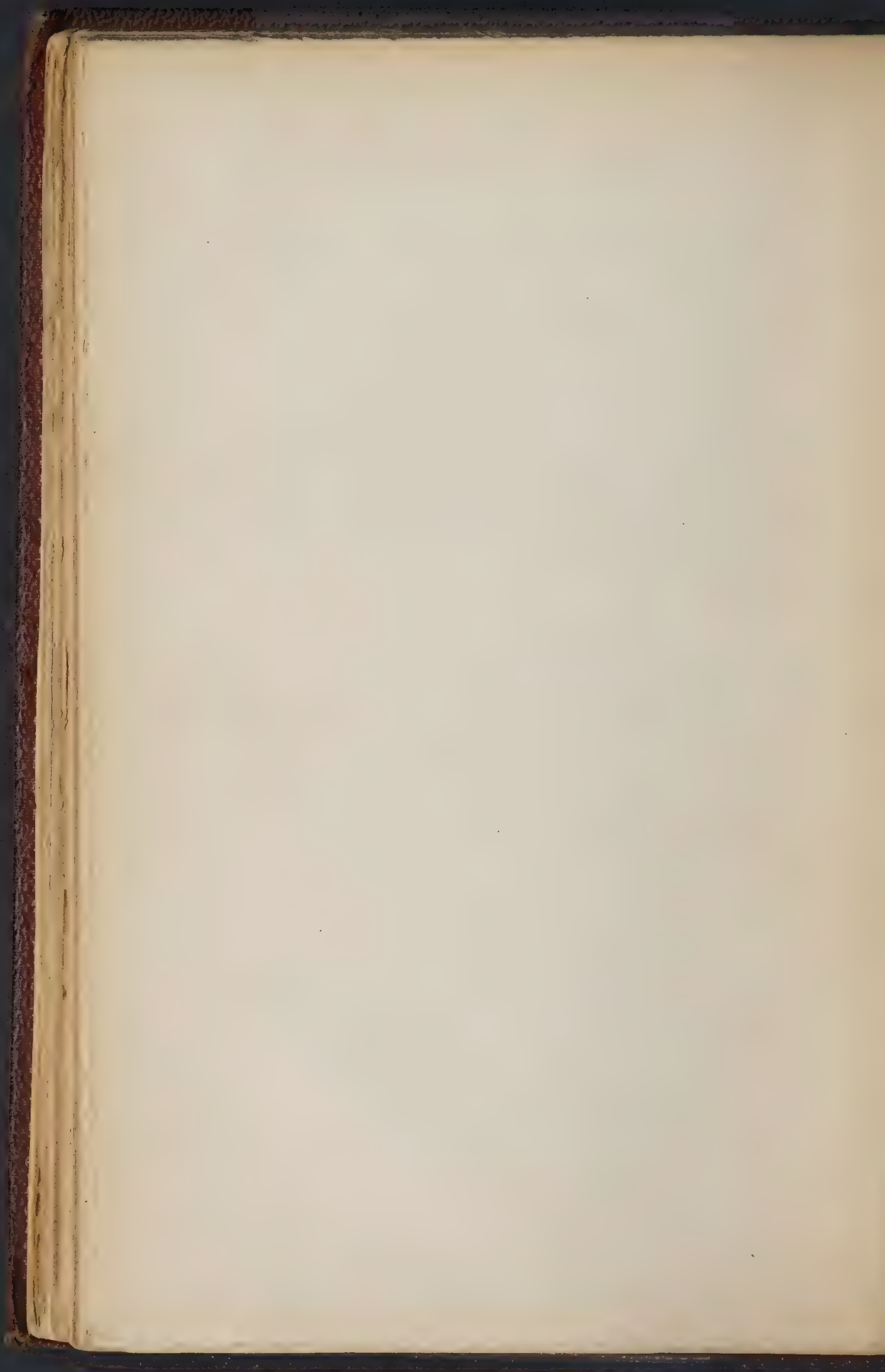
Of his brave vertues) crownd with lasting baies,
 Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies,
 Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
 To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies,
 Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
 His goodly image living evermore
 In the divine resemblaunce of your face ;
 Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
 And native beauty deck with hevenlie grace :
 For His, and for your owne especial sake,
 Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

*To the most vertuous and beautifull Lady, the Lady
 Carew.*

NE may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
 You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place ;
 But, with remembraunce of your gracious name,
 (Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye grace
 And deck the world,) adorne these verses base :
 Not that these few lines can in them comprise
 Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,
 Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes
 And in subdued harts do tyrannyse ;
 (For thereunto doth need a golden quill
 And silver leaves, them rightly to devise ;)
 But to make humble present of good will :
 Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase may,
 In ampler wise itselfe will forth display.

To all the gracious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.

THE Chian Peincter, when he was requirde
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
To make his worke more absolute, desird
Of all the fairest maides to have the vew.
Much more me needs, (to draw the semblant trew,
Of Beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonderment,)
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,
And steale from each some part of ornament.
If all the world to seeke I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see
Then that brave Court doth to mine eie present ;
That the worlds pride seemes gathered there to bee.
Of each a part I stole by cunning thefte :
Forgive it me, faire Dames, sith lesse ye have not
lefte.



THE FIRST BOOKE
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR
OF HOLINESSE.

1 Lo ! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shephards weeds,¹
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds ;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds²
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng :
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my
song.

2 Helpe then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker novice to performe thy will ;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne³

¹ *Weeds*, clothes.

² *Areeds*, counsels, incites.

³ *Scryne*, box for books or papers (*scrinium*).

The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
 Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill ¹
 Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
 Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
 That I must rue his undeserved wrong :
 O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong !

3 And thou, most dreaded impe ² of highest Iove,
 Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
 At that good knight so cunningly didst rove, ³
 That glorious fire it kindled in his hart ;
 Lay now thy deadly heben ⁴ bowe apart,
 And, with thy mother mylde, come to mine ayde ;
 Come, both ; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
 In loves and gentle iollities arraid,
 After his murderous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

4 And with them eke, O Goddess heavenly bright,
 Mirrour of grace, and maiestie divine,
 Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
 Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth
 shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted ⁵ stile :
 The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest Dread, ⁶ a
 while.

¹ *Tanaquill* is another name for Gloriana, the Faerie Queene.

² *Impe*, child.

³ *Rove*, shoot.

⁴ *Heben*, ebony.

⁵ *Afflicted*, low, or humble.

⁶ *Dread*, object of reverence.

CANTO I.

The Patrone of true Holinesse
 Foule Errour doth defeate;
 Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
 Doth to his home entreate.

1 A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd¹ in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruell markes of many a bloody field; ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
 Full iolly² knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts³ and fierce encounters fitt.

1 *Yeladd*, clad. 2 *Iolly*, handsome. 3 *Giusts*, jousts, tournaments.

I. 5. — *Yet armes till that time did he never wield.*] St. George, the hero of this legend, though of royal Saxon blood, had been brought up as a ploughman, having been stolen away in his infancy by a fairy. (Canto X. 65, 66.) When come to the age of man, he presented himself, "a tall, clownish young man," at the court of the Fairy Queen, and desired the achievement of some adventure. The first which offered itself was that of the dragon, but his rustic appearance was made an objection to his attempting such an exploit, and he was required, as a test of his fitness, to try on a suit of armor, — the "whole armor" of a Christian soldier, described by Paul in the sixth chapter of the Ephesians. Having successfully undergone this probation, he was accepted, and, immediately taking on him the vows of knighthood, set forth on his enterprise. See pp. 8, 9. C.

2 And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he
 wore,
 And dead, as living ever, him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had,
 Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word ;
 But of his cheere¹ did seeme too solemne sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.²

3 Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 That greatest glorious quene of Faery lond,
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave :
 And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne³
 To prove his puissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

4 A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow ;
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled⁴ was full low ;
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw :
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

¹ *Cheere*, countenance.³ *Earne*, yearn.² *Ydrad*, dreaded.⁴ *Wimpled*, drawn about her.

5 So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore ;
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subiection held ;
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted¹ all their land, and them expeld ;
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

6 Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
 And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were
 fain.

7 Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr :
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr :
 Faire harbour that them seemes ; so in they entred ar.

¹ *Forwasted.* For is here intensive.

8 And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can¹ they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;
 The vine-propp elme ; the poplar never dry ;
 The builder oake, sole king of forrests all ;
 The aspine good for staves ; the cypresse funerall ;

9 The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
 And poets sage ; the firre that weepeth still ;
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramours ;
 The eugh,² obedient to the benders will ;
 The birch for shaftes ; the sallow for the mill ;
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
 The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ;
 The fruitfull olive ; and the platane round ;
 The carver holme ; the maple seeldom inward sound.

10 Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne ;
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne :
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

¹ *Can* or *gan* with the infinitive is a common circumlocution for the preterite. C.

² *Eugh*, yew.

11 At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
 That path they take; that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about;
 Which when by tract¹ they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
 Eftsoones² dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse³ spere he
 gave.

12 "Be well aware," quoth then that Ladie milde,
 "Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedeth dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
 Sir Knight, withhold, till further tryall made."
 "Ah Ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade:
 Vertue gives her selfe light through darkenesse for to
 wade."

13 "Yea, but," quoth she, "the perill of this place
 I better wot then you: though nowe too late
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:

¹ *Tract*, tracing.

² *Eftsoones*, immediately.

³ *Needlesse*. The spear was used only on horseback.

Therefore I read¹ beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe; "this is no place for living men."

14 But full of fire and greedy hardiment,²
The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.³

15 And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes⁴ upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth⁵ light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16 Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head; whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.⁶
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,

¹ *Read*, advise.

² *Hardiment*, boldness.

³ I. e. such as would excite disdain.

⁴ *Boughtes*, circular folds.

⁵ *Uncouth*, unknown, strange.

⁶ *Without entraile*, without coiling.

Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,¹
 Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see any
 plaine.

17 Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he leapt
 As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay :
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
 Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay ;
 Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst² ;
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder
 glaunst.

18 Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd³ ;
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
 With double forces high above the ground :
 Tho,⁴ wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse
 traine⁵ !

19 His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
 Cride out, "Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye bee;

¹ *Bale*, destruction.

³ *Dazd*, confounded.

⁵ *Qu. chaine* ?

² *Enhaunst*, lifted up.

⁴ *Tho*, then.

Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain;
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her con-
 straine.

20 Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
 Her filthie parbreake¹ all the place defiled has.

21 As when old father Nilus gins to swell
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,²
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there
 breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man
 reed.³

¹ *Parbreake*, vomit.

² *Avale*, sink down.

³ *Reed*, imagine.

22 The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
That wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the Feend perceivd to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at
all.

23 As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke ¹ in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen ² wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best ;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest ;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmur
ings.

24 Thus ill bestedd, ³ and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ⁴ ;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,

¹ Welke, fade.

² Vewen, view.

³ Bestedd, situated.

⁴ Lin, cease.

He raft ¹ her hatefull heade without remorse :
 A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her
 corse.

25 Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly all with troublous feare
 Gathred themselves about her body round,
 Weening ² their wonted entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth ; but, being there withstood,
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked up their dying mothers blood ;
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their
 good,

26 That détestable sight him much amaze,
 To see th' unkindly ³ impes, of heaven accurst,
 Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd,
 Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
 And bowels gushing forth : Well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst !
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should
 contend.

27 His Lady, seeing all that chaunst, from farre,
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie ;
 And saide, " Faire Knight, borne under happie
 starre,

¹ *Raft*, struck off.

² *Weening*, expecting.

³ *Unkindly*, unnatural.

Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye ;
 Well worthie be you of that armory,
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
 And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie ;
 Your first adventure : Many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may !”

28 Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
 And with the Lady backward sought to wend :
 That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
 Ne ever would to any by-way bend ;
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to frend¹)
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought :
 Long way he traveiled, before he heard of ought.

29 At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had ;
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad ;
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad ;
 And all the way he prayed, as he went,
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

30 He faire the Knight saluted, louting² low,
 Who faire him quited,³ as that courteous was ;
 And after asked him, if he did know

¹ To *frend*, for a friend.

² *Louting*, bowing.

³ *Quited*, requited, returned his salutation.

Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
 "Ah! my dear sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas!
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father sits¹ not with such thinges to mell.²

31 "But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
 "Of such," saide he, "I chiefly doe inquere;
 And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

32 "Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesses,
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
 "Now," saide the Ladie, "draweth toward night;
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forwearied³ be; for what so strong,
 But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
 The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves among."

33 "Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin:
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."

¹ *Sits*, is becoming, suits.

² *Mell*, meddle.

³ *Forwearied*, wearied out.

“ Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,”
 Quoth then that aged man ; “ the way to win
 Is wisely to advise : now day is spent ;
 Therefore with me ye may take up your in ¹
 For this same night.” The Knight was well content :
 So with that godly Father to his home they went.

34 A litle lowly hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas
 In traveill to and froe : a litle wyde ²
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,³
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy thinges each morne and eventyde :
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35 Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was ;
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will :
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas ;
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
 And well could file ⁴ his tongue, as smooth as glas :
 He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
 He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

36 The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast ;
 And the sad ⁵ humor loading their eye-liddes,

¹ *In*, abode.

⁴ *File*, smooth or polish.

² *A litle wyde*, at a short distance.

⁵ *Sad*, heavy.

³ *Edifyde*, built.

As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them
biddes.

Unto their lodgings then his gwestes he riddes¹:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he
findes,

He to his studie goes; and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy
minds.

37 Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses frame;
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame;
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

38 And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flyes,
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray² his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

¹ *Riddes*, dismisses.

² *Fray*, alarm.

39 He, making speedy way through spersed¹ ayre,
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
 His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

40 Whose double gates he findeth locked fast ;
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
 The other all with silver overcast ;
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
 By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
 In drowsie fit he findes ; of nothing he takes keepe.²

41 And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,³
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne⁴

¹ *Spersed*, dispersed.

³ *Loft*, floor.

² *Keepe*, heed.

⁴ *Sowne*, sound.

XL. 3.—*Silver overcast*.] The ancient poets supposed that there were two gates of Sleep, one of horn, which sent forth true dreams, and one of ivory, which sent false. Spenser substitutes silver for horn, because the magician cannot be supposed to have power over truth in any shape.

Of swarming bees, did caste him in a swowne.
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard : but carelesse Quiet lyes,
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimes.

42 The messenger approaching to him spake ;
 But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine :
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
 Whereat he gan to stretch : but he againe
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
 As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

43 The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
 And threatned unto him the dreaded name
 Of Hecat   : whereat he gan to quake,
 And, lifting up his lompish¹ head, with blame
 Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
 " Hether," quoth he, " me Archimago sent
 He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame ;
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent."²

¹ *Lompish*, heavy.

² *Sent*, perception, senses.

XLIII. 6. — *Archimago*,] i. e. arch-magician. He is a type of Hypocrisy or Fraud, and, as opposed to Christian Holiness embodied in the Red-cross Knight, may also represent Satan the incarnate principle of evil. H.

44 The God obeyde ; and, calling forth straight way
 A diverse¹ dreame out of his prison darke,
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
 His heavie head, devoide of careful carke² ;
 Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
 He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,
 Remounted up as light as chearefull larke ;
 And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
 In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

45 Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
 Had made a lady of that other spright,
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
 So lively,³ and so like in all mens sight,
 That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight :
 The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
 Her all in white he clad, and over it
 Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

46 Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
 Unto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,

¹ *Diverse*, distracting.

² *Carke*, anxiety.

³ *Lively*, lifelike.

XLV. 9. — *Una*.] This is the first time that the lady accompanying the Knight is called by her name of *Una*, or *one*, so named, either on account of the singleness of purpose characteristic of Truth, or on account of the unique excellence of her character. H.

In sort as he him schooled privily.
 And that new creature, borne without her dew,¹
 Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

47 Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste;
 And, comming where the Knight in slomber lay,
 The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
 And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play;
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy.
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
 Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne dame Pleasures toy;

48 And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
 Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene²
 To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
 And eke the Graces seemed all to sing
Hymen Io Hymen, dauncing all around;
 Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crownd.

49 In this great passion of unwonted lust,
 Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,

¹ *Borne without her dew*, produced without the due and proper qualities of a real woman. H.

² *Weene*, suppose.

He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his :
 Lo, there before his face his Ladie is,
 Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke ;
 And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
 With gentle blandishment and lovely looke.
 Most like that Virgin true, which for her knight him
 took.

50 All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth¹ sight
 And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
 He thought have slaine her in his fierce de-
 spight² ;
 But, hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
 He stayde his hand ; and gan himselfe advise
 To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
 Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,
 Tho³ can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth⁴
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

51 And sayd, " Ah Sir, my liege lord, and my love,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
 And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
 Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,⁵
 For hoped love to winne me certaine hate ?
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
 Die is my dew ; yet rew my wretched state,
 You, whom my hard avenging destinie
 Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently :

¹ *Uncouth*, strange.

² *Despight*, anger.

³ *Tho*, then.

⁴ *Ruth*, pity.

⁵ *Amate*, confound, overpower.

52 "Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My fathers kingdom" — There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave;
And then againe begonne: "My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares."

"Why, Dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus dismayd?"

What frayes¹ ye, that were wont to comfort me af-
frayd?"

53 "Love of your selfe," she saide, "and deare constraint,

Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth; yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainfull spight
He would not shend²; but said, "Deare Dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew:

54 "Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,

¹ *Frayes*, affrights.

² *Shend*, put to shame.

LII. 1. *Your owne deare sake, &c.*] This is not true, as Una did not know St. George till she came to the court of the Faerie Queene. H.

Where cause is none ; but to your rest depart.”
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chose but please:
So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

55 Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed Spright he backe returnd againe.

CANTO II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
 The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
 Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
 And workes him woefull ruth.¹

¹ By this the northerne wagoner ² had set
 His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre;
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that Phœbus fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
 Full envious that night his roome did fill:

² When those accursed messengers of hell,
 That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged
 Spright,
 Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
 Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:

¹ *Ruth*, pity, sorrow.

² I. e. Boötes.

Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
 Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
 And sad Prosérpines wrath, them to affright.
 But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
 He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

3 Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated Faire,
 And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,
 Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed¹
 His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight;
 Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
 Covered with darkenes and misdeeming² night,
 Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

4 Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
 Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
 And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
 As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
 And to him cals: "Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
 That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
 Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine:
 Come, see where your false Lady doth her honor
 staine."

5 All in amaze he suddenly up start
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
 Who soone him brought into a secret part,

¹ *Lustyhed*, lustfulness.

² *Misdeeming*, causing to mistake.

Where that false couple were full closely ment¹
 In wanton lust and leud embracèment :
 Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire ;
 The eie of reason was with rage yblent² ;
 And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

6 Retourning to his bed in torment great,
 And bitter anguish of his³ guilty sight,
 He could not rest : but did his stout heart eat.
 And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
 Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
 At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
 Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning
 light ;
 Then up he rose, and clad him hastily ;
 The Dwarfe him brought his steed : so both away do fly.

7 Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
 Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
 Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
 And the high hils Titan discovered,
 The royall Virgin shooke of drousyhed :
 And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,⁴
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each
 howre : —
 Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful
 stowre.⁵

¹ *Ment*, mingled.

² *Yblent*, blinded.

³ Qu. *this*?

⁴ *Bowre*, chamber (lower than Aurora's).

⁵ *Stowre*, trouble.

8 And after him she rode with so much speede,
As her slowe beast could make ; but all in vaine :
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdainē,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine :
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest ;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

9 But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrésts,
(Th' end of his drift,) he praised his divelish arts,
That had such might over true-meaning harts :
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts :
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

10 He then devisde, himselfe how to disguise ;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell ;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick spel!

11 But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled guest.

In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield ; upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
 A bounch of heares discolour'd diversly.
 Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel addrest¹;
 And, when he sate uppon his courser free,
 Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

12 But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,
 The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare :
 Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy ; full large of limbe and every ioint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.²

13 Hee had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
 Purfled³ with gold and pearle of rich assay⁴;
 And like⁵ a Persian mitre on her hed
 Shee wore, with crowns and owches⁶ garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave :

¹ *Addrest*, drest, equipped.

² *Point*, whit.

³ *Purfled*, trimmed, fringed.

⁴ *Assay*, proof, value.

⁵ *Like*, i. e. a thing like.

⁶ *Owches*, jewels.

XII. 6. — *A faithlesse Sarazin.*] In the romances of chivalry any knight, who was not a Christian, was called a *Saracen*. H.

XII. 8. — *Sans foy*,] i. e. Faith-less. He represents Unbelief, or perhaps Paganism. H.

Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

14 With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
 She intertaine her lover all the way :
 But, when she saw the Knight his speare advaunce,
 Shee soone left of her mirth and wanton play,
 And bad her knight addresse him to the fray ;
 His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with pride,
 And hope to winne his ladies heart that day,
 Forth spurred fast ; adowne his coursers side
 The red blood trickling staine the way, as he did ride.

15 The Knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide
 Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride :
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
 That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand ;
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebutte,¹ and ech to other yealdeth land.

16 As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shooke
 Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory :
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,

¹ *Rebutte*, recoil.

Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques¹ of their former cruelty.

17 The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,²
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,³
And through their iron sides with cruell spies⁴
Does seeke to perce; repining⁵ courage yields
No foote to foe: the flashing fiër flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant
fields.

18 "Curse on that Crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
"That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt⁶;
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share⁷ it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairely
blest.⁸

19 Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;

¹ I. e. their spears.

² *Buffe*, blow.

³ *Envies*, emulates.

⁴ *Spies*, i. e. spyings, thrusts that try to find entrance.

⁵ *Repining*, indignant.

⁶ I. e. the mortal agony.

⁷ *Share*, slice.

⁸ I. e. saved him from harm.

And, at his haughty helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
 And cleft his head : He, tumbling downe alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his grave : his grudging ghost did strive
 With the fraile flesh ; at last it flitted is,
 Whether the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

20 The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
 Staid not to waile his woefull funerall ;
 But from him fled away with all her powre :
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
 Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
 The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure ;
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay ;
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

21 Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
 Cride, " Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
 On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty wil." Her humblesse¹ low
 In so ritch weedes, and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart ;
 And said, " Deare Dame, your suddein overthrow
 Much rueth² me ; but now put feare apart,
 And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your
 part."

22 Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament :
 " The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre

¹ *Humblesse*, humility.

² *Rueth*, grieves.

Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
 Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
 And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
 Was, (O what now availeth that I was !)
 Borne the sole daughter of an emperour ;
 He that the wide west under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth
 pas.

23 " He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage ;
 Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
 Was never prince so meeke and debonaire¹ !
 But, ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest lord fell from high honors staire
 Into the hands of hys accursed fone,²
 And cruelly was slaine ; that shall I ever mone !

24 " His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, convoid,³
 And fro me hid ; of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
 O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid⁴ !
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow ; whose deepe-wounded mind
 With love long time did languish, as the stricken
 hind.

¹ *Debonaire*, courteous.

² *Fone*, foes.

³ *Convoid*, secretly carried off.

⁴ *Assaid*, assailed.

25 " At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
 To meete me wandring ; who perforce me led
 With him away ; but yet could never win
 The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dréad.
 There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
 Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
 The eldest of three brethren ; all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansioy ;
 And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sans-
 loy.

26 " In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
 Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
 Craving of you, in pittie of my state,
 To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
 He in great passion¹ al this while did dwell,
 More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,
 Then² his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell ;
 And said, " Faire Lady, hart of flint would rew
 The undeserved woes and sorrowes which ye shew.

27 " Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe that did you molest :
 Better new friend then an old foe is said."
 With chaunge of chear the seeming-simple maid
 Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid.

¹ *Passion*, i. e. of pity.

² *Then*, than.

So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

28 Long time they thus together traveiled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spread
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe; but shund th' unlucky ground.

29 But this good Knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastily got:
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a
tide.¹

30 Faire-seemely pleasaunce.² each to other makes,
With goodly purposes,³ there as they sit;
And in his falsed⁴ fancy he her takes

¹ *Tide*, while.

³ *Purposes*, discourses.

² *Pleasaunce*, pleasure.

⁴ *Falsed*, deceived.

XXVII. 9. — *Dainty maketh derth.*] "Niceness makes an artificial scarcity, without necessity. The affected shyness of the lady was the only obstacle to familiarity." NARES.

To be the fairest wight, that lived yit ;
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit ;
 And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough ; out of whose rifte there came
 Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

31 Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
 Crying, " O spare with guilty hands to teare
 My tender sides in this rough rynd embard ¹ ;
 But fly, ah ! fly far hence away, for feare
 Least to you hap that happened to me heare,
 And to this wretched lady, my deare love ;
 O too deare love, love bought with death too deare !"
 Astond ² he stood, and up his heare did hove ³ ;
 And with that suddein horror could no member move.

32 At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was overpast, and manhood well awake ;
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake :
 " What voice of damned ghost from Limbo Lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 (Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,)
 Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare, ⁴
 And ruefull plants, ⁵ me bidding guiltlesse blood to
 spare ? "

33 Then groning deep : " Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
 " Nor guileful sprite, to thee these words doth speake ;

¹ *Embard*, shut up.

³ *Hove*, rise.

⁵ *Plants*, complaints.

² *Astond*, confounded.

⁴ *Rare*, strange.

But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree ;
 Wretched man, wretched tree ! whose nature weake
 A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plast¹ in open plaines,
 Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines ;
 For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat me
 paines."

34 "Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
 Quoth then the Knight ; "by whose mischievous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ?
 He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts ;
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts ;
 As raging flames who striveth to suppressse."
 "The author then," said he, "of all my smarts,
 Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
 That many errant knights hath brought to wretched-
 nesse.

35 "In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
 The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
 To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
 Now not a lady, but a seeming tree ;
 With whome as once I rode accompanyde,
 Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,

¹ *Plast*, placed.

XXXIII. 3. — *Fradubio*.] *Fradubio* is the *Doubter*.

XXXIV. 8. — *Duessa*.] *Duessa* (double-faced) is the true name of the woman attending the Knight under the assumed name of *Fidessa*.

That had a like faire lady by his syde ;
Lyke a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde ;

36 “ Whose forged ¹ beauty he did take in hand ²
All other dames to have exceded farre ;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre :
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare ; such is the dye ³ of warre.
His lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

37 “ So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether ⁴ in beauties glorie did exceede ;
A rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee ;
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fralissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

38 “ The wicked Witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile ;
And, by her hellish science, raisd streight way

¹ *Forged*, false.

² *Take in hand*, maintain.

³ *Dye*, lot.

⁴ *Whether*, which of the two.

A foggy mist that overcast the day,
 And a dull blast, that, breathing on her face,
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
 And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :
 Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in
 place.¹

39 "Then cride she out, 'Fye, fye, deformed wight,
 Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
 To have before bewitched all mens sight :
 O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine !'
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
 Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
 And would have kild her ; but with faigned paine
 The false Witch did my wrathfull hand withhold :
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treën mould.

40 "Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my dame,
 And in the Witch unweeting² ioyd long time ;
 Ne ever wist, but that she was the same :
 Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
 When witches wont do penance for their crime)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in origane³ and thyme :
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

¹ *In place*, that was present.

³ *Origane*, wild marjoram.

² *Unweeting*, unknowing.

XXXVIII. 5. — *A foggy mist.*] Here the effects of calumny in blasting a fair reputation are expressed. H.

XL. 4. — *Everie Prime.*] *Prime* here means *spring*. It was believed that witches were obliged to do penance at certain seasons in their proper shape.

- 41 "Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see;
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then¹ womans shape man would beleeeve to bee.
 Thensforth from her most beastly companie
 I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
 Soone as appeard safe opportunitie;
 For danger great, if not assurd decay,²
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.
- 42 "The divelish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,
 Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepeie
 night,
 With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
 My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight:
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight³;
 Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we
 waste."
- 43 "But how long time," said then the Elfin Knight,
 "Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
 "We may not chaunge," quoth he, "this evill plight,
 Till we be bathed in a living well:
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
 "O how," sayd he, "mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well⁴?"

¹ *Then*, than.² *Decay*, destruction.³ *Pight*, placed.⁴ *Well*, well-being.

“Time and suffised fates to former kynd¹
 Shall us restore ; none else from hence may us un-
 bynd.”

44 The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all was true. But the good Knight,
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,²
 When all this speech the living tree had spent,
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 That from the blood he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound :
 Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her fownd.

45 Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
 As all unweeting³ of that⁴ well she knew ;
 And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eylids blew,
 And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew,
 At last she up gan lift ; with trembling cheare
 Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew,) .
 And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

¹ *Kynd*, nature.

² *Dreriment*, sorrow.

³ *Unweeting*, unknowing.

⁴ *That*, that which.

Of these enchanted lovers we hear no more. Their disenchant-
 ment would probably have been effected in some subsequent book,
 had the poem been completed. H.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her Love,
 And makes the lyon mylde ;
 Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
 In hand of leachour vyld.

¹ NOUGHT is there under heavn's wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t' unworthie wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
 Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

² And now it is empasioned¹ so deepe,
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
 Though true as touch,² though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her Knight divorced in despayre,
 And her dew loves deryv'd³ to that vile Witches shayre.

¹ *Empasioned*, moved.

² *Touch*, touchstone.

³ *Deryv'd*, transferred.

3 Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace,¹ as in exile,
 In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her Knight; who, subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter
 wrought
 Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

4 One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,²
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5 It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
 Soone as the royall Virgin he did spy,

¹ *Preace*, press or throng.

² *Undight*, took off.

V. 2. — *A ramping lyon.*] By the lion we are to understand, as Upton conjectures, Henry the Eighth, and the homage he pays to Una denotes the English monarch's accession to the Reformed Faith. C.

With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse :
 But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,¹ .
 And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

6 Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong ;
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.²
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion ;
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

7 “ The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,”
 Quoth she, “ his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate : —
 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her, that him lov’d, and ever most adord
 As the god of my life ? why hath he me abhord ? ”

8 Redounding³ teares did choke th’ end of her plaint,
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,

¹ Remorse, pity.

² Weet, know.

³ Redounding, overflowing.

The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 Arose the Virgin borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

9 The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard :
 From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

10 Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
 By which she thought her wandering Knight shold
 pas,
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde ;
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore :
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad ¹ a pot of water bore.

11 To whom approching, she to her gan call,
 To weet ² if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;

¹ *Sad*, heavy, burdened.

² *Weet*, know.

But the rude wench her answerd nought at all ;
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand :
 Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,
 With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
 And fled away : for never in that land
 Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
 And that dredd lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12 Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
 As if her life upon the wager lay ;
 And home she came, whereas¹ her mother blynd
 Sate in eternall night ; nought could she say ;
 But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare :
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
 Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere :

13 Which when none yielded, her unruly page
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
 And let her in ; where, of his cruell rage
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
 Shee found them both in darkesome corner pent ;
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent :
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
 And thrise nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say.

¹ *Whereas*, where that, where.

XIII. 6. — *Old woman*.] The old woman, Corceca (*cui cæcum est cor*, Upton), is Blind Devotion, and her daughter, Abessa, Monastic Superstition. C.

14 And, to augment her painefull penaunce more,
 Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
 And thrise three times did fast from any bitt :
 But now for feare her beads she did forgett.
 Whose needlesse dread for to removè away,
 Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt :
 Which hardly doen,¹ at length she gan them pray,
 That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

15 The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,
 When every creature shrowded is in sleepe :
 Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
 And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe :
 In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe,
 For the late losse of her deare-loved Knight,
 And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
 Her tender brest in bitter teares all night ;
 All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light.

16 Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
 Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare ;
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
 That ready entraunce was not at his call ;
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare
 Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,²
 Which he had got abroad by purchas³ criminall.

¹ *Hardly doen*, done with difficulty.

³ *Purchas*, acquisition.

² *Severall*, various.

17 He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
 Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
 And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
 Which given was to them for good intents :
 The holy saints of their rich vestiments
 He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept ;
 And spoild the priests of their habiliments ;
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
 Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

18 And all, that he by right or wrong could find,
 Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
 Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
 Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
 With whom he whoredome usd that few did know,
 And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
 And plenty, which in all the land did grow ;
 Ne spared he to give her gold and rings :
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

19 Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he
 bett ;
 Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
 (The lyon frayed ¹ them,) him in to lett ;
 He would no lenger stay him to advize,
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,

¹ *Frayed*, terrified.

XIX. 5. — *But open breakes the dore in furious wize.*] The allegory here seems clearly to signify the suppression of the abbeyes and monasteries under Henry the Eighth. C.

And entring is ; when that disdainfull beast,
 Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize ;
 And, seizing¹ cruell clawes on trembling brest,
 Under his lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

20 Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand ;
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
 And quite dismembred hath : the thirsty land
 Dronke up his life ; his corse left on the strand.
 His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
 The heavie hap, which on them is alight ;
 Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

21 Now when broad day the world discovered has,
 Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke ;
 And on their former iourney forward pas,
 In waies unknowne, her wandring Knight to seeke
 With paines far passing that long-wandring Greeke.
 That for his love refused deitye :
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flye ;
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened
 nye.

22 Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
 That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,

¹ *Seizing, fixing.*

XXI. 5. — *Long-wandring Greeke.*] Ulysses, who refused the immortality offered him by Calypso, "for his love," Penelope.

Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare :
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill :

23 Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houlung, and lamenting cry ;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity :
And still, amidst her rayling she¹ did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way ;
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

24 But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retourned with some labour lost ;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,²
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost ;
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes³ into new troubles to have toste :
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady shee could tellen ought.

25 Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,

¹ I. e. the old woman.

² *Embost*, inclosed.

³ *Traynes*, snares.

Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare ;
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquere ;
Which being taught, he forward gan aduance
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

26 Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde ;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil ; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like-seeming shield her Knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride :
Approching nigh, she wist it was the same ;
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee
came :

27 And weeping said, " Ah, my long-lacked lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight ?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might ;
That should as death unto my deare heart light :
For since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is :
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis !"

28 He thereto meeting said, " My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,

As you to leave that have me loved stil,
 And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly¹ skil
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
 Then I leave you, my lief², yborn of heavenly
 berth.

29 "And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
 Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place;
 Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
 To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
 But knight he now shall never more deface:
 Good cause of mine excuse, that mote³ ye please
 Well to accept, and evermore embrace
 My faithfull service, that by land and seas
 Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint appease."

30 His lovely⁴ words her seemd due recompence
 Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
 For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
 Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre⁵
 For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
 Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
 To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.
 Before her stands her Knight, for whom she toyld so
 sore.

¹ *Kindly*, natural.

² *Liefe*, love.

³ *Mote*, may.

⁴ *Lovely*, loving.

⁵ *Stowre*, trouble, distress.

31 Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
 That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
 Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;
 And long time having tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound¹;
 Soone as the port from far he has espide,
 His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
 And Nereus crownes with cups²; his mates him pledg
 around

32 Such ioy made Una, when her Knight she found;
 And eke th' Enchaunter ioyous seemde no lesse
 Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
 His ship far come from watrie wilderness;
 He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
 So forth they past; and all the way they spent
 Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
 In which he askt her, what the lyon ment;
 Who told her all that fell,³ in iourney as she went.

33 They had not ridden far, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
 Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
 That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
 And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
 When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed⁴ side;
 His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat

¹ Sirius, or the dog-star.

² I. e. makes a libation to Nereus with bumpers, cups so full
 that the wine crowns the brim.

³ I. e. all that had befallen her.

⁴ *Chauffed*, chafed.

Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde :
And on his shield *Sans loy*¹ in bloody lines was dyde.

34 When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the red crosse, which the Knight did beare,
He burnt in fire ; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele :
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele ;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

35 But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce ;
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare :
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sadle quite he did him beare :
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

36 Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave² his life,
And proudly said : " Lo, there the worthie meed

¹ I. e. Lawless.

² Reave, take.

XXXV. 3. — *Vainly crossed shield.*] The cross on the shield of the disguised Archimago proved no protection, unlike that on the shield of the Red-cross Knight, in his encounter with Sans-foy, Canto II., 18. H.

Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife :
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passen over Lethe lake ;
 When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
 The black infernall Furies doen aslake¹ ;
 Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from
 thee take."

37 Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
 Till Una cride, " O hold that heavie hand,
 Dear Sir, what ever that thou be in place² :
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
 Now at thy mercy ; mercy not withstand ;
 For he is one the truest knight alive,
 Though conquered now he lye on lowly land ;
 And whilst him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
 In bloody field ; therefore of life him not deprive."

38 Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage ;
 But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
 Have slayne him streight : but when he sees his age,
 And hoarie head of Archimago old,
 His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
 And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight :
 For that old man well knew he, though untold,
 In charmes and magick to have wondrous might ;
 Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight :

39 And said, " Why, Archimago, lucklesse syre,
 What doe I see ? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre ?

¹ *Doen aslake*, do appease.

² *In place*, present.

Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 Instead of foe to wound my friend amis ? ”
 He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
 The cloude of death did sit ; which doen¹ away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay :

40 But to the Virgin comes ; who all this while
 Amased stands, herselfe so mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
 For so misfeigning her true Knight to bee :
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie :
 Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

41 But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
 And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
 And, ramping on his shield, did weene² the same
 Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes :
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes
 He hath his shield redeemed ; and forth his swerd he
 drawes.

42 O then, too weake and feeble was the forse
 Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand !

¹ *Doen*, done: when he had recovered from his swoon.

² *Weene*, think to.

For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,¹
 As ever wielded speare in warlike hand ;
 And feates of armes did wisely understand.
 Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed² chest
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And launcht his lordly hart : with death opprest
 He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

43 Who now is left to keepe the forlorne Maid
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will ?
 Her faithfull gard remov'd ; her hope dismaid ;
 Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill³ !
 He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foule reproches and disdaineeful spight
 Her vildly entertaines ; and, will or nill,
 Beares her away upon his courser light :
 Her prayers nought prevaile ; his rage is more of
 might.

44 And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
 And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
 That stony hart could riven have in twaine ;
 And all the way she wetts with flowing teares ;
 But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
 But followes her far of, ne ought he feares
 To be partaker of her wandring woe.
 More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

¹ *Corse*, body.

³ *Spill*, destroy.

² *Chaufed*, heated.

CANTO IV.

To sinfull Hous of Pryde Duessa
 Guydes the faithfull Knight;
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy
 Doth chaleng him to fight.

¹ YOUNG Knight whatever, that dost armes professe,
 And through long labours hunttest after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
 In choice, and chaunge, of thy deare-loved dame;
 Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
 For unto knight there is no greater shame,
 Then¹ lightnesse and inconstancie in love:
 That doth this Redcrosse Knights ensample plainly
 prove.

² Who, after he had faire Una lorne,²
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtie;
 And false Duessa in her sted had borne,

¹ *Then*, than.

² *Lorne*, lost.

very unsettled state during the reigns of King Henry the Eighth,
 and of Edward the Sixth. But after their death she was entirely
 in the will and power of the Lawless Victor. UPTON.

Called Fidess', and so supposd to be ;
 Long with her traveild ; till at last they see
 A goodly building, bravely garnished ;
 The house of mightie prince it seemd to be ;
 And towards it a broad high way that led,
 All bare through peoples feet, which thether traveiled.

3 Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
 Both day and night, of each degree and place ;
 But few returned, having scaped hard.
 With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace ;
 Which ever after in most wretched case,
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
 Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace ;
 For she is wearie of the toilsom way ;
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4 A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor
 thick,
 And golden foile all over them displaid,
 That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid ;
 High lifted up were many loftie towres,
 And goodly galleries far over laid,
 Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres ;
 And on the top a diall told the timely howres.

5 It was a goodly heape for to behould,
 And spake the praises of the workmans witt :
 But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
 Did on so weake foundation ever sitt :

For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie :
 That every breath of heaven shaken itt :
 And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6 Arrived there, they passed in forth right ;
 For still to all the gates stood open wide :
 Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,¹
 Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide :
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side
 With rich array and costly arras dight² :
 Infinite sortes of people did abide
 There waiting long, to win the wished sight
 Of her, that was the Lady of that pallace bright.

7 By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
 And to the Presence³ mount ; whose glorious vew
 Their frayle amazed senses did confound.
 In living princes court none ever knew
 Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew :
 Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
 Like ever saw : And there a noble crew
 Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
 Which, with their presence fayre, the place much
 beautifide.

8 High above all a cloth of state was spred,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day ;

¹ *Hight*, intrusted.

³ *Presence*, reception-room.

² *Dight*, furnished.

On which there sate, most brave embellished
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,
 A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
 In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone ;
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay¹
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone :

9 Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,
 That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
 And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne ;
 Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaves the welkin² way most beaten playne,
 And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen
 With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

10 So proud she shyned in her princely state,
 Looking to heaven ; for earth she did disdayne :
 And sitting high ; for lowly she did hate :
 Lo, underneath her scornefull feete was layne
 A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne ;
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,³
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight ;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

11 Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
 And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell ;

¹ Assay, attempt.

³ Fayne, gladly.

² Welkin, heavenly.

Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas¹
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
 And thundring Iove, that high in heaven doth dwell
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre;
 Or if that any else did Iove excell;
 For to the highest she did still aspyre;
 Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

12 And proud Lucifera men did her call,
 That made her selfe a queene, and crownd to be;
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
 But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
 Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,
 And strong advizement of six wisards old,
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

13 Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
 And false Duessa, seeming lady fayre,
 A gentle husher,² Vanitie by name,
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
 Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come, her roiall state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

14 With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
 She thancked them in her disdainefull wise; ●

¹ *Pas*, surpass.

² *Husher*, usher.

Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue
 Of princesse worthy ; scarce them bad arise.
 Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight :
 Some frounce¹ their curled heare in courtly guise ;
 Some prancke² their ruffes ; and others trimly dight³
 Their gay attyre : each others greater pride does spight.

15 Goodly they all that Knight doe entertayne,
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew ;
 But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew ;
 For in that court whylome⁴ her well they knew :
 Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
 And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16 Suddein upriseth from her stately place
 The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call :
 All hurtlen⁵ forth ; and she, with princely pace,
 As faire Aurora, in her purple pall,
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
 So forth she comes ; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.

¹ *Frounce*, frizzle.

² *Prancke*, make a display of.

³ *Dight*, adjust.

⁴ *Whylome*, formerly.

⁵ *Hurtlen*, rush.

XIV. 9. — *Each others greater pride does spight.*] Each one is annoyed by the greater attractions of another. H.

- 17 So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime ;
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Iunoes golden chayre ;¹ the which, they say,
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To Ioves high hous through heavens bras-paved
 way,
 Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.
- 18 But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
 On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
 Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde :
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin ;
 Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis² thin ;
 Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.
- 19 And in his hand his portesse³ still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little redd ;
 For of devotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe and most of his daies dedd :
 Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,

¹ *Chayre*, chariot.³ *Portesse*, breviary.² *Amis*, robe.

XVIII. 2. — *Six sage counsellours.*] Pride is one of the seven deadly sins, and her six counsellors are the other six. — 4. The beasts were under the domination of some passion analogous to the vice of the rider. C.

To looken whether it were night or day.
 May seeme the wayne¹ was very evill ledd,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not whether right he went or else astray.

20 From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,²
 And greatly shunned manly exercise;
 From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,³
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
 By which he grew to grievous malady:
 For in his lustlesse⁴ limbs, through evill guise,⁵
 A shaking fever raignd continually:
 Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

21 And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
 And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
 With which he swallowd up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued up his gorge,⁶ that all did him deteast.

22 In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
 For other clothes he could not weare for heate:
 And on his head an yvie girland had,
 From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:

¹ *Wayne*, chariot.

² *Esloyne*, withdraw.

³ *Essoyne*, excuse.

⁴ *Lustlesse*, listless.

⁵ *Guise*, habit.

⁶ I. e. what he had swallowed.

Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,¹
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His dronken corse he scarce upholden can :
 In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

23 Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke unhable once to stirre or go ;
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo :
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
 And a dry² dropsie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew ;
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

24 And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
 Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,
 And whally³ eies, (the signe of gelosy,)
 Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare :
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare ;
 Unseemely man to please faire ladies eye :
 Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by :
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy !

¹ *Bouzing can*, a drinking-can.

² *Dry*, thirsty (?).

³ *Whally*, discolored, green (wall-eyed).

XXIV. 1. — *Lechery*.] "After glotonye thanne cometh leccherie, for these two synnes ben so neih cosyns, that ofte tyme thay wol not departe." — CHAUCER.

25 In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse ;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse ;
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse ;
And learned had to love with secret lookes ;
And well could daunce ; and sing with rueful-
nesse ;
And fortunes tell ; and read in loving bookes :
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

26 Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love ;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and
prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move :
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine :
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

27 And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold :
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold ;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told ;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold :
Accursed usury was all his trade ;
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

28 His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste¹;
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
 Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste;
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and richesse to compare²:
 Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

29 Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice;
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise³;
 Whose welth was want; whose plenty made him pore;
 Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
 A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
 A grievous gout tormented him full sore;
 That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:
 Such one was Avarice, the forth of this faire band!

30 And next to him malicious Envy rode
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his chaw⁴;
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neibors welth, that made him ever sad;
 For death it was, when any good he saw;
 And wept that cause of weeping none he had;
 But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

¹ *Yplaste*, i. e. reduced.

² *Compare*, collect.

³ *Covetise*, covetousness.

⁴ *Chaw*, jaw.

- 31 All in a kirtle of discolourd say ¹
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies ;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes ²
 In many folds, and mortall sting implyes ³ :
 Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple ⁴ Covetyse ;
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.
- 32 He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
 And him no lesse, that any like did use ;
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse ;
 So every good to bad he doth abuse :
 And eke the verse of famous poets witt
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all that ever writt :
 Such one vile Envy was, that fift in row did sitt.
- 33 And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
 Upon a lion, loth for to be led ;
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed :
 His eies did hurle forth sparckles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld ;
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded ;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him
 sweld.

¹ *Discolourd say*, party-colored silk.² *Uptyes*, ties up.³ *Implies*, folds in.⁴ *Griple*, grasping.

34 His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent ;
 Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood¹ ;
 For of his hands he had no gouvernement,
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement :
 But when the furious fitt was overpast,
 His cruell facts² he often would repent ;
 Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast,
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

35 Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath ;
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,³
 Bitter despight with rancours rusty knife ;
 And fretting griefe, the enemy of life :
 All these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,
 The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
 The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire :
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.⁴

36 And, after all, upon the wagon beame
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,⁵
 Showting for ioy ; and still before their way

¹ *Wood*, mad.

² *Facts*, deeds.

³ *Scath*, damage, loss.

⁴ *Tire*, train.

⁵ *Band*, gather.

XXXV. 8. — *Saint Fraunces fire.*] St. Anthony's fire, or the erysipelas, is probably here meant. H.

A foggy mist had covered all the land ;
 And underneath their feet all scattered lay
 Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone
 astray.

37 So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace¹ of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport :
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
 The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
 Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine :
 But that good Knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their ioyaunce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

38 So, having solaced themselves a space
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,²
 They backe retourned to the princely place ;
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yceled,
 And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
 Was writt *Sans ioy*,³ they new arrived find :
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardyhed,
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

39 Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
 He spide with that same Fary champions page,

¹ *Solace*, recreation.

³ *Sans ioy*, Joyless.

² *Yfed*, fed, or refreshed.

XXXIX. 1. — *Shamed shield.*] That is, with the arms reversed.
 See XLI. 9.

Bewraying¹ him that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage,
 He to him lept, and that same envious gage
 Of victors glory from him snacht away :
 But th' Elfin Knight, which ought² that warlike
 wage,³

Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray ;
 And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40 Therewith they gan to hurtlen⁴ greedily,
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,⁵
 And clash their shields, and shake their swerds
 on hy ;

That with their sturre they troubled all the traine :
 Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
 Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine ;
 And, if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

41 " Ah, dearest Dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,
 " Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whome great grieve made forgett the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
 (No knight, but treachour⁶ full of false despight
 And shameful treason,) who through guile hath
 slayn
 The prowest⁷ knight that ever field did fight,

¹ *Bewraying*, betraying.

² *Ought*, owned.

³ *Wage*, pledge, or prize.

⁴ *Hurtlen*, skirmish.

⁵ *Darrayne*, contest.

⁶ *Treachour*, traitor.

⁷ *Prowest*, bravest.



Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap
disdayn.

42 " And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe
Is there possessed of¹ the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
That² brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe."
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin Knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his
right :

43 But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledg,
His cause in combat the next day to try.
So been they parted both, with harts on edg
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest them
call.

44 Now whenas darkesome Night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.

¹ *Of*, by.

² *That*, which.

But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace :

45 Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
 Fore-casting, how his foe he might annoy ;
 And him amoves¹ with speaches seeming fitt,
 " Ah deare Sansioy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
 Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new ioy ;
 Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
 And greevd, to thinke how foe did him destroy
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye ;
 Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

46 With gentle wordes he can² her fayrely greet,
 And bad say on the secrete of her hart :
 Then, sighing soft, " I learne that litle sweet
 Oft tempred is," quoth she, " with muchell³ smart :
 For, since my brest was launcht with lovely dart⁴
 Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
 And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.⁵

47 " At last, when perils all I weened past,
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes unweeting⁶ I was cast

¹ *Amoves*, moves.

² *Can greet*, greeted.

³ *Muchell*, much.

⁴ *Lovely dart*, dart of love.

⁵ *Stowre*, trouble.

⁶ *Unweeting*, unknowing.

By this false faytor,¹ who unworthie ware
 His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave :
 Me silly maid away with him he bare,
 And ever since hath kept in darksom cave ;
 For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

48 "But since faire sunne hath sperst that lowring
 clowd,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
 Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight :
 To you th' inheritance belongs by right
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes² his love.
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
 Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
 From wandering Stygian shores, where it doth end-
 lesse move."

49 Thereto said he, "Faire Dame, be nought dismaid
 For sorrowes past ; their grieve is with them gone.
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid :
 For needlesse feare did never vantage none ;
 And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
 Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
 Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone :
 He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
 And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

50 "O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth shee,
 "Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."

¹ *Faytor*, deceiver.

² *Longes*, belongs.

"Why, Dame," quoth he, "what oddes can ever bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?"

"Yea, but," quoth she, "he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield."

"Charmd or enchaunted," answerd he then ferce,
"I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce.

51 "But, faire Fidessa, sithens ¹ fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."

"Ay me, that is a double death," she said,

"With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:

Where ever yet I be, my secrete aide
Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she him obaid.

¹ *Sithens*, since.

CANTO V.

The faithfull Knight in equall field
 Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
 Whom false Duessa saves, and for
 His cure to hell does goe.

1 THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
 And is with childe of glorious great intent,
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
 Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
 Such restlesse passion did all night torment
 The flaming corage of that Faery Knight,
 Devizing, how that doughtie turnament
 With greatest honour he atchieven might:
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

2 At last, the golden orientall gate
 Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
 And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
 And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy
 ayre.
 Which when the wakeful Elfe perceivd, streightway
 He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
 In sunbright armes, and battailous array;
 For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

3 And forth he comes into the commune hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melánocholy;
And many bards, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.

4 Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetcht from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

5 At last forth comes that far renowmed Queene.
With royall pomp and princely maiestie
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those, the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

6 A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse:

Their shining shieldes about their wrestes¹ they tye,
 And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,²
 The instruments of wrath and heavinesse :
 With greedy force each other doth assayle,
 And strike so fiercely, that they doe impresse
 Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle :
 The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and
 fraile.

7 The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
 And heaped blowes like yron hammers great ;
 For after blood and vengeance he did long.
 The Knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
 And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat.
 For all for praise and honour he did fight.
 Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat ;
 That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
 And helmets, hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers
 might.

8 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right :
 As when a gryfon,³ seized of his pray,
 A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
 Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
 That would his rightfull ravine⁴ rend away :
 With hideous horror both together smight,
 And souce⁵ so sore, that they the heavens affray :
 The wise southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
 Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall fight.

¹ *Wrestes*, wrists.

⁴ *Ravine*, prey.

² *Blesse*, brandish.

⁵ *Souce*, strike, as a bird strikes its prey.

³ *Gryfon*. The *Knight* is compared to the gryfon.

9 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe :
 The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
 In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow ;
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10 At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
 His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby :
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said : " Ah ! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
 Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
 Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre ?
 And, sluggish german,¹ doest thy forces slake
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake ?

11 " Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
 And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe :
 Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield have quit² from dying foe."
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
 That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall :
 End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
 The lookers on ; and lowd to him gan call
 The false Duessa, " Thine the shield, and I, and all !"

¹ *German*, brother. He is addressing himself, — " Doest [thou] thy forces slake ? "

² *Quit*, rescued.

- 12 Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
 Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake ;
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake :
 Tho,¹ mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies
 sake,
 Of all attonce he cast² avengd to be,
 And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee :
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.
- 13 And to him said : " Goe now, proud miscreant,
 Thyselfe thy message do to german deare ;
 Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want :
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
 Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
 Him to have slaine ; when lo ! a darkesome clowd
 Upon him fell ; he no where doth appeare,
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
 But answer none receives ; the darknes him does
 shrowd.
- 14 In haste Duessa from her place arose,
 And to him running sayd : " O prowest³ knight,
 That ever ladie to her love did chose,
 Let now abate the terrour of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight
 And bloodie vengeance : lo ! th' infernall powres,
 Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,

¹ *Tho*, then.³ *Prowest*, bravest.² *Cast*, considered how.

Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres :
The conquest yours ; I yours ; the shield and glory
yours ! ”

15 Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought, all round about, his thristy blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy ;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade :
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie ;
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie ;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

16 Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene ;
And, falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene¹ :
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,²
Greatly advauncing³ his gay chevalree :
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

17 Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed :
Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side.

¹ *Seene*, tried.

³ *Advauncing*, extolling.

² *Gree*, favor.

And all the while most heavenly melody
 About the bed sweet musicke did divide,¹
 Him to beguile of griefe and agony :
 And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

18 As when a wearie traveller, that strays
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
 Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
 Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares ;
 The foolish man, that pitties all this while
 His mournefull plight, is swallowd up unwares ,
 Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

19 So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
 That shyning lampes in Ioves high house were light:
 Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide ;
 But comes unto the place, where th' Hethen Knight,
 In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
 Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day :
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
 But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way :

20 Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
 That Phcebus chearefull face durst never vew,
 And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
 She findes forth comming from her darksome mew ²;

¹ To *divide* a melody is to make variations upon it.

² *Mew*, place of confinement.

Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,
 Already harnessed for iourney new,
 And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
 That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were
 wood.¹

21 Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
 Adorn'd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
 And th' unacquainted light began to feare ;
 (For never did such brightnes there appeare ;)
 And would have backe retyred to her cave,
 Untill the Witches speach she gan to heare,
 Saying : " Yet, O thou dreaded Dame, I crave
 Abyde, till I have told the message which I have."

22 She stayd ; and foorth Duessa gan proceede :
 " O Thou, most auncient grandmother of all,
 More old then Iove, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of gods cælestiall ;
 Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,²
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade ;
 Why suffredst thou thy nephewes³ deare to fall
 With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade ?
 Lo where the stout Sansioy doth sleepe in deadly
 shade !

23 " And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare ;

¹ Wood, mad.

³ Nephewes, descendants.

² I. e. in chaos.

And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
 Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old Aveugles¹ sonnes so evill heare?²
 Or who shall not great Nightës children scorne,
 When two of three her nephews are so fowle for-
 lorne?

24 "Up, then; up dreary Dame, of darknes Queene;
 Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
 Or else goe them avenge; and let be seene
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
 And can the children of fayre Light deface."³
 Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
 In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
 Yet pitty in her hart was never prov'd
 Till then; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

25 And said, "Deare daughter, rightly may I rew,
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes, which their foes ensew:
 But who can turne the streame of destinee,
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
 Which fast is tyde to Ioves eternall seat?
 The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
 To make one great by others losse is bad excheat."⁴

¹ *Aveugle* (blind) is another name for Night.

² *So evill heare*, are so ill spoken of.

³ *Deface*, defeat.

⁴ *Excheat*, gain or profit.

26 " Yet shall they not escape so freely all ;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt :
And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price¹ that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt ? "
" I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,"
Quoth she, " how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came ;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame."

27 Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked Witch, saying : " In that fayre face
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discerne ; though I the mother bee
Of Falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child, whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares ! Lo, now I goe with
thee."

28 Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd Witch :
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich²)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to
twitch ;

Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

¹ *Price*, pay the price of.

² *Unlich*, unlike.

29 So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay
 Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
 Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day
 And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
 His cruell wounds with cruddy¹ bloud congeald
 They binden up so wisely as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be heald :
 So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

30 And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
 The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay ;
 As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
 And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
 With drery shriekes did also her bewray ;
 And hungry wolves continually did howle
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

31 Thence turning backe in silence softely they stole,
 And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
 To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole :
 By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,²
 With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell : there creature never past,
 That backe retourned without heavenly grace ;
 But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have
 brast,³
 And damned Sprights sent forth to make ill men
 aghast.

¹ *Cruddy*, curdy, clotted.² *Bace*, low.³ *Brast*, burst.

32 By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive¹:
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on erthly wight, that with the Night durst
ride.

33 They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Iove, the which them thither sent.
The House of endlesse Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34 Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous;
And lilled² forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre,³ untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

¹ *Bilive*, quickly.

² *Lilled*, lolled.

³ *Gnarre*, snarl.

35 There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the queene of heaven to sin;
 And Sisypheus an huge round stone did reele,
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin¹;
 There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
 And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
 Typhœus ioynts were stretched on a gin²;
 Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth³ by law;
 And fifty sisters water in leke⁴ vessels draw.

36 They, all beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part;
 Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad Aesculapius far apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remédillesse;
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.⁵

37 Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
 That wont in charett chace the foming bore:
 He all his peeres in beauty did surpas;
 But ladies love, as losse of time, forbore:
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more;

¹ *Lin*, cease.

² *Gin*, engine.

³ *Slouth*, sloth.

⁴ *Leke*, leaky.

⁵ *Redresse*, put together again.

XXXV. 8. He was condemned to sit constantly in one place.

XXXV. 9. The fifty sisters (it should be forty-nine) are the daughters of Danaus, punished for murdering their husbands.

But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
 Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd :

38 Who, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought
 Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast :
 From surging gulf two monsters streight were
 brought ;
 With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast
 Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.
 His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,¹
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
 Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
 That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

39 His cruell stepdame, seeing what was donne,
 Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th'innocence of her sonne.
 Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
 His heare, and hasty tong that did offend :
 Tho,² gathering up the relicks of his smart,
 By Dianes meanes who was Hippolyts frend,
 Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
 Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

40 Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain,
 When Iove avizd,³ that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew again,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive ;

¹ *Yrent*, rent.

² *Tho*, then.

³ *Avizd*, perceived.

But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore :
 Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
 Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
 And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

41 There auncient Night arriving, did alight
 From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight :
 Whome having softly disaraid of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
 Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
 A fordonne¹ wight from dore of death mote raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

42 "Ah Dame," quoth he, "thou temptest me in vaine
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew ;
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay ;
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke²? Can Night defray³
 The wrath of thundring Iove, that rules both Night
 and Day? "

43 "Not so," quoth she ; "but, sith⁴ that heavens King
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,

¹ *Fordonne*, undone.

⁴ *Sith*, since.

² *Eeke*, increase.

³ *Defray*, avert; literally, bear the charges of.

Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
 And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
 Goe to then, O thou far renowmed sonne
 Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be
 donne."

44 Her words prevaild : and then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things els, the which his art did teach :
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dredd darkenesse, and let stay
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure ;
 And, backe retourning, tooke her wonted way
 To ronne her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.¹

45 The false Duessa, leaving noyous² Night,
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde :
 Where when she came, she found the Faery Knight
 Departed thence ; albee his woundës wyde,
 Not throughly heald, unready were to ryde.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away ;
 For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde
 Where, in a dungeon deepe, huge nombers lay
 Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day.

¹ *Recure*, refresh.

² *Noyous*, baleful.

XLIII. 4. — "Why do you not fear lest you should receive some additional punishment from Night, if you refuse her request, since you are in her power?" H.

46 A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie ;
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivitie ;
 How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
 Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
 They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
 Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,
 Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
 Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretched-
 nesse.

47 There was that great proud king of Babylon,
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him, as onely God, to call upon ;
 Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
 Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.
 There also was King Cræsus, that enhaunst
 His hart too high through his great richesse store ;
 And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
 His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

48 And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,
 That first the world with sword and fire warrayd¹ ;
 And after him old Ninus far did pas
 In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
 There also was that mightie monarch layd
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,

¹ *Warrayd*, made war upon.

XLVII. 8. — *Proud Antiochus.*] This was Antiochus, surnamed Epiphanes, whose cruelties to the Jews and profanation of the temple are narrated in 2 Maccabees, chap. v., vi., and vii. H.

XLVIII. 5. — *That mightie monarch.*] Alexander the Great. ¹.

That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
 And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide ;
 Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide.

49 All these together in one heape were throwne,
 Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.
 And, in another corner, wide were strowne
 The antique ruins of the Romanes fall :
 Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all ;
 Proud Tarquin ; and too lordly Lentulus ;
 Stout Scipio ; and stubborne Hanniball ;
 Ambitious Sylla ; and sterne Marius ;
 High Caesar ; great Pompey ; and fiers Antonius.

50 Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke :
 The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
 With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke :
 Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke
 With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will
 High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
 Of aspës sting her selfe did stoutly kill :
 And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon
 fill ;

L. 2. — *Forgetfull of their yoke.*] Forgetful of the restraints imposed upon their sex. H.

L. 3. — *The bold Semiramis.*] Semiramis is said to have been put to death by her son Ninyas, on account of an incestuous passion which she avowed for him. H.

L. 5. — *Fayre Sthenobœa.*] Sthenobœa was the wife of Prætus, king of Argos, and committed suicide in consequence of an unsuccessful passion for Bellerophon. H.

51 Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,¹
 Which thether were assembled, day by day,
 From all the world, after their wofull falles
 Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
 But most, of all which in that dongeon lay,
 Fell from high princes courtes, or ladies bowres;
 Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
 And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy
 stowres.²

52 Whose case whenas the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
 And made ensample of their mournfull sight
 Unto his maister, he no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
 But earely rose; and, ere that dawning light
 Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
 He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
 For, doubtlesse, death ensewed if any him descryde.

53 Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
 For many corses, like a great lay-stall³
 Of mured men, which therein strowed lay
 Without remorse or decent funerall;
 Which, al through that great Princesse pride, did fall,
 And came to shamefull end. And them besyde,
 Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
 A donghill of dead carcasses he spyde;
 The dreadfull spectacle of that sad House of Pryde.

¹ *Thralls*, slaves.

³ *Lay-stall*, a place to put rubbish in.

² *Stowres*, troubles, sorrows.

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
 Fayre Una is releast:
 Whom salvage nation does adore,
 And learnes her wise beheast.

1 As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile;
 The marriner yet halfe amazed stares
 At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
 To ioy at his foolhappie¹ oversight:
 So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
 The dreadlesse corage² of this Elfin Knight,
 Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

2 Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
 The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
 And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,³
 Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind;
 Yet cryme in her could never creature find:
 But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
 She wandred had from one to other Ynd,

¹ *Foolhappie*, lucky rather than provident.

² *Corage*, heart.

³ *Dreed*, object of reverence.

Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake ;
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake :

3 Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde ;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast¹ by treatie, and by traynes,²
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde :
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

4 With fawning wordes he courted her a while ;
And, looking lovely³ and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile :
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore ;
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet, for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before :
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t' efforce her chastitye.

5 So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett⁴ from batteree ;
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,

¹ *Cast*, considered how.

² *Traynes*, artifices.

³ *Lovely*, lovingly.

⁴ *Bett*, beaten.

And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
 Ah heavens ! that doe this hideous act behold,
 And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
 And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold ?

6 The pitteous Mayden, carefull,¹ comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking
 cryes ;
 The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
 And with loud plaintes impórtuneth the skyes ;
 That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes ;
 And Phœbus, flying so most shamefull sight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,²
 And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight
 Can now devise to quitt a thrall³ from such a plight ?

7 Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way :
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
 Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
 That all the woodes and forestes did resownd :
 A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :

8 Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
 In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,

¹ Carefull, sorrowful.

² Implyes, envelopes.

³ Thrall, a person subjected to the power of another.

And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the place they come incontinent¹.
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
 A rude, mishappen, monstros rablement,
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde ;
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

9 The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
 There find the Virgin, doolfull, desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred² face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late ;
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate :
 All stand amazed at so uncouth³ sight,
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state ;
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
 In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

10 She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell ;
 And every tender part for feare does shake.
 As when a greedy wolfe, through honger fell,
 A seely⁴ lamb far from the flock does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
 A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;
 Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
 With chaunge of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

¹ *Incontinent*, immediately.

² *Blubbred*, swelled with tears.

³ *Uncouth*, strange.

⁴ *Seely*, simple.

IX. 3. — *Blubbred*.] This word, in Spenser's time, had not acquired those associations which now forbid its use in dignified or pathetic passages. H.

11 Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart;
 Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had.
 The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
 Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes yclad
 And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
 And, gently grenning,¹ shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
 Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

12 The doubtfull² Damzell dare not yet committ
 Her single person to their barbarous truth;
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
 Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th:
 They, in compassion of her tender youth
 And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth;
 And, all prostráte upon the lowly playne,
 Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance
 fayne.³

13 Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
 And yieldes her to extremitie of time:
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
 They, all as glad as birdes of ioyous Pryme,⁴
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,

¹ Grenning, grinning.

³ Fayne, glad.

² Doubtfull, fearful.

⁴ Pryme, spring.

XIII. 4. — *Without suspect of crime.*] Without suspecting or
 anticipating any evil. H.

Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme;
 And, with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her as queene with olive girlond croud.

14 And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with doubled eccho ring;
 And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
 Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
 To weet¹ the cause, his weake steps governing
 And aged limbs on cypresse stadle² stout;
 And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

15 Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,
 Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,³
 Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
 They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
 That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent:
 The god himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent⁴:
 His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
 And Pholoë fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

16 The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as goddesse of the wood;
 And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what
 To thinke of wight so fayre; but gazing stood
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:

¹ Weet, know.

² Stadle, staff.

³ Invent, discover.

⁴ I. e. glowed with admiration as he gazed upon her.

Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see ;
 But Venus never had so sober mood :
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be ;
 But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

17 By vew of her he ginneth¹ to revive
 His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse ;
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
 A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
 Did love as life, above all worldly blisse :
 For grieve whereof the lad n'ould² after ioy ;
 But pynd away in anguish and selfewild annoy.

18 The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
 Her to behold do thether runne apace ;
 And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
 Flocke all about to see her lovely face :
 But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
 They envy her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace :
 But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind.
 And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on earth they find.

19 Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky Mayd
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes ;

¹ *Ginneth*, beginneth.

² *N'ould*, would not.

XVII. 2. — *Dearest Cyparisse.*] Cyparissus is said to have been a beautiful youth, who, having accidentally killed a favorite stag, pined away with grief, and was changed into a cypress-tree. H.

And long time with that salvage people stayd,
 To gather breath in many miseryes.
 During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
 And made her th' image of idolatryes :
 But, when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
 From her own worship, they her asse would worship
 fayn.

20 It fortun'd, a noble warlike knight
 By iust occasion to that forrest came
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
 From whence he tooke his wel-deserved name :
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
 And fild far landes with glorie of his might ;
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right :
 But in vaine-glorious frayes he litle did delight.

21 A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
 By straunge adventures as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a lady myld,
 Fayre Thyamis the daughter of Labryde ;
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
 To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
 Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
 Then serve his ladies love, and waste in pleasures
 vayne.

22 The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
 And could not lacke her lovers company ;

But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does
fly

And followes other game and venerie¹:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

23 So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:
Then home he suffred her for to retyre;
For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe:
Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
He nousled² up in life and manners wilde,
Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men
exilde.

24 For all he taught the tender ymp³ was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare:
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare;
And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roring buls he would him make

¹ *Venerie*, hunting.

³ *Ymp*, child.

² *Nousled*, nursed.

XXII. 3. — *To serve her turne.*] To accomplish her object,
which was, to be with her husband. H.

To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare ;
 And the robuckes in flight to overtake :
 That everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

25 Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,
 That his owne syre and maister of his guise¹
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew ;
 And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
 The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to provoke ; for he would learne
 The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard,) and make the libbard² sterne
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.³

26 And, for to make his powre approved more,
 Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell ;
 The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
 The pardale⁴ swift, and the tigré cruell,
 The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell ;
 And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
 Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
 That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

27 His loving mother came upon a day
 Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne ;
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes and cruell pastime donne ;
 When after him a lyonesse did runne,

¹ I. e., who taught him these ways.

² *Libbard*, leopard.

³ *Earne*, yearn.

⁴ *Pardale*, pard.

That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

28 The fearefull dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
“Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my ioy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet
boy.”

29 In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught¹;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught²
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was
blown.

30 Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,

¹ *Raught*, reached.

² *Haught*, high.

To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
 And now he thether came for like intent ;
 Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
 Straunge lady, in so straunge habiliment,
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
 Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did re-
 dound.

31 He wondred at her wisdoms heavenly rare,
 Whose like in womens witt he never knew ;
 And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
 And ioyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
 On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trew :
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

32 But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight,
 His wandring perill closely¹ did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight ;
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last in privy wise
 To Satyrane she shewed her intent ;
 Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
 How with that pensive Maid he best might thence
 arise.²

¹ *Closely*, secretly.

² *Arise*, depart.

XXX. 4. — *Ofspring auncient*.] *Ofspring* is here used for *origin*. So in Fairfax's Tasso, VII. 18. C.

33 So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
 To doe their service to Sylvanus old,
 The gentle Virgin, left behinde alone,
 He led away with corage stout and bold.
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
 Or ever hope recover her againe :
 In vaine he seekes that, having, cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
 That they the wods are past, and come now to the
 plaine.

34 The better part now of the lingring day
 They traveild had, whenas they far espide
 A weary wight forwandring by the way ;
 And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
 To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
 Or tidings of her Knight of the Redcrosse ;
 But he, them spying, gan to turne aside
 For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse :
 More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

35 A silly¹ man, in simple weeds forworne,²
 And soild with dust of the long dried way ;
 His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
 As he had traveild many a sommers day
 Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde ;

¹ *Silly*, simple, rustic.

² *Forworne*, worn out.

XXXIV. 3.—*A weary wight.*] This is Archimago, who was left insensible on the ground, after his encounter with Sansloy, Canto III. Stanza 39. H.

And in his hand a Iacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36 The Knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew
Or heard abroad of that her Champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet¹ red.
“Ay me! deare Dame,” quoth he, “well may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red²;
These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.”

37 That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddain cold did ronne through every vaine,
And stony horroure all her sences fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The Knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden grieve:
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the
chief.

¹ *Croslet*, small cross.

² *Red*, beheld.

XXXV. 7. — *A Iacobs staffe.*] “A pilgrim’s staff; either from the frequent pilgrimages to St. James of Compostella, or because the Apostle St. James was usually represented with one.” — NARES.

XXXVII. 8. — *The further processe of her hidden grieve.*] A further account of that which called forth her hidden grief. H.

38 Then gan the Pilgrim thus : " I chaunst this day,
 This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
 To see two knights, in travell on my way,
 (A sory sight,) arraung'd in batteill new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew :
 My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted¹ after life :
 What more ? the Redcrosse Knight was slain with
 Paynim knife."

39 " Ah ! dearest Lord," quoth she, " how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne ? "
 " Ah ! dearest Dame, quoth hee, " how might I see
 The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne ? "
 " Where is," said Satyrane, " that Paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and us of ioy, hath refte ? "
 " Not far away," quoth he, " he hence doth wonne,²
 Foreby³ a fountaine, where I late him lefte
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele
 were cleft."

40 Therewith the Knight then marched forth in hast,
 Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast ;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that Pagan proud himselfe did rest

¹ *Thirsted*, thirsted.

³ *Foreby*, near to.

² *Wonne*, dwell.

XL. 5. — *That Pagan proud.*] This was Sansloy, from whom Una had been rescued by the Satyrs. *Ante*, Stanza 8. H.

In secret shadow by a fountaine side;
 Even he it was, that earst would have suppress¹
 Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
 With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide;

41 And said: "Arise, thou cursed miscreant,
 That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous
 train,
 Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
 That good Knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:
 Arise, and with like treason now maintain
 Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
 The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
 And, catching up in hast his three-square shield
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field;

42 And, drawing nigh him, said: "Ah! misborn Elfe,
 In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent
 Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
 Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent²
 My name with guile and traiterous intent:
 That Redcrosse Knight, perdie,³ I never slew;
 But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,
 Th' Enchaunter vaine his error should not rew:
 But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven trew."

¹ *Suppress*, violated.

³ *Perdie*, (pardieu,) in truth.

² *Blent*, stained.

XLII. 7. — *But had he beene, &c.*] But had he been in the place of Archimago (see Canto III. Stanza 38), the Enchanter should not lament the mistake he made in undertaking to fight with me. C.

- 43 Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
 Each other, bent his enemy to quell;
 That with their force they perst both plate and
 maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshs fraile,
 That it would pittie any living eie:
 Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile¹;
 But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
 Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.
- 44 So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
 That, fainting, each themselves to breathen lett;
 And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.
 As when two bores, with rancling malice mett,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret²;
 Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
 Where, foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they
 whett,
 And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
 Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.
- 45 So fiersly; when these knights had breathed once,
 They gan to fight retourne; increasing more
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped strokes more hugely then³ before;
 That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
 They both deformed, scarsely could bee known.
 By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,

¹ *Raile*, flow.³ *Then*, than.² *Frett*, tear.

Led with their noise which through the aire was
thrown,
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had
sown.

46 Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin ;
And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie :
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid :
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said :

47 " O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate ?
Were it not better I that lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late ?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate
To love another : Lo then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."
So they to fight ; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

48 But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing¹ told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold ;
And much reioyced in their bloody fray :
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,

¹ *Leasing*, falsehood.

He left his stond,¹ and her pursewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.²
 But for to tell her lamentable cace,
 And eke this battels end, will need another place.*

¹ *Stond*, station.

² *Last decay*, final destruction.

XLVIII. 9. — *And eke this battels end.*] The poet never redeems the promise here made to tell us the issue of this battle. Sir Satyrane reappears in the Third Book, Canto VII. H.

* In Una's residence with the Satyrs, the poet may give us to understand that Truth, in a corrupt age, may be found hidden among a rural population, and in "huts where poor men lie"; and in Sir Satyrane he may mean to personify the restoring energy which resides in the heart of a virtuous people. H.

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse Knight is captive made,
 By Gyaunt proud opprest:
 Prince Arthure meets with Una greatly
 with those newes distrest.

- ¹ WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,¹
 As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which Deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
 And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,
 To seeme like Truth whose shape she well can
 faine,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
 Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,
 The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.
- ² Who when, returning from the drery Night,
 She fownd not in that perilous Hous of Pryde,
 Where she had left, the noble Redcross Knight,
 Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
 But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
 To rest him selfe, foreby² a fountaine syde,

¹ Ware, cautious.² Foreby, near.

Disarmed all of yron-coted plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

3 Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes¹
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently
playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd:
The Witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with
hony sweet.

4 Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like² a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

5 The cause was this: One day, when Phœbe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,

¹ Bayes, bathes.

² Like, as it were.

And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
 Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow ;
 And all, that drinke thereof, do faint and feeble grow.

6 Hereof this gentle Knight unweeting¹ was ;
 And, lying downe upon the sandie graile,²
 Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas :
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
 His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt ;
 Till crudled³ cold his corage⁴ gan assayle,
 And chearefull blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
 Which, like a fever fit, through all his bodie swelt.⁵

7 Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame :
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did re-
 bownd,
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
 Upstartd lightly from his looser make,⁶
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

8 But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,

¹ *Unweeting*, ignorant.

² *Graile*, gravel.

³ *Crudled*, curdled.

⁴ *Corage*, heart.

⁵ *Swelt*, swelled, spread.

⁶ *Make*, mate.

An hedious geaunt, horrible and hye,
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
 The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
 His living like saw never living eye,
 Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

9 The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
 And blustering Æolus his boasted syre;
 Who with his breath, which through the world
 doth pas,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
 And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
 That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of wemen do expyre,¹
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
 Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

10 So growen great, through arrogant delight
 Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
 Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

11 That, when the Knight he spyde, he gan advaunce
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,²

¹ *Expyre*, bring forth.

² *Mayne*, strength.

And towardes him with dreadfull fury prounce;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,¹
 Disarmd, disgraste,² and inwardly dismayde;
 And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,
 Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble made,
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

12 The Geaunt strooke so maynly³ mercilesse,
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
 And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
 He had beene pouldred⁴ all, as thin as flowre:
 But he was wary of that deadly stowre,⁵
 And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
 Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
 That with the winde it did him overthrow,
 And all his sences stoond,⁶ that still he lay full low.

13 As when that divelish yron engin, wrought
 In deepest hell, and framd by furies skill,
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiveth fyre; the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry⁷ cloud of duskish stinckingsmok;
 That th' onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt
 the stroke.

¹ *Darrayne*, contest.

² *Disgraste*, degraded, enfeebled.

³ *Maynly*, strongly.

⁴ *Pouldred*, powdered.

⁵ *Stowre*, peril.

⁶ *Stoond*, stunned.

⁷ *Smouldry*, smothering.

14 So daunted when the Geaunt saw the Knight,
 His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
 Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye ;
 "O great Orgoglio,¹ greatest under skye,
 O, hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake !
 Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take."

15 He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake :
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace² did take,
 And was possessed of his newfound make.³
 Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse ;
 And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a dongeon deep him threw without remorse.

16 From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye :
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,

¹ *Orgoglio*, Italian for *Pride* or *Arrogance*.

³ *Make*, mate.

² *Grace*, favor.

XVI. 1. — *From that day forth, &c.*] This description of Duessa and of the "monstrous beast" is evidently suggested by the scarlet woman and the seven-headed dragon, in the Apocalypse; and from this circumstance and the triple crown the poet is supposed to typify the Romish Church, and by the captivity of the knight, the subjection of the Christian Church to the dominion of the Pope. H.

And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
 And her endowd with royall maiestye :
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
 A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom
 den,

17 Such one it was, as that renownmed snake
 Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
 Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake :
 Whose many heades out-budding ever new
 Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
 But this same monster much more ugly was ;
 For seven great heads out of his body grew,
 An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
 And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as
 glas.

18 His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught¹ ;
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
 The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
 And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught ;
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred thinges, and holy heastes² foretaught.
 Upon this dreadfull beast with sevenfold head
 He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

¹ *Raught*, reached. ² *Heastes*, commandments (before taught).

XVII. 2. Spenser appears, through a lapse of memory, to have put Stremona for Amymone. C.

19 The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
 (Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,)
 And valiant knight become a caytive¹ thrall,
 When all was past, tooke up his fórlorne weed²;
 His mightie armour, missing most at need;
 His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
 His poynant³ speare, that many made to bleed;
 The ruefull moniments of heavinessse;
 And with them all departes, to tell his great dis-
 tresse.

20 He had not travaild long, when on the way
 He wofull lady, wofull Una, met,
 Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
 Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let⁴:
 Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
 And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and
 quake.

21 The messenger of so unhappie newes
 Would faine have dyde; dead was his hart within;
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
 At last, recovering hart, he does begin
 To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
 And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
 So hardly he the flitted life does win

¹ *Caytive*, captive.

² *Fórlorne weed*, abandoned dress.

³ *Poynant*, piercing.

⁴ *Let*, hinder.

Unto her native prison to retourne.
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and
mourne :

22 " Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde ?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side ;
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

23 " O lightsome Day, the lampe of highest Iove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove ;
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde :
For earthly sight can nought but sorow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But, seeled up with death, shall have their deadly
meed."

24 Then downe againe she fell unto the ground ;
But he her quickly reared up againe :
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaïne,

“Tell on,” quoth she, “the wofull tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye:

25 “Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then¹ that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur’d the whole, can beare ech part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound²;
If lesse then¹ that I feare, more favour I have found.”

26 Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformd to treën mould;
The House of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat, which he with Sansioy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv’d, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27 She heard with patience all unto the end;
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,³
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never lady loved dearer day⁴

¹ *Then*, than.

² *Stound*, time.

³ *Assay*, access, attack.

⁴ *Day*, i. e. life.

Then she did love the Knight of the Redcrosse ;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28 At last, when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find,
Alive or dead ; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd¹ :
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale² :
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

29 At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squyre, arayed meet :
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray,
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may :
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most
pretious rare :

30 And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,

¹ *Assynd*, pointed out.

² *Bale*, sorrow.

XXIX. 2.—*A goodly knight.*] This is Prince Arthur, in whose faultless excellence Spenser is supposed to have represented his illustrious friend, Sir Philip Sidney. H.

Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,¹
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold ; and handle strong
 Of mother perle ; and buckled with a golden tong.

31 His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd :
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
 His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
 Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
 That suddeine horroure to faint hartes did show ;
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

32 Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
 With sprinckled pearle and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity ;
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At everie little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

¹ *Slights*, devices.

XXXII. 6. — *Selinis*, more properly Selinus, a city and district in the southwest of Sicily. The hills in this region were and are covered with dwarf-palms, whence the title of "palmy" bestowed on it by Virgil. Spenser has changed the palms to almond trees. This simile is copied by Marlowe, Second Part of Tamburlaine, Act IV. Scene 3. C.

33 His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
 (Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene,)
 But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,
 Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speare it never percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance
 would.

34 The same to wight he never wont disclose,
 But¹ whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
 For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
 That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,²
 As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
 As when her face is staynd with magicke arts con-
 straint.

35 No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call;
 But all that was not such as seemd in sight
 Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
 And, when him list the raskall routes³ appall,
 Men into stones therewith he could transmew,⁴
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;

¹ *But*, except.

² *Attaint*, obscure.

³ *Raskall routes*, the low rabble.

⁴ *Transmew*, transform.

And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36 Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes ;
For he that made the same, was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes :
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell :
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell ;
But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie lond ; where yet it may be seene, if sought.

37 A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,
His speare of heben¹ wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square ;
A goodly person ; and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,²
Who under him did amble * as the aire,
And chaft,³ that any on his backe should sitt ;
The yron rowels⁴ into frothy fome he bitt.

38 Whenas this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine ;
But, when he heard her aunswers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine :

¹ *Heben*, ebony.

² *Canon bitt*, a smooth round bit.

³ *Chauft*, chafed.

⁴ *Rowels*, the *rolling* part of the canon-bit.

* 2d ed. trample.

Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And, for her humor fitting purpose¹ faine,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray ;
 Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gan to
 say :

39 "What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,
 Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach ?
 The carefull² cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale,³
 Such helplesse harmes yts⁴ better hidden keep,
 Then rip up griefe, where it may not availle ;
 My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile."

40 "Ah Lady deare," quoth then the gentle Knight,
 "Well may I ween your grief is wondrous great ;
 For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
 But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart :
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart ;
 Found never help, who never would his hurts impart."

41 "O, but," quoth she, "great griefe will not be tould,
 And can more easily be thought then said."

¹ *Purpose*, discourse.

² *Carefull*, painfull.

³ *Bale*, sorrow.

⁴ *Yts*, it is.

"Right so," quoth he; "but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."

"But grieve," quoth she, "does greater grow dis-
plaid,

If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."

"Despaire breeds not," quoth he, "where faith is
staid."

"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does paire."¹

"Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can
repaire."

42 His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said: "Faith Sir, I hope good hap hath
brought

You to inquer the secrets of my grieve;
Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;
Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe;
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you
briefe.

43 "The forlorne maiden, whom your eyes have seene
The laughing stocke of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy)
Did spread their rule through all the territories,

¹ *Paire*, impair.

Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually :

44 " Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,¹
With murderous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted
quight :
Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
He first to castle strong to take their flight ;
Where, fast embard² in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now four years besieged to make them
thrall.

45 " Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterprizd that monster to subdew :
From every coast, that heaven walks³ about,
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements still pursew ;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke ; and still he greater grew :
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

¹ I. e. *Tartarus*.

² *Embard*, imprisoned.

³ *Walks*, revolves (hence welkin).

XLIII. 8. — *Which Phison, &c.*] Pison, Gihon, and Euphrates are the names of three of the four rivers of Paradise, mentioned in the second chapter of the Book of Genesis. H.

46 " At last, yled with far reported praise,
 Which flying fame throughout the world had spread,
 Of doughty knights, whom Fary land did raise,
 That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
 Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
 Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright,
 Whose kingdoms seat Cleopolis is red¹;
 There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
 That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

47 " Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and
 good)

There for to find a fresh unproved² knight ;
 Whose manly hands imbrawd in guilty blood
 Had never beene, ne ever by his might
 Had throwne to ground the unregarded right :
 Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made
 (I witnes am) in many a cruell fight ;
 The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
 Have felt the bitter dint³ of his avenging blade.

48 " And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
 His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
 Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,⁴

¹ *Red*, called.

² *Unproved*, untried.

³ *Dint*, stroke.

⁴ *Stowre*, conflict.

XLVI. 7. — *Cleopolis*.] " Cleopolis, in the moral allegory, is the city of Glory; in the historical, the city of Queen Elizabeth." — UPTON.

XLVIII. 1. — *And ye, &c.*] The arms of the knight were in the keeping of the dwarf, and Una turns and addresses herself to them. H.

Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you
 beare,
 And well could rule; now he hath left you heare
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 And of my dolefull disaventurous¹ deare²:
 O heaue record of the good Redcrosse,
 Where have yee left your lord, that could so well
 you tosse?

49 " Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 That he my captive languor should redeeme:
 Till all unweeting an Enchaunter bad
 His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
 My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
 That rather death desire then such despight.
 Be iudge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
 How I him lov'd, and love with all my might!
 So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

50 " Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
 To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
 And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
 Where never foote of living wight did tread,
 That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
 In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
 Mine onely foe,³ mine onely deadly dread;
 Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming⁴ sweete,
 Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

¹ *Disaventurous*, unfortunate.

² *Deare*, lover.

³ *Mine onely foe*, my greatest foe.

⁴ *Misseeming*, deceptive.

51 " At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
 Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall ;
 Who him disarmed, dissolute,¹ dismaid,
 Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall²
 The monster mercillesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did never foe before behold :
 And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remédillesse, for aie he doth him hold :
 This is my cause of grieve, more great then may be
 told."

52 Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint :
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake :
 " Certes, Madáme, ye have great cause of plaint,
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take ;
 For, till I have acquitt³ your captive knight,
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake."
 His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse
 spright :
 So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever
 right.

¹ *Dissolute*, enervated, relaxed.

³ *Acquitt*, released.

² *Mall*, blow.

CANTO VIII.

* Faire Virgin, to redeeme her Deare,
 Brings Arthure to the fight:
 Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the Beast,
 And strips Duessa quight.

1 Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
 • The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
 And stedfast Truth acquite him out of all!
 Her love is firme, her care continuall,
 So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
 Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
 Els should this Redcrosse Knight in bands have
 dyde,
 For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thether
 guyd.

2 They sadly traveild thus, untill they came
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
 Then cryde the Dwarfe, "Lo! yonder is the same,
 In which my lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly,
 Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
 Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay."
 The noble Knight alighted by and by¹

¹ *By and by*, at once.

From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

3 So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardses that castle wall;
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor answeere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle¹ small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tasselles gay; wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

4 Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And ecchoes three aunswerd it selfe againe:
No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.²

5 The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The Gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,³

¹ Bugle is the wild ox, *urus*.

³ Bowre, chamber.

² Brast, burst.

With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
 And staggering steps, to weete what suddein stowre¹
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his
 dreaded powre.

6 And after him the proud Duessa came,
 High mounted on her many-headed beast ;
 And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
 And every head was crowned on his creast,²
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
 That when the Knight beheld, his mightie shild
 Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
 And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
 And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

7 Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
 Inflamd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
 And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
 All armd with ragged snubbes³ and knottie graine,
 Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
 But wise and wary was that noble Pere ;
 And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,⁴
 Did fayre avoide the violence him nere ;
 It bootied nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare ;

8 Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might :
 The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,

¹ *Stowre*, disturbance.

³ *Snubbes*, knobs.

² *Creast*, crest.

⁴ *Maine*, force

That three yarges deepe a furrow up did throw :
 The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,¹
 Did grone full grievous underneath the blow ;
 And, trembling with strange feare, did like an erth-
 quake show.

9 As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
 To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,²
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,³
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament ;
 The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay,
 And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

10 His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
 He could not rearen up againe so light,
 But that the Knight him at advantage fownd ;
 And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight⁴
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smott of his left arme, which like a block
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might ;
 Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
 Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven
 rocke.

11 Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
 And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
 He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,

¹ *Assay*, attack.

² *Food*, anger.

³ *Dreriment*, gloom.

⁴ *Quight*, disengage.

That all the fieldes rebellowed againe :
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
 An heard of bulles, whom kindly¹ rage doth sting,
 Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
 And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing :
 The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur
 ring.

12 That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
 The evill stownd² that daungerd her estate,
 Unto his aide she hastily did draw
 Her dreadfull beast ; who, swolne with blood of
 late,
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
 And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
 Encountring fiers with single sword in hand ;
 And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13 The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight
 And fiers disdaine, to be affronted³ so,
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
 That stop out of the way to overthrowe,
 Scorning the let⁴ of so unequall foe :
 But nathemore⁵ would that corageous swayne⁶
 To her yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe ;
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

¹ *Kindly*, natural.

² *Stownd*, moment, exigency.

³ *Affronted*, confronted.

⁴ *Let*, hinderance.

⁵ *Nathemore*, not the more.

⁶ *Swayne*, youth.

14 Then tooke the angrie Witch her golden cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes ;
 Death and despayre did many thereof sup,
 And secret poyson through their inner partes ;
 Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts :
 Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes :
 Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,¹
 And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

15 So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,²
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest :
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
 That when the carefull Knight gan well avise,³
 He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
 And to the Beast gan turne his enterprise ;
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loved Squyre into such thraldom brought ;

16 And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
 Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
 That of his puissaunce proud ensample made ;
 His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape misshaped more :
 A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,

¹ *Quayd*, quailed, quelled.

³ *Avise*, perceive.

² *Seize*, fasten.

XIV. 1. — *Her golden cup*.] “Having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations.” — REV. xvii. 4. H.

XVI. 2. — *Stroke one, &c.*] “And I saw one of his heads, as it were, wounded to death.” — REV. xiii. 3. H.

That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
 And overflowed all the field around;
 That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

17 Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
 That, to have heard, great horror would have bred;
 And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
 Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
 His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted¹
 Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
 Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
 Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
 Came hurtling² in full fiers, and forst the Knight retyre.

18 The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
 In one alone left³ hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong then both were
 erst;
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,⁴
 And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
 That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow:
 The stroke upon his shield so heauie lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low:—
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous
 blow?

19 And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
 The light whereof, that heuens light did pas,

¹ *Sted*, place.

² *Hurling*, rushing in.

³ *Left*, remaining.

⁴ *Dites*, raises.

Such blazing brightnesse through the ayër threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have slain the Man, that on the ground did lye.

20 And eke the fruitfull-headed Beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his sences dazd,¹
That downe he tumbled on the durtye field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call;
“O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe, or els we perish all.”

21 At her so pitteous cry was much amov'd
Her champion stout; and, for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon prov'd,²
But all in vaine; for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,
He hath no poure to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almightyes lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed¹ eyen, and daunts the sences
quight.

22 Whom when the Prince, to batteill new addrest
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,

¹ Dazd, dazzled.

² Prov'd, tried.

His sparkling blade about his head he blest,¹
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
 That downe he tumbled ; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky clift,
 Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen
 be ;
 The mightie trunck halfe rent with ragged rift
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull
 drift.

23 Or as a castle, reared high and round,
 By subtile engins and malicious slight
 Is undermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
 At last downe falles ; and with her heaped hight
 Her hastie ruine does more heaueie make,
 And yields it selfe unto the victours might :
 Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
 The stedfast globe of earth, as² it for feare did
 quake.

24 The Knight then, lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall steele him smot againe so sore
 That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
 But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
 That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
 Was vanisht quite ; and of that monstrous mas
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

¹ *Blest*, brandished.² *As*, as if.

25 Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
 Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
 And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde;
 Such percing grieve her stubborne hart did wound,
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound¹;
 But, leaving all behind her, fled away:
 The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,
 And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.

26 The roiall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
 In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
 The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,
 With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
 And, with sweet ioyous cheare, him thus bespake:
 "Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my
 sake?

27 "And you,² fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
 What hath poor Virgin for such perill past
 Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
 My simple selfe, and service evermore.
 And He that high does sit, and all things see
 With equall eye, their merites to restore,
 Behold what ye this day have done for mee;
 And, what I cannot quite, requite with usuree!

¹ *Stound*, moment.² I. e. the Squire.

28 " But sith¹ the heavens, and your faire handeling,²
 Have made you master of the field this day,
 Your fortune maister eke with governing,
 And, well begonne end all so well, I pray!
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
 For she it is, that did my lord bethrall,
 My dearest lord, and deepe in dongeon lay;
 Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
 O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!"

29 Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squyre,
 That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;
 Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
 Into the castle entred forcibly,
 Where living creature none he did espye:
 Then gan he lowdly through the house to call;
 But no man car'd to answer to his crye:
 There raignd a solemne silence over all;
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre
 or hall!

30 At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
 An old old man, with beard as white as snow;
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
 And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro;
 For his eye-sight him fayled long ygo:
 And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,

¹ *Sith*, since.

² *Handeling*, conduct.

The which unused¹ rust did overgrow :
 Those were the keyes of every inner dore ;
 But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

31 But very uncouth sight was to behold,
 How he did fashion his untoward pace ;
 For as he forward moovd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face :
 Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,
 And foster father of the Gyaunt dead ;
 His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.²

32 His reverend heares and holy gravitee
 The Knight much honord, as beseemed well ;
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell :
 Who answerd him full soft, *He could not tell.*
 Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd,
 Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell
 Had made his caytive thrall : Againe he sayde,
He could not tell ; ne ever other answeere made.

33 Then asked he, which way he in might pas :
He could not tell, againe he answered.
 Thereat the courteous Knight displeased was,

¹ *Unused*, rust from being unused.

² *Aread*, explain.

XXXI. 9. — *His name Ignaro.*] That is, Ignorance, a proper doorkeeper in the stronghold of a false religion and a corrupt hierarchy. H.

And said: "Old syre, it seemes thou hast not red
 How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
 In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
 With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
 Aread¹ in graver wise what I demaund of thee."

34 His answer likewise was, *He could not tell.*
 Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
 Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
 He ghest his nature by his countenance;
 And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
 Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reach
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
 Each dore he opened without any breach:
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.²

35 There all within full rich arayd he found,
 With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
 And did with store of every thing abound,
 That greatest princes presence might behold.
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
 With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
 Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
 And sacred³ ashes over it was strowed new.

¹ *Aread*, declare.

³ *Sacred*, (perhaps) cursed.

² *Empeach*, hinder.

XXXV. 6. *With blood, &c.*] Spenser has been supposed by some to allude here to the persecutions of the Protestants under Queen Mary. H.

36 And there beside of marble stone was built
 An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery;
 On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
 And holy martyres often doen to dye,¹
 With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
 Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
 To God for vengeance cryde continually;
 And with great grieve were often heard to grone;
 That hardest heart would bleede to heare their pite-
 ous mone.

37 Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr;
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall.
 At last he came unto an yron doore,
 That fast was lockt; but key found not at all
 Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
 But in the same a little grate was pight,²
 Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
 With all his powre, to weet³ if living wight
 Wère housed therewithin whom he enlargen might.

38 Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
 These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound:
 "O, who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
 Of death, that here lye dying every stound,⁴
 Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?"

¹ *Doen to dye*, done, or put, to death.

² *Pight*, placed.

³ *Weet*, know.

⁴ *Stound*, moment.

XXXVI. 2. — *An altare, &c.*] "I saw under the altar the
 souls of them that were slain for the word of God." — REV. vi. 9.

XXXVII. 2. — *That wofull thrall.*] The Red-cross Knight.

H.

For now three moones have changed thrice their
 hew,
 And have beene thrice hid underneath the ground,
 Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew:
 O, welcome, thou, that doest of death bring tydings
 trew!"

39 Which when that Champion heard, with percing
 point

Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore;
 And trembling horror ran through every ioynt,
 For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore¹:
 Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
 With furious force and indignation fell;
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
 That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

40 But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands),
 But that with constant zeale and corage bold,
 After long paines and labors manifold,
 He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare;
 Whose feeble thighes, unhable to uphold
 His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare;
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere.²

41 His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;

¹ *Forlore*, forlorn.

² *Drere*, wretchedness.

His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,¹
 And empty sides deceived of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs²
 Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
 Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall powres
 Decayd; and al his flesh shronk up like withered
 flowres.

42 Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
 With hasty ioy: to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan;
 Who earst³ in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
 Tho,⁴ when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said: "Ah dearest Lord! what evill starre
 On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth
 marre?"

43 "But welcome now, my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a day;
 And fye on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
 Whose wrathful wreakes⁵ themselves doe now alay;
 And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
 Of treble good: Good growes of evils priefe."⁶
 The chearelesse man, whom sorow did dismay,⁷

¹ Bits, food.

² Bowrs, benders, flexor muscles (?).

⁵ Wreakes, acts of vengeance.

⁶ I. e. out of the experience of evil.

⁷ Dismay, unnerve, render impotent.

³ Earst, before.

⁴ Tho, then.

Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44 "Faيرة Lady," then said that victorious Knight,
"The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musicke breeds delight¹ in loathing eare:
But th' only good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

45 "Henceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wonted
strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might:
Loe wher your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length;
And loe that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die."
"To doe her die," quoth Una, "were despight,
And shame t' avenge so weake an enemy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

46 So, as she bad, that Witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoild her tire and call,²
Such as she was, their eies might her behold,

¹Qu. *despight* ? *dislike* ? ² *Tire and call*, head-dress and cap.

That her misshaped parts did them appall ;
 A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

47 Her crafty head was altogether bald,
 And, as in hate of honorable eld,
 Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald ;
 Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,¹
 And her sowre breath abhominably smeld ;
 Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
 Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld ;
 Her wrizled² skin, as rough as maple rind,
 So scabby was, that would have loathd all woman-
 kind.

48 Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
 My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write :
 But at her rompe she growing had behind
 A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight :
 And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight ;
 For one of them was like an eagles claw,
 With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight ;
 The other like a beares uneven paw :
 More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

49 Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 " Such then," said Una, " as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of Falshood ; such the sight
 Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light

¹ *Feld*, fallen.

² *Wrizled*, wrinkled.

Is laid away, and counterfesaunce¹ knowne.”
Thus when they had the Witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthie feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

50 Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide ;
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that csstle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire :
Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and
rare.

¹ *Counterfesaunce*, counterfeiting.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:
 The Knights knitt friendly hands:
 Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
 Whom Redcros Knight withstands.

¹ O GOODLY golden chayne ! wherewith yfere¹
 The vertues linked are in lovely wize,
 And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
 In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprise ;
 That none did others safëty despize,
 Nor aid envý to him, in need that stands ;
 But friendly each did others praise devize
 How to advaunce with favourable hands,
 As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse Knight
 from bands.

² Who when their powres, empayrd through labor
 long,
 With dew repast they had recured² well,
 And that weake captive wight now wexed strong ;
 Them list no-lenger there at leasure dwell,
 But forward fare, as their adventures fell :
 But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
 That straunger Knight his name and nation tell ;

¹ *Yfere*, together.

² *Recured*, recruited.

Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles
thought.

3 "Faïre Virgin," said the Prince, "yee me require
A thing without the compas of my witt:
For both the lignage, and the certein sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt.
For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a Fary Knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes¹ and martiall might.

4 "Unto old Timon he me brought bylive²;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene:
His dwelling is, low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
There all my daies he traïnd mee up in vertuous lore.

5 "Thether the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visitt mee;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,

¹ *Thewes*, manners, accomplishments.

² *Bylive*, immediately.

IV. 1. — *Old Timon*.] By the name of his tutor, Spenser expresses that Arthur was brought up in the ways of honor. H.

And tutors nouriture to oversee.
 Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
 Of what loines and what lignage I did spring.
 Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
 That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
 As time in her iust term the truth to light should bring."

6 "Well worthy impe,"¹ said then the Lady gent,²
 "And pupill fitt for such a tutors hand!
 But what adventure, or what high intent,
 Hath brought you hether into Fary land,
 Aread,³ Prince Arthure, crowne of martiall band?"
 "Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
 The course of heavenly cause, or understand
 The secret meaning of th' Eternall Might,
 That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of liv-
 ing wight.

7 "For whether He, through fatal deepe foresight,
 Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest;
 Or that fresh bleeding wound which day and night
 Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
 With forced fury following his behest,
 Me hether brought by wayes yet never found;
 You to have helpt I hold myselfe yet blest."

¹ *Impe*, child.

² *Gent*, noble.

³ *Aread*, declare.

VI. 5. — *Aread Prince Arthure.*] "Arthur and Una have been hitherto represented as entire strangers to each other, and it does not appear how Una became acquainted with the name of this new knight." — WARTON.

“Ah! courteous Knight,” quoth she, “what secret
wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?”

8 “Deare Dame,” quoth he, “you sleeping sparkes
awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens¹ silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow;
I will revele what ye so much desire:
Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, that whiles² I may re-
spyre.

9 “It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest;
Then first the cole of kindly heat appeares
To kindle love in every living brest:
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil wexeth new.

10 “That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
I ever scornd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
In midst of their mournfull tragedy;
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,

¹ *Sithens*, since.

² *Whiles*, meanwhile.

And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent¹:
 Their god himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
 Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
 But I them warded all with wary government.

11 "But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or unawares at disavantage fownd:
 Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
 And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
 Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
 And yeeldes his caytive² neck to victours most de-
 spight.

12 "Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
 And of my selfe, now mated³ as ye see;
 Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
 Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.
 For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee
 Of looser life and heat of hardiment,⁴
 Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

13 "Forwearied⁵ with my sportes, I did alight
 From loftie steed, and downe to sleep me layd:
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,

¹ *Brent*, burnt.

² *Caytive*, captive.

³ *Mated*, dejected.

⁴ *Hardiment*, boldness.

⁵ *Forwearied*, wearied out.

And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd :
 Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,¹
 And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
 Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay ;
 So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

14 "Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
 She to me made, and badd me love her deare ;
 For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
 As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
 But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
 Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
 Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
 As she to me delivered all that night ;
 And at her parting said, she Queene of Faries hight.²

15 "When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
 And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
 I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,
 And washed all her place with watry eyen.
 From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne ;
 From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
 To seeke her out with labor and long tyne,³
 And never vowd to rest till her I fynd :
 Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll⁴ that vow
 unbynd."

16 Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
 And chaunge of hew great passion⁵ did bewray ;

¹ *Embayd*, bathed.

² *Hight*, was called.

³ *Tyne*, pain.

⁴ *Ni'll*, I will not.

⁵ *Passion*, emotion.

Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,¹
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display;
 Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:
 "O happy Queene of Faries, that hast fownd,
 Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd!
 True loves are oftensown, but seldom grow on grownd."

17 "Thine, O, then," said the gentle Redcrosse Knight,
 "Next to that Ladies love, shal be the place,
 O fayrest Virgin, full of heavenly light,
 Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
 And you, my Lord, the patrone of my life,
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie
 grace;

For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,²
 Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her lief." ³

18 So diversly discoursing of their loves,
 The golden sunne his glistring head gan shew,
 And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves ⁴
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:
 Als ⁵ Una earnd ⁶ her traveill to renew.
 Then those two knights, fast frendship for to bynd,
 And love establish each to other trew,
 Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
 And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together
 ioynd.

¹ *Bale*, sorrow.

² *Priefe*, proof.

³ *Liefe*, love.

VOL. I.

⁴ *Amoves*, moves.

⁵ *Als*, also.

⁶ *Earnd*, yearned.

19 Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,
 Embowd¹ with gold and gorgeous ornament,
 Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
 That any wovnd could heale incontinent.
 Which to requite, the Redcrosse Knight him gave
 A booke, wherein his Saveours Testament
 Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;
 A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

20 Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
 To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
 With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.²
 But she, now weighing the decayed plight
 And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course pursew,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
 Till he recovered had his former hew:
 For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

21 So as they traveild, lo! they gan espy
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.³
 Still, as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare still followed him behynd.
 Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,⁴
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
 As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his⁵ kynd.

¹ *Embowd*, arched.

² *Pray*, ravage.

³ *Aghast*, terrified.

⁴ *Brast*, burst.

⁵ *Pegasus his*, Pegasus's.

22 Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
 To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
 Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread :
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
 Nor life in limbe ; and, to increase his feares,
 In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 That with his glistring armes does ill agree :
 But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

23 The Redcrosse Knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet what mister¹ wight was so dismayd :
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of himselfe he seemd to be afayd ;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might :
 " Sir Knight, aread² who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight ?
 For never knight I saw in such misseeming³ plight."

24 He answerd nought at all ; but adding new
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
 With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
 Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
 Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
 The gentle Knight ; who nought to him replyde ;
 But, trembling every ioynt, did inly quake,
 And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth
 to shake :

¹ *Mister*, kind of.

² *Aread*, declare.

³ *Misseeming*, unseemly.

25 "For Gods deare love, Sir Knight, doe me not stay;
 For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee!"
 Eft¹ looking back, would faine have runne away;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
 Yet nathemore² by his bold hartie speach
 Could his blood-frozen hart emboldened bee,
 But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
 Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein
 breach:

26 "And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,
 "From him that would have forced me to dye?
 And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
 That I may tell this haplesse history?"
 "Feare nought," quoth he, "no daunger now is nye."
 "Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"
 Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
 I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
 Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

27 "I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
 With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
 Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free;
 But not so happy as mote happy bee:
 He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,³
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And ioyd to see her lover languish and lament:

¹ *Eft*, again.

² *Nathemore*, none the more.

³ *Gent*, noble.

28 " From whom retourning sad and comfortiesse,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,¹
 A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despayre* :
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes²
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare :
 So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29 " Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
 Embost³ with bale,⁴ and bitter byting grieve,
 Which love had launched with his deadly darts ;
 With wounding words, and termes of foule re-
 prieve,⁵
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
 That earst us held in love of lingring life :
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife ;
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife :

30 " With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath.
 But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
 Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare ;
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,

¹ *Whyleare*, a little while ago.

² *Areedes*, informs.

³ *Embost*, exhausted.

⁴ *Bale*, sorrow.

⁵ *Reprieve*, reproof.

Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare :
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare !”

31 “ How may a man,” said he, “ with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health ? ”
“ I wote,” quoth he, “ whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldës wealth.
His subtile tong, like dropping honny, mealt’h¹
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine ;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
O never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine ! ”

32 “ Certes,” sayd he, “ hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde :
And you, Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.”
“ I, that hight Trevisan,” quoth he, “ will ryde,
Against my liking, backe, to doe you grace :
But nor for gold nor glee² will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;
For lever³ had I die then see his deadly face.”

33 Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,

¹ *Mealt’h*, melteth.

³ *Lever*, rather.

² Qu. *fee*? Cf. Canto X. 43. 6.

XXXI. 3. — *I wote*, &c.] I, who have been taught by recent experience, know how a man may be so won, though I would not have been persuaded to do the like by the world’s wealth. H.

Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,¹
 Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcases doth crave :
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
 Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
 Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;
 And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle :

34 And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruite nor leafe was ever seene,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees² ;
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,
 Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
 And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
 That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,³
 Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare ;
 But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

35 That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his sullein mind :
 His griesie⁴ lockes, long growen and unbound,
 Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
 His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
 Were shronke into his iawes, as⁵ he did never dyne.

¹ *Ypight*, placed.

² *Ragged rocky knees*, rough points or projections of rock.

³ *Teene*, trouble.

⁴ *Griesie*, greasy ; but probably a misprint for *grieslie*, grisly or grizzly.

⁵ *As*, as if.

36 His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts :
 And him beside there lay upon the gras
 A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
 All wallowd in his own yet luke-warne blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37 Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
 The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
 Whenas the gentle Redcrosse Knight did vew ;
 With frie zeale he burnt in courage bold
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold ;
 And to the Villein sayd : " Thou damned wight,
 The authour of this fact we here behold,
 What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
 With thine owne blood to price¹ his blood, here shed
 in sight ? "

38 " What frantieke fit," quoth he, " hath thus dis-
 traught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give ?
 What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
 But he should dye, who merites not to live ?
 None els to death this man despayring drive²
 But his owne-guiltie mind, deserving death.
 Is then uniust to each his dew to give ?

¹ *Price*, pay for.

² *Drive*, i. e. driv (drove).

Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath¹?

39 "Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay;
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good;
And fond,² that ioyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thyselfe not pas the flood?

40 "He there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave;
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

41 The Knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd: "The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,³
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine bed."⁴
"Who life did limit by almightie doome,"

¹ *Uneath*, uneasy.

² *Fond*, foolish.

³ *Sted*, place.

⁴ *Bed*, bid.

Quoth he, "knowes best the termes established;
 And he that points¹ the centonell his roome²
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.³

42 "Is not His deed whatever thing is donne
 In heaven and earth? Did not He all create
 To die againe? All ends, that was begonne:
 Their times in His eternall booke of fate
 Are written sure, and have their certein date.
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
 That holds the world in his still chaunging state;
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
 When houre of death is come, let none aske whence,
 nor why.

43 "The lenger life, I wote⁴ the greater sin;
 The greater sin, the greater punishment:
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
 Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
 Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
 For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
 Is not enough thy evill life forespent⁵?
 For he that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray:

44 "Then doe no further goe, no further stray;
 But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen⁶ may.
 For what hath life, that may it loved make,

¹ *Points*, appoints.

² *Roome*, place.

³ *Droome*, drum.

⁴ *Wote*, know, deem.

⁵ *Forespent*, consumed (forspent).

⁶ *Ensewen*, follow.

And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
 All which, and thousands mo,¹ do make a loathsome life.

45 "Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
 If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
 For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
 More luckless dissaventures did amate²:
 Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

46 "Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this lady mild
 Thou falsed³ hast thy faith with periuree,
 And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
 With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

47 "Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
 From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?

¹ *Mo*, more.

³ *Falsed*, broken.

² *Amate*, appall.

Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die :
 Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be
 donne,
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes : die soone, O Faries sonne."

48 The Knight was much enmoved with his speach,
 That as a swords poynt through his hart did perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse¹
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49 In which amazement when the Miscreaunt
 Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
 Hee shewd him painted in a table² plaine
 The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

50 The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
 That nought but death before his eies he saw,
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.

¹ Reverse, cause to return.

² Table, picture.

Then gan the Villein him to overcraw,¹
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw ;
 And bad him choose, what death he would desire :
 For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

51 But whenas none of them he saw him take,
 He to him raught² a dagger sharpe and keene,
 And gave it him in hand : his hand did quake
 And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
 And troubled blood through his pale face was seenē
 To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,
 As it a ronning messenger had beene.
 At last, resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

52 Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
 The crudled³ cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swowne : but, soone reliv'd⁴ againe,
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
 And to him said : " Fie, fie, faint-hearted Knight,
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife ?
 Is this the battaile, which thou vauntst to fight
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright ?

53 " Come ; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.

¹ *Overcraw*, overcrow, assume a superiority over.

² *Raught*, reached.

³ *Crudled*, curdled.

⁴ *Reliv'd*, brought to life.



In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why shouldst thou then despire, that chosen¹ art?
 Where iustice growes, there grows eke greter grace,
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
 Arise, Sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

54 So up he rose, and thence amounted² streight.
 Which when the Carle³ beheld, and saw his guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight;
 He chose an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
 For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,⁴
 Yet nathëlesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.*

¹ *Chosen*, elected to be saved.

³ *Carle*, churl.

² *Amounted*, mounted his horse.

⁴ *Drest*, treated.

* The description of the Cave of Despair is by far the most powerful passage in all Spenser's poetry. There is an idle story that Spenser introduced himself to Sir Philip Sidney by sending him this canto of the Fairy Queen, and that Sir Philip, as soon as he had read a few stanzas, ordered the poet a present of fifty pounds. One stanza more caused the gift to be doubled, and his admiration kindling as he went on, Sidney bade his steward make the gift two hundred, and to pay it at once, lest he should bestow all he had on such a writer. C.

CANTO X.

Her faithfull Knight faire Una brings
 To house of Holinesse;
 Where he is taught repentaunce, and
 The way to heavenly blesse.

¹ WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
 And vaine assuraunce of mortality,
 Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
 Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,¹
 Or from the felde most cowardly doth fly!
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
 That thorough grace hath gained victory:
 If any strength we have, it is to ill;
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

² By that which lately hapned, Una saw
 That this her Knight was feeble, and too faint;
 And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
 Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
 Which he endured in his late restraint,
 That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.
 Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
 She cast to bring him, where he chearen² might,
 Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

¹ *By and by*, at once.

² *Chearen*, be cheered.

3 There was an auncient house not far away,
Renowmed throughout the world for sacred lore
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisdom of a matron grave and hore;
Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes:
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

4 Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thether to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes,¹ and godly exercise;
The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere²
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

5 Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but, when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,

¹ *Thewes*, habits.

² *Lovely fere*, loving mate.

IV. 6, 8. Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa, as their names indicate, are Faith, Hope, and Charity. H.

Hight¹ Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low ;
For streight and narrow was the way which he did
shew.

6 Each goodly thing is hardest to begin ;
But, entred in, a spacious court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in ;
Where them does meete a francklin² faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee ;
His name was Zele, that him right well became :
For in his speaches and behaveour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

7 There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad³ attyre,
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good⁴ to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. He them with speaches meet
Does faire entreat : no courting nicetee,
But simple trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squyre so great persons to greet.

8 And afterwarde them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,

¹ *Hight*, named.

³ *Sad*, grave.

² *Francklin*, a freeholder.

⁴ I. e. knew how to behave suitably.

V. 9. — *For streight and narrow, &c.*] "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." — Matt. vii. 14. H.

Who all this while was busy at her beades ;
 Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
 Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld¹ :

9 And, her embracing, said : " O happy earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread !
 Most vertuous Virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
 That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
 From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,²
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
 Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead ;
 What grace hath thee now hether brought this way ?
 Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting³ hether stray ?

10 " Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
 Here in this place ; or any other wight,
 That hether turnes his steps : so few there bee,
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right !
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to goe astray,
 And be partakers of their evill plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way :
 O ! foolish men, why hast ye to your owne decay ? "

11 " Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
 O Matrone sage," quoth she, " I hether came ;

¹ *Eld*, age.

³ *Unweeting*, unknowing.

² *Ever-dying dread*, perpetual fear of death.

And this good knight his way with me addrest,
 Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
 That up to heven is blowne." The auncient Dame
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
 And entertheynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
 Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

12 Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
 Loe ! two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise ;
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred even steps and equall pace :
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
 Like sunny beames, threw from her christall face
 That¹ could have dazd² the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like hevens light.

13 She was araied all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water fild up to the hight,
 In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horreur made to all that did behold ;
 But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood :
 And in her other hand she fast did hold

¹ *That*, that which.

² *Dazd*, dazzled.

XIII. 4. — *A serpent.*] The serpent was emblematic of health; and the restoring and healing power of Faith is here alluded to. The reader will recollect the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness, and the application of it by our Saviour, John iii. 14. H.

A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood ;
Wherin darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

14 Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well ;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell :
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell ;
And ever up to heven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

15 They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee ;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see :
Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee ;
Who faire them quites,¹ as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.²

16 Then Una thus : “ But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become ?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere ? ”
“ Ah ! no,” said they, “ but forth she may not come ;

¹ *Quites*, salutes in return.

² *Gest*, achievement.

XIII. 8. — *A booke, &c.*] Faith holds in her hand the New Testament, to which is applied the expression used by St. Peter of St. Paul's Epistles, 2 Pet. iii. 16. H.

For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome."

"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore ;
But thank't be God, and her encrease so evermore !"

17 Then saide the aged Cœlia : "Deare Dame,
And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hether came,
Ye both forwearied be : therefore a whyle
I read¹ you rest, and to your bowres² recoyle."³
Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd :
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.⁴

18 Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her Knight into her Schoolehous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
She graunted ; and that Knight so much agraste,⁵
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them
shine.

19 And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them teach,

¹ *Read*, advise.

³ *Recoyle*, retire.

² *Bowres*, chambers.

⁴ *Aredd*, declared.

⁵ *So much agraste*, showed him so much grace.

She unto him disclosed every whitt ;
 And heavenly documents¹ thereout did preach,
 That weaker witt of man could never reach ;
 Of God ; of Grace ; of Iustice ; of Free-will ;
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach :
 For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
 And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

20 And when she list poure out her larger spright,
 She would commaund the hasty sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from heuens hight :
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay ;
 [Dry-shod to passe, she parts the fouds in tway ;]
 And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
 She would commaund themselves to beare away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat :
 Almightie God her gave such powre and puissance
 great.

21 The faithfull Knight now grew in litle space,
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore,²
 Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
 And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
 That he desirde to end his wretched dayes :
 So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes !

¹ *Documents*, instructions.

² *Forlore*, forlorn.

XX. 5. — This line is wanting in the first and second editions, and is first found in the folio of 1609.

22 But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;
 Els had his sinnes so great and manifold
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agony,
 When him his dearest Una did behold
 Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
 She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity ;

23 And came to Cœlia to declare her smart ;
 Who well acquainted with that commune¹ plight,
 Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly counsell and advisement right ;
 And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
 To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
 In that disease of grieved conscience,
 And well could cure the same ; his name was Patience.

24 Who, comming to that sowle-diseased Knight,
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief :
 Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie
 spright,
 Well searcht, eftsoones² he gan apply relief
 Of salves and med'cines, which had passing³
 prief ;
 And thereto added wordes of wondrous might :
 By which to ease he him recured⁴ brief,

¹ *Commune*, common.

² *Eftsoones*, immediately.

³ I. e. surprising efficacy.

⁴ *Recured*, restored.

And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,¹
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

25 But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festringsore did ranckle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin:
Which to extirpe,² he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his cōrrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

26 In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,³
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

27 And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple⁴ every day:
And sharpe Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play:
And sad Repentance used to embay⁵

¹ *Passion of his plight*, the sufferings of his case.

² *Extirpe*, extirpate.

⁴ *Disple*, discipline.

³ *Whott*, hot.

⁵ *Embay*, bathe.

His blamefull body in salt water sore,*
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes
dore.

28 In which his torment often was so great,
That, like a lyon, he would cry and rore ;
And rend his flesh ; and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore :
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare ;
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

29 Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought ;
Who, ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to cherish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest :
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

30 She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,

* 2d Ed. "His body in salt water smarting sore."

XXIX. 7. — *By this Charissa, &c.*] The knight is at last made acquainted with Charity, or Love, that being the crowning excellence of the Christian character. H.

With goodly grace and comely personage,
 That was on earth not easie to compare;
 Full of great love; but Cupids wanton snare
 As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will;
 Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
 That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

81 A multitude of babes about her hong,
 Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold;
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak and
 young,
 But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
 And on her head she wore a tyre¹ of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches² wondrous fayre,
 Whose passing price uneath³ was to be told:
 And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

82 The Knight and Una entring fayre her greet,
 And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;
 Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
 And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
 Then Una her besought, to be so good
 As in her vertuous rules to schoole her Knight,
 Now after all his torment well withstood

¹ *Tyre*, diadem.

³ *Uneath*, hardly.

² *Owches*, jewels.

XXX. 9. — *Yellow robes*.] Charissa is dressed in yellow to express her married state.

“There let Hymen oft appear
 In *saffron* robe, with taper clear.” — MILTON. H.

In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

33 She was right ioyious of her iust request ;
And, taking by the hand that Faeries sonnie,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love ; and righteousnes ; and well to donne¹ ;
And wrath and hatred warëly to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours² had fordonne³ :
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready
path.

34 Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde⁴ ;
Her name was Mercy ; well knowne over-all⁵
To be both gracious and eke liberall :
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldës wave ;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

35 The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged breares,⁶
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay :

¹ *Well to donne*, well-doing.

² *Dolours*, griefs.

³ *Fordonne*, undone.

⁴ *Descryde*, made known.

⁵ *Over-all*, everywhere.

⁶ *Breares*, briers.

And ever when his feet encombred were,
 Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
 She held him fast, and firmly did upheare;
 As carefull nourse her child from falling oft does
 reare.

36 Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
 That was foreby¹ the way, she did him bring;
 In which seven Bead-men,² that had vowed all
 Their life to service of high heavens King,
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:
 Their gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the wearie way were traveiling;
 And one sate wayting ever them before,
 To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

37 The First of them, that eldest was and best,
 Of all the house had charge and government,
 As guardian and steward of the rest:
 His office was to give entertainment
 And lodging unto all that came and went;
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,
 And double quite³ for that he on them spent;
 But such as want of harbour⁴ did constraine:
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

¹ *Foreby*, near to.

² *Bead-men*, men devoted to prayer.

³ *Quite*, requite.

⁴ *Harbour*, lodging.

XXXVI. 3. — *Seven Bead-men.*] In these seven Bead-men Spenser represents the seven offices or functions of Charity, according to the division of the Schoolmen.

38 The Second was as almner¹ of the place :
 His office was the hungry for to feed,
 And thirsty² give to drinke ; a worke of grace :
 He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede :
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left unto his seede :
 He had enough ; what need him care for more ?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

39 The Third had of their wardrobe custody,
 In which were not rich tyres,³ nor garments gay,
 The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
 But clothës meet to keepe keene cold away,
 And naked nature seemely to aray ;
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay ;
 And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
 His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

40 The Fourth appointed by his office was
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
 And captives to redeeme with price of bras
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd ;
 And though they⁴ faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd ;
 And He, that harrowd⁵ hell with heavie stowre,⁶
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly
 bowre.

¹ *Almner*, almoner.

² *Thirsty*, thirsty.

³ *Tyres*, attires.

⁴ I. e. the prisoners.

⁵ *Harrowd*, ravaged, subdued.

⁶ *Stowre*, pain (to himself).

41 The Fift had charge sick persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of death which lay;
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When Sin, and Hell, and Death doe most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man! have mind of that last bitter throw¹:
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

42 The Sixt had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemely sort their corsers to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall
 save.

The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face He made all beastes to feare, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould²!

43 The Seventh, now after death and buriall done,
 Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
 And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone:
 In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence; nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
 And, when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

¹ *Throw*, throe.

² *Defould*, treated with indignity.

44 There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
 The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas ;
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
 He humbly louted¹ in meeke lowlinesse,
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare :
 For of their order she was Patronesse,
 Albe² Charissa were their chiefest Founderesse.

45 There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
 That to the rest more hable he might bee :
 During which time, in every good behest,
 And godly worke of almes and charitee,
 Shee him instructed with great industree.
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That, from the first unto the last degree,
 His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

46 Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
 Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy ;
 On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
 And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his devotion,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply³ :
 His name was heavenly Contemplation ;
 Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

¹ *Louted*, bowed.
Albe, although.

³ *Apply*, ply, attend to.

47 Great grace that old man to him given had ;
 For God he often saw from heavens hight :
 All¹ were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and persaunt² was his spright,
 As eagles eie, that can behold the sunne.
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
 That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,³
 Gan faile ; but, by her helpe, the top at last he wonne.

48 There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed ;
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
 Each bone might through his body well be red,⁴
 And every sinew seene, through his long fast :
 For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ;
 His mind was full of spirituall repast,
 And pyn'd⁵ his flesh to keepe his body low and chast.

49 Who, when these two approaching he aspid,
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;
 And had he not that Dame respected more,⁶
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the Knight.
 They him saluted, standing far afore ;
 Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
 And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight.

¹ *All*, although.

⁴ *Red*, discerned.

² *Persaunt*, piercing.

⁵ *Pyn'd*, wasted.

³ *Fordonne*, exhausted.

⁶ *I. e.* too much to allow of his sitting still.

50 "What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such
paine,

But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight¹
By wise Fidelia? Shee doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according² his desire."

51 "Thrise happy man," said then the Father grave,
"Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
Who better can the way to heaven aread³
Then⁴ thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the Maiesty Divine,
And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

52 "Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faries sonne;
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But, after labors long and sad delay,

¹ *Behight*, intrusted.

² *According*, according to.

³ *Aread*, show.

⁴ *Then*, than.

LII. 2. *Thou man of earth.*] Apparently an allusion to the
Knight's name, George, which signifies a tiller of the earth.

Brings them* to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled¹ is,
 And have her strength recur'd² from fraile infirmitis."

53 That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;
 Such one as that same mighty Man of God
 That blood-red billowes like a walled front
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,³
 Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:

54 Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
 Adornd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory
 Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
 For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
 Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
 Through famous poets verse each where⁴ renownd,
 On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
 Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

55 From thence, far off he unto him did shew
 A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
 Which to a goodly citty led his vew;

¹ *Assoiled*, absolved.

² *Recur'd*, recovered.

³ *Yod*, went.

⁴ *Each where*, everywhere.

* *Them* is probably a misprint for *him*.

Whose wals and towres were builded high and
 strong
 Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
 Too high a ditty¹ for my simple song!
 The Citty of the Greate King hight it well,
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

56 As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed angels to and fro descend
 From highest heven in gladsome companee,
 And with great ioy into that citty wend,
 As commonly² as frend does with his frend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
 And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.³

57 "Faire Knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,
 The New Hierusalem, that God has built
 For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
 His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
 Now are they saints all in that citty sam,⁴
 More dear unto their God then younglings to their
 dam."

¹ *Too high a ditty*, too lofty a theme.

² *Commonly*, familiarly.

³ *Empeopled*, collected together as a people.

⁴ *Sam*, together.

58 "Till now," said then the Knight, "I weened well,
 That great Cleopolis where I have beene,
 In which that fairest Fary Queene doth dwell,
 The fairest citty was that might be seene ;
 And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,¹
 Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was :
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene ;
 For this great citty that does far surpas,
 And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre
 of glas."

59 "Most trew," then said the holy aged man ;
 "Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
 The fairest peece² that eie beholden can ;
 And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
 That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
 To be etérnized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,
 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt :
 For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may iustly vaunt.³

60 "And thou, faire ymp,⁴ sprong out from English race,
 How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate foredonne.⁵
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suitt⁶ of earthly conquest shonne,

¹ *Clene*, pure.

⁵ *Foredonne*, undone.

² *Peece*, structure.

⁶ *Suitt*, pursuit.

³ I. e. may justly boast of a heavenly origin.

⁴ *Ymp*, youth.

And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field :
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows,
yield.

61 "Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send ;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalen doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end :
For thou emongst those saints, whom thou doest see,
Shalt be a saint, and thine owne nations frend
And patrone: Thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe of vic-
toree."

62 "Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine!"
"These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,
As wretched men, and lived in like paine."*
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?"
"What need of armes, where peace doth ay re-
maine,"

* 2d Ed. Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."

LXI. 9. — The assistance St. George was said to have rendered to Godfrey of Boulogne in the first Crusade "made his name as a military saint famous throughout Europe. The particular veneration paid to him in England dates from the time of Richard I., who, in the wars of Palestine, placed himself and his army under the especial protection of St. George. In 1222 his feast was ordered to be kept as a holiday throughout England; and the institution of the Order of the Garter, in 1330, seems to have completed his inauguration as our patron saint." — MRS. JAMESON.

Said he, "and bitter battailes all are fought?*"

As for loose loves, they are vaine, and vanish into

nought."

63 "O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe

Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are ;

But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,

Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,

That nothing may my present hope empare."

"That may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yitt

Forgoe that royal Maides bequeathed care,

Who did her cause into thy hand committ,

Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."¹

64 "Then shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me grace,

Abett that Virgins cause disconsolate,

And shortly back returne unto this place,

To walke this way in pilgrims poore estate.

But now aread,² old Father, why of late

Didst thou behight³ me borne of English blood,

Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"

"That word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,

Sith⁴ to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65 "For well I wote thou springst from ancient race

Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,

And many bloody battailes fought in place,

High reard their royall throne in Britans land,

¹ *Quitt*, delivered.

³ *Behight*, denominate.

² *Aread*, declare.

⁴ *Sith*, since.

* 2d Ed. "and battailes none are to be fought.

And vanquisht them, unable to withstand :
 From thence a Faery thee unweeting¹ reft,
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left :
 Such, men do chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries
 theft.

66 "Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde ;
 Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
 As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
 And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
 Whereof Gēorgos he thee gave to name ;
 Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
 To Fary court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
 And prove thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best
 became."

67 "O holy Sire," quoth he, "how shall I quight²
 The many favours I with thee have fownd,
 That hast my name and nation redd³ aright,
 And taught the way that does to heaven bownd⁴ !"
 This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
 To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne

¹ *Unweeting*, unknowing.

² *Quight*, repay.

³ *Redd*, declared.

⁴ *Bownd*, lead.

LXVI. 6. — *Gēorgos*.] This is a Greek word, signifying a farmer. Spenser has here introduced the story of Tages, who was found by a farmer in Etruria, under a clod which his plough had turned up. The rustic education of the Red-cross Knight accounts for Spenser's calling him a "clownish young man" in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to the poem. H.

Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound

His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.¹
So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to things diuine!

68 At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast² him to retyre;
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre.³
So came to Una, who him ioyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Cœlia and her daughters three.

¹ *Shyne*, light.

³ *Paynes hyre*, recompense for his services.

² *Cast*, bethought.

CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights
Two dayes incessantly:
The third, him overthrowes; and gayns
Most glorious victory.

¹ HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted¹ kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approached neare,
With hartie wordes her Knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake:
“Deare Knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take!

² “Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that Feend, and does his dayly spoyle;
Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowned make
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.”

¹ *Forwasted*, much wasted.

3* And pointing forth, "Lo ! yonder is," said she,
 " The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
 For dread of that huge Feend emprisond be ;
 Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare :
 And on the top of all I do espye
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare ;
 That, O my Parents, might I happily
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery !"

4 With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
 That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
 And seemd uneath¹ to shake the stedfast ground.
 Eftsoones² that dreadfull Dragon they espyde,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill :
 But, all so soone as he from far descryde
 Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,
 Herousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.³

5 Then badd the Knight his Lady yede⁴ aloof,
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde ;
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde :
 She him obayd, and turnd a litle wyde.⁵ —
 Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,

¹ *Uneath*, uneasily ; (perhaps) almost (i. e. hardly).

² *Eftsoones*, immediately.

⁴ *Yede*, go.

³ *Untill*, unto.

⁵ *Wyde*, out of the way.

* This stanza is first found in the Second Edition.

Fayre ympe¹ of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
 The nourse of time and everlasting fame,
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name:

6 O, gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently; but not with that mightie rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And hartes of great heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
 The god of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
 And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

7 Fayre goddess, lay that furious fitt² asyde,
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
 Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,
 That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:

¹ *Ympe*, child.

² *Fitt*, mood.

V. 7. The "aged bryde" is Mnemosyne, or Memory, who, according to all accounts, was the mother of the Muses. Spenser here and in another place makes Phœbus their father, but elsewhere he makes them daughters of Jupiter, which is the usual genealogy.

VII. 2. — *Till I of warres, &c.*] Spenser once or twice gives intimation of a purpose of commemorating the wars between the Faerie Queene and the Paynim King, that is, Queen Elizabeth and Philip of Spain. See the verses to the Earl of Essex, prefixed to this poem; also the eighteenth stanza of the next canto. This intention, however, was never fully carried out: all that the poet wrote upon the subject will be found in the last cantos of the Fifth Book.

But now awhile lett downe that haughtie¹ string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.²

8 By this, the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste ;
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste ;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore :

9 And over, all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare³
That nought mote perce ; ne might his corse bee
 harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare :
Which,⁴ as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,⁵
So shaked he, that horror was to heare :
For, as the clashing of an armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the Knight.

10 His flaggy⁶ winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way :

¹ *Haughtie*, high-tuned.

² *Blaze*, celebrate.

³ *Couched neare*, laid close.

⁴ I. e. scales.

⁵ *Rudely dight*, roughly covered.

⁶ *Flaggy*, hanging loosely.

And eke the pennes¹ that did his pineons bynd,
 Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
 With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
 And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
 The clowdes before him fledd for terror great,
 And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

11 His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
 Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
 Whose wreathed boughtes² when ever he unfolds,
 And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
 Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
 It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
 And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
 And at the point two stinges infixed arre,
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farr.

12 But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed³
 The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
 What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
 Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
 But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
 Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes
 Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
 Through which into his darke abysses all ravin⁴ fell.

13 And, that more wondrous was, in either iaw
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,

¹ Pennes, feathers.

³ I. e. his *claws* were sharper than *steel*.

² Boughtes, folds.

⁴ Ravin, prey.

In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
 Of late devoured bodies did appeare ;
 That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare :
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,¹
 Out of his stinking gorge² forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

14 His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre :
 As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
 Send forth their flames far of to every shyre,
 And warning give, that enimies conspyre
 With fire and sword the region to invade ;
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre :
 But far within, as in a hollow glade,
 Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dreadfull
 shade.

15 So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
 Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great ioyauce of his new come guest.
 Eftsoones he gan aduance his haughty crest ;
 As chauffed³ bore his bristles doth upreare ;
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,⁴
 (That made the Redcrosse Knight nigh quake for
 feare,)
 As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

¹ Seare, parching.

² Gorge, throat.

³ Chauffed, chafed.

⁴ Drest, prepared.

16 The Knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might :
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right :
Yet, sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull Beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground
did rush.¹

17 Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest :
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
To be avenged of so great despight ;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight ;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant
knight.

18 Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting² parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight : He, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round ;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite
away.

¹ Rush, fall.

² Flitting, yielding or light.

19 Long he them bore above the subject¹ plaine,
 So far as ewghen² bow a shaft may send;
 Till struggling strong did him at last constrain
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
 As hagar³ hauke, presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle above his hable⁴ might,
 His wearie pounces⁵ all in vaine doth spend
 To trusse⁶ the pray too heavy for his flight;
 Which, comming down to ground, does free itselfe by
 fight.

20 He so disseized⁷ of his gryping grosse,⁸
 The Knight his thrillant⁹ speare againe assayd
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,¹⁰
 And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
 And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the uncouth¹¹ smart the Monster lowdly
 cryde.

21 He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
 The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat

¹ *Subject*, lying beneath.

² *Ewghen*, made of yew.

³ *Hagar*, untamed.

⁴ *Hable*, able, real.

⁵ *Pounces*, claws.

⁶ *Trusse*, bear aloft.

⁷ *Disseized*, dispossessed.

⁸ *Grosse*, a term of falconry
 for large prey.

⁹ *Thrillant*, piercing, sharp.

¹⁰ *Embosse*, inclose.

¹¹ *Uncouth*, before unknown.

His neighbour element in his revenge :
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge,¹
 And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

22 The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
 And quite asunder broke : forth flowed fresh
 A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
 That drowned all the land, whereon he stood ;
 The streame thereof would drive a water-mill :
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,²
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large
 nosethril.

23 His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
 Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies,³
 That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
 To throw his ryder : who can quickly ryse⁴
 From of the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd ;

24 And fercely tooke his trenchand⁵ blade in hand,
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,

¹ *Henge*, hinge.

² I. e. the spear-head.

³ *Implies*, enfolds.

⁴ *Can ryse*, rose.

⁵ *Trenchand*, cutting.

That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand :

Upon his crest the hardned yron fell ;
 But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
 That deeper dint therein it would not make ;
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
 But, when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.¹

25 The Knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
 And smot againe with more outrageous might ;
 But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
 And left not any marke where it did light,
 As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.²
 The Beast, impatient of his smarting wound
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,
 Thought with his winges to sty^e ³ above the ground ;
 But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

26 Then, full of grieve and anguish vehement,
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard ;
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
 Him all amazd, and almost made afeard :
 The scorching flame sore swunged ⁴ all his face,
 And through his armour all his body seard,⁵
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

¹ *Forsake*, avoid.

² *Pight*, struck.

³ *Stye*, mount.

⁴ *Swinged*, singed.

⁵ *Seard*, scorched.

27 Not that great champion of the ántique world,
 Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
 With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd ;
 As did this Knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd ;
 That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

28 Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled,¹ grieved, brent,²
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and in-
 ward fire,
 That never man such mischiefes did torment ;
 Death better were ; death did he oft desire ;
 But death will never come, when needes require.
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
 He cast³ to suffer him no more respire,
 But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,⁴
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him
 feld.

29 It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell,)
 Behynd his backe unweeting, where he stood,
 Of auncient time there was a springing well,
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good :
 Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
 That happy land, and all with innocent blood

¹ *Emboyled*, boiled or scorched.

² *Brent*, burned.

³ *Cast*, considered how.

⁴ *Weld*, wield, turn.

Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot¹
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot:

30 For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those, that with sicknesse were infected sore,
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the Knight back overthrowen fell.

31 Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall² labours they did rest;
When that infernall Monster, having kest³
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as⁴ victor he did dwell.

32 Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,⁵

¹ *Hot*, was called.

² *Iournall*, daily.

³ *Kest*, cast.

⁴ *As*, as if.

⁵ *Assay*, assail.

XXX. 8. — *Ne can Cephise, &c.*] Cephisus is a river in Bœotia, Hebrus a river in Thrace, both memorable in classical story. H.

As weening that the sad end of the warre ;
 And gan to highest God entirely¹ pray
 That feared chaunce from her to turne away :
 With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
 All night shee watcht ; ne once adowne would lay
 Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,²
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

33 The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race ;
 But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
 Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
 Up rose the gentle Virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loved Knight to move his manly pace :
 For she had great doubt of his safëty,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

34 At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
 Out of the Well^{*} wherein he drenched lay :
 As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
 Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
 Like eyas³ hauke up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly-budded pineons to assay,
 And marveiles at himselfe, stil as he flies :
 So new this new-borne Knight to battell new did rise.

35 Whom when the damned Feend so fresh did spy,
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,

¹ *Entirely*, with all her heart.

² *Dreriment*, distress.

³ *Eyas*, newly fledged.

And doubted whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplied knight.
 He now, to prove his late renewed might,
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning¹ blade,
 Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made :
 The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

36 I wote not, whether the revenging steele
 Were hardned with that holy water dew
 Wherein he fell ; or sharper edge did feele ;
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew ;
 Or other secret vertue did ensew ;
 Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
 Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew :
 For, till that stownd,² could never wight him harme
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37 The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine ;
 As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine.
 Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
 And therewith scourge the buxome³ aire so sore,
 That to his force to yelden it was faine ;
 Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore :

¹ *Deaw-burning*, glittering with dew. ³ *Buxome*, yielding.

² *Stownd*, moment.

XXXVI. 8. — The dragon had been wounded, however, in the previous day's encounter.

38 The same advauncing high above his head,
 With sharpe intended¹ sting so rude him smott,
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead ;
 Ne living wight would have him life behott² :
 The mortall sting his angry needle shott
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,³
 Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott :
 The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
 Ne might his ranceling paine with patience be appeasd.

39 But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
 And strove to loose the far infixed sting :
 Which, when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,⁴
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge taile he quite a sonder cleft ;
 Five ioints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

40 Hart cannot thinke, what outrage and what cries,
 With fowle enfouldred⁵ smoake and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred Beast threw forth unto the skies,
 That all was covered with darknesse dire :
 Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,
 He cast⁶ at once him to avenge for all ;
 And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
 With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

¹ *Intended*, stretched out.⁴ *Hefte*, raised.² *Behott*, promised.⁵ *Enfouldred*, mixed with lightning³ *Seasd*, fixed.⁶ *Cast*, devised.

41 Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage¹ away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

42 Tho,² when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparckles from the andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

43 The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield;
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That noughtso wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:
Upon the ioint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.³

¹ *Gage*, the object or prize of the contest.

² *Tho*, then.

³ *Pight*, fastened.

44 For grieve thereof and divelish despight,
 From his infernall founnace forth he threw
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
 Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew :
 As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
 Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
 That al the land with stench, and heaven with horror,
 choke.

45 The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
 So sore him noyd,¹ that forst him to retire
 A litle backward for his best defence,
 To save his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.²
 It chaunst, (Eternall God that chaunce did guide,)
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire
 His nigh foreweried³ feeble feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terri-
 fide.

46 There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
 As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
 Whereof great vertues over-all⁴ were redd⁵ :
 For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
 And life eke everlasting did befall :
 Great God it planted in that blessed stedd⁶

¹ *Noyd*, annoyed.

² *Expire*, breathe out.

³ *Foreweried*, wearied out.

⁴ *Over-all*, everywhere.

⁵ *Redd*, declared.

⁶ *Stedd*, place.

With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime¹ of our first Fathers fall.

47 In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill : O mournfull memory !
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all
to dy !

48 From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare,² which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As³ it had deawed bene with timely raine :
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave ;
And deadly wounds could heale ; and reare againe
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave :
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

49 For nigh thereto the ever-damned Beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly⁴ made,
And al that life preserved did detest ;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.

¹ *Crime*, a metonymy for the *occasion* of the crime of Adam.

² *Dainty deare*, choicely precious.

³ *As*, as if.

⁴ *Deadly*, for deadly or destructive purposes.

By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
 And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
 And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

50 When gentle Una saw the second fall
 Of her deare Knight, who, weary of long fight
 And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
 But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous
 might
 Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay ;
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
 And watch the noyous¹ night, and wait for ioyous day.

51 The ioyous day gan early to appeare ;
 And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
 Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
 With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red :
 Her golden locks, for hast, were loosely shed
 About her eares, when Una her did marke
 Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
 From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke ;
 With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

52 Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,
 All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
 And did himselfe to battaile ready dight ;

¹ *Noyous*, irksome.

Whose early Foe awaiting him beside
 To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
 As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,¹
 He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;
 Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare;

53 And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
 He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
 And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
 Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so impórtune² might,
 That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
 And, back retyrd,³ his life blood forth withall did draw.

54 So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
 So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
 Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
 With dreadfull poyse⁴ is from the mayneland rift,
 And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay:
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55 The Knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
 So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;

¹ *Damnifyde*, injured.

² *Impórtune*, importunate.

³ *Retyrd*, drawn.

⁴ *Poyse*, weight or force.

And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread which she misdeemd ;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull Feend
She saw not stirre, of-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end :
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull
Knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight
 Betrouthed is with ioy:
 Though false Duessa, it to barre,
 Her false sleighes doe imploy.

¹ BEHOLD I see the haven nigh at hand,
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
 Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
 The which afore is fayrly to be kend,¹
 And seemeth safe from storms that may offend:
 There this fayre Virgin wearie of her way
 Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end:
 There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
 Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

² Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming east
 Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast;
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
 Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
 And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
 To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

¹ *Kend*, discerned.

3 Uprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,
 That aged syre, the Lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet¹ if trew indeed
 Those tydinges were as he did understand :
 Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
 He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
 Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond²
 Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state ;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed³
 late.

4 Then gan triumphant trompets sownd on hye,
 That sent to heven the ecchoed report
 Of their new ioy, and happie victory
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,⁴
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consórt,
 Reioycing at the fall of that great Beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5 Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged Queene,
 Arayd in ántique robes downe to the grownd,
 And sad habiliments right well beseene⁵ :
 A noble crew about them waited rownd
 Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd ;
 Whom far before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,⁶

1 Weet, know.

3 Forrayed, ravaged.

2 Out of hond, forthwith.

4 Tort, injury.

5 Well beseene, making a good appearance.

6 Sownd, to clash, i. e. to use.

But now they laurell braunches bore in hand ;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

6 Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
And, him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow,
When morning dew upon their leaves doth light ;
And in their handes sweet timbrels all upheld on hight.

7 And, them before, the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the maydens sownding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire Virgin stood.
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall
flood ;

8 So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew ; who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse¹
bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame :

¹ *Humblesse*, humility.

Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game :
 Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
 Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly Maiden Queene.

9 And after all the raskall many¹ ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man,
 Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
 And gazd upon with gaping wonderment
 But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

10 Some feard and fledd ; some feard, and well it faynd²;
 One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seede ;
 Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed ;
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

11 One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
 Did come to neare, and with his talants play,
 Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
 And to her gossibs³ gan in counsell say :

¹ *Raskall many*, common multitude.

² *Faynd*, disguised.

³ *Gossibs*, companions.

“How can I tell, but that his talants may
 Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?”
 So diversly themselves in vaine they fray¹;
 Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
 To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

12 Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about;
 The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,
 Being arrived where that Champion stout
 After his foes defeasaunce² did remaine,
 Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
 With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine.
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

13 And after to his pallace he them bringes,
 With shaumes,³ and trompets, and with clarions
 sweet;
 And all the way the ioyous people singes,
 And with their garments strowes the paved street;
 Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
 Of all, that royall princes court became;
 And all the floore was underneath their feet
 Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,⁴
 On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose⁵ frame.

14 What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,⁶
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?

¹ *Fray*, alarm.

² *Defeasaunce*, defeat.

³ *Shaumes*, pipes.

⁴ *Name*, celebrity.

⁵ *Purpose*, discourse.

⁶ *Guize*, manner (of entertainment).

What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
 Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
 My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
 The large discourse of roiall princes state.
 Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;
 For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate:
 Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

15 Then, when with meates and drinkes of every
 kinde

Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
 Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
 Which in his travell him befallen had,
 For to demaund of his renowmed guest:
 Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance
 sad,

From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
 Discourst his voyage long, according¹ his request.

16 Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard,
 That godly King and Queene did passionate,²
 Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
 And often blame the too impórtune³ fate
 That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreaques⁴;
 (For never gentle knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;)
 And all the while salt tearès bedeawd the hearers
 cheeks.

¹ *According*, according to.

² *Passionate*, feelingly express.

³ *Importune*, unrelenting.

⁴ *Wreaques*, acts of vengeance.

17 Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise :
 " Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
 From first to last in your late enterprise,
 That I note¹ whether praise or pittie more :
 For never living man, I weene, so sore
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest :
 But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
 And well arrived are, (High God be blest !)
 Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

18 " Ah, dearest Lord," said then that doughty Knight,
 " Of ease or rest I may not yet devize ;
 For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
 I bownden am streight after this emprise,
 As that your daughter can ye well advize,
 Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
 And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
 Gainst that proud Paynim King that works her
 teene² :
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have
 beene."

19 " Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
 Quoth he, " the troubler of my happy peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicity ;
 Ne I against the same can iustly preace.³
 But since that band ye cannot now release,

¹ *Note*, know not.

³ *Preace*, press, insist.

² *Teene*, injury.

Nor doen undoe, (for vowes may not be vayne,)
 Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
 Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,
 The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn:

20 "Which, for my part, I covet to performe,
 In sort as¹ through the world I did proclame,
 That whoso kild that Monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battayle overcame,
 Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,
 And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee :
 Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,
 By dew desert of noble chevalree,
 Both daughter and eke kingdome lo ! I yield to thee."

21 Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
 The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter and his onely hayre ;
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
 Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
 And to the world does bring long-wished light :
 So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in sight :

22 So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ;
 For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
 And widow-like sad wimple² throwne away,
 Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
 Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride ;

¹ *In sort as*, according as.

² *Wimple*, (here) veil.

And on her now a garment she did weare
 All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
 That seemd like silke and silver woven neare ;
 But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

23 The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
 And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
 To tell, were as to strive against the streame :
 My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
 Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
 Ne wonder ; for her own deare loved Knight,
 All¹ were she daily with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestiall sight :
 Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.²

24 So fairely dight when she in presence came,
 She to her Syre made humble reverence,
 And bowed low, that her right well became,
 And added grace unto her excellence :
 Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
 Thus gan to say — But, eare he thus had sayd,
 With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
 Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
 A Messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

25 All in the open hall amazed stood
 At suddeinnesse of that unwary³ sight,
 And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood :
 But he for nought would stay his passage right,
 Till fast before the King he did alight ;

¹ *All*, although.

² *Dight*, dressed.

³ *Unwary*, unexpected.

Where falling flat great humblesse¹ he did make,
 And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight²;
 Then to his handes that writt³ he did betake,
 Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake :

26 “ To thee, most mighty King of Eden fayre,
 Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
 The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
 Of that great Emperour of all the West ;
 And bids thee be advized for the best,
 Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
 Of wedlocke, to that new unknownen guest :
 For he already plighted his right hand
 Unto another love, and to another land.

27 “ To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
 He was affyaunced long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
 False erraunt knight, infâmous, and forswore !
 Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,⁴
 And guilty heavens of his bold periury ;
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,
 And them coniure t’ avenge this shamefull iniury !

28 “ Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
 Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
 Withhold, O soverayne Prince, your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread⁵;

¹ *Humblesse*, reverence.

² *Pight*, placed.

³ *Writt*, writing.

⁴ *Swore*, swore by, adjured.

⁵ *Aread*, advise.

Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 Through weakenesse of my widowhed or woe :
 For Truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
 And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
 So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe,
" FIDESSA."

29 When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished,
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest :
 " Redoubted Knight, that for myne only sake
 Thy life and honor late adventarest ;
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

30 " What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd ?
 What hevens ? what altars ? what enraged heates,
 Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd ?
 High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame !
 But if yourselfe, Sir Knight, ye faulty fynd,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
 With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same."

31 To whom the Redcrosse Knight this answere sent :
 " My Lord, my King ; be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote¹ by grave intendiment,²

¹ *Wote*, know.

² *Intendiment*, understanding.

What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
That day should faile me ere I had them all declar'd.

32 " There did I find, or rather I was fownd
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight;
Fidessa hight the falsest dame on grownd,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wiely skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill."

33 Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And, on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd:
" O, pardon me, my souveraine Lord, to sheow
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle Knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretched-
ness.

34 " And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,¹

¹ *Vaine*, false.

To worke new woe and improvided scath,¹
 By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;
 Wherein she used hath the practicke paine²
 Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
 Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
 Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
 The falsest man alive ; who tries, shall find no
 lesse."

35 The King was greatly moved at her speach ;
 And, all with suddein indignation fraight,³
 Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
 Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
 Attacht that faytor⁴ false, and bound him strait :
 Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
 As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
 With ydle force did faine them to withstand ;
 And often semblaunce made to scape out of their
 hand.

36 But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
 And bound him hand and foote with yron chains ;
 And with continual watch did warely keepe.
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
 He could escape fowle death or deadly pains ?
 Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
 He gan renew the late forbidden baine,⁵
 And to the Knight his daughter deare he tyde
 With sacred rites and voves for ever to abyde.

¹ *Improvided scath*, unforeseen mischief.

² *Practicke paine*, treacherous service.

³ *Fraight*, fraught.

⁴ *Faytor*, deceiver.

⁵ *Baine*, banns.

87 His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
 That none but death for ever can divide ;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
 The housling¹ fire did kindle and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinckled wide ;
 At which the bushy teade² a groome did light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

38 Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day :
 They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray :
 And all the while sweete musicke did apply
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull melánocholy ;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

39 During the which there was an heavenly noise
 Heard sownd through all the pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an angels voice
 Singing before th' Eternall Maiesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye :

¹ *Housling*, sacramental.

² *Teade*, torch.

XXXVII. 4. — A rite derived from the marriages of the ancients.

XXXIX. 5. — *Trinall triplicities*.] Some of the Christian Fathers have considered that there were various ranks and degrees among the angels in heaven. One of them divides them into three hierarchies, with various orders in each hierarchy: in

Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly,
 Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

40 Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told :
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.
 Thrise happy man the Knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand ;
 And ever, when his eie did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41 Her ioyous presence, and sweet company,
 In full content he there did long enioy ;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
 His deare delights were hable to annoy :
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,
 He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous Beast destroy,
 Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne ;
 The which he shortly did ; and Una left to mourne.

42 Now, strike your sailes, yee iolly mariners,
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this weary vessell of her lode.

the first are seraphim, cherubim, and thrones ; in the second, dominions, mights, and powers ; in the third, principalities, arch-angels, and angels. H.

Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide ; and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent :
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent ! *

* We do not learn the particular enterprises in which the Red-cross Knight engaged after his marriage with Una. He appears occasionally in the subsequent books, but only incidentally, and not to take any part in the main action. H.

THE SECOND BOOKE
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

¹ RIGHT well I wote, most mighty Soveraine,
That all this famous ántique history
Of some th' abundance of an ydle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire does know
Where is that happy land of Faëry,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show;
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

² But let that man with better sence advize¹
That of the world least part to us is red²;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?

¹ *Advize*, bear in mind.

² *Red*, made known.

Or who in venturous vessell measured
 The Amazon huge river, now found trew?
 Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever vew?

3 Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
 Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
 And later times thinges more unknowne shall show.
 Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,¹
 That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
 What, if within the moones fayre shining speare,
 What, if in every other starre unseene
 Of other worldes he happily² should heare?
 He wonder would much more; yet such to some
 appeare.

4 Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,
 By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,
 He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
 But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
 That no'te³ without an hound fine footing trace.
 And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky,
 In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
 And thine owne realmes in lond of Faëry,
 And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

5 The which, O, pardon me thus to enfold
 In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,

¹ *Misweene*, misjudge.

² *Happily*, haply.

³ *No'te*, knows not, contracted from *ne wote*.

That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure those beamës bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon! and vouchsafe with patient eare
The brave adventures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir Guyon, graciously to heare;
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth ap-
peare.

CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
 The Redcrosse Knight awaytes ;
 Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
 With Pleasures poisoned baytes.

¹ THAT conning Architect of cancred guyle,
 Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
 For falsed letters, and suborned wyle,
 Soone as the Redcrosse Knight he understands
 To beene departed out of Eden landes,
 To serve againe his souveraine Elfin Queene,
 His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes¹
 Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene ;
 His shackles emptie left, himselfe escaped cleene,

² And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd,
 To worken mischief, and avenging woe,
 Whereever he that godly Knight may fynd,
 His onely hart-sore and his onely foe ;
 Sith Una now he algates² must forgoe,
 Whom his victorious handes did earst restore

¹ *Caytives handes*, hands of menials employed to keep him.

² *Algates*, in any case, at any rate.

To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe¹;
 Where she enioyes sure peace for evermore,
 As wetherbeaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

3 Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
 And deadly food² he makes: him to offend
 By forged treason, or by open fight,
 He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
 Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
 His practick³ witt and his fayre fyled tonge,
 With thousand other sleightes; for well he kend⁴
 His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong:
 For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

4 Still, as he went, he craftie stales⁵ did lay,
 With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
 And privy spyals⁶ plast in all his way,
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
 To ketch him at a vantage in his snares.
 But now so wise and wary was the Knight
 By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
 That he descryde, and shonned still, his slight:
 The fish, that once was caught, new bait wil hardly
 byte.

5 Nath'lesse th' Enchaunter would not spare his
 payne,
 In hope to win occasion to his will;
 Which when he long awaited had in vayne,

¹ *Ygoe*, ago.

² *Food*, feud.

³ *Practick*, treacherous.

⁴ *Kend*, knew.

⁵ *Stales*, decoys.

⁶ *Spyals*, spies.

He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill :
 For to all good he enemy was still.
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meet,
 Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
 A goodly Knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

6 His carriage was full comely and upright ;
 His countenance demure and temperate ;
 But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
 That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate ¹ :
 He was an Elfin borne, of noble state
 And mickle worship in his native land ;
 Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
 And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons hand,
 When with King Oberon he came to Fary land.

7 Him als ² accompanyd upon the way
 A comely Palmer, ³ clad in black attyre,
 Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire, ⁴
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire :
 And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
 He seemd to be a sage and sober syre ;

¹ *Amate*, daunt.

² *Als*, also.

³ *Palmer*, a kind of pilgrim.

⁴ *Stire*, steer.

VI. 8. — *Sir Huons hand.*] This is Sir Huon of Bordeaux, the hero of one of the romances of chivalry, bearing his name. He is represented as having been a great favorite of Oberon, the Fairy King. H.

And ever with slow pace the Knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to
tread.

s Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened¹ well to worke some uncouth wyle :
Eftsoones, untwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle ;
And, with faire countenance and flattring style
To them approching, thus the Knight bespake :
“ Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike
spoyle,

And great atchiev'ments, great yourselfe to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers² sake.”

9 He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt :
Who feigning then in every limb to quake
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt,
With piteous mone his percing speach gan paynt :
“ Deare Lady ! how shall I declare thy cace,
Whom late I left in languorous constraynt³ ?
Would God thyselfe now present were in place
To tell this ruefull tale ! Thy sight could win thee
grace.

¹ *Weened*, hoped.

² *Miser*, wretched person.

³ *Languorous constraynt*, fainting and in distress.

VIII. 3. — *Eftsoones, untwisting, &c.*] Abandoning his former plan of treachery, he began to form a new one against Sir Guyon. H.

10 "Or rather would, O, would it so had chaunst,
 That you, most noble Sir, had present beene
 When that lewd rybauld, with vyle lust advaunst,¹
 Laid first his filthie hands on virgⁿ cleene,
 To spoyle her dainty corps,² so faire and sheene
 As on the earth, great mother of us all,
 With living eye more fayre was never seene
 Of chastity and honour virginall !
 Witnes, ye heavens, whom she in vaine to help did
 call !"

11 "How may it be," sayd then the Knight halfe
 wroth,
 "That knight should knighthood ever so. have
 shent³ ?"

"None but that saw," quoth he, "would weene for
 troth,⁴

How shamefully that Mayd he did torment :
 Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
 And drew her on the ground ; and his sharpe sword
 Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
 And threatned death with many a bloodie word ;
 Tounge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord."

12 Therewith amoved from his sober mood,
 "And lives he yet," said he, "that wrought this act ?
 And doen the heavens afford him vitall food ?"
 "He lives," quoth he, "and boasteth of the fact,
 Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt."

¹ *Advaunst*, stimulated.

² *Corps*, body.

³ *Shent*, disgraced.

⁴ *Weene for troth*, believe for truth.

“Where may that treachour¹ then,” said he, “be
found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?”
“That shall I shew,” said he, “as sure as hound
The stricken deare doth challeng² by the bleeding
wound.”

13 He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squyre
Supposd to be. They do arrive anone
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone :
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

14 The Knight, approching nigh, thus to her said :
“Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,³
Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright :
Forthy⁴ appease your grieve and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived payne ;
For, if he live that hath you doèn despight,
He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.”

15 Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,

¹ *Treachour*, traitor.

² *Chaleng*, find the scent of.

³ *Ill bedight*, disfigured.

⁴ *Forthy*, therefore.

And offred hope of comfort did despise,
 Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
 And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment¹;
 Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
 But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
 Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,²
 As if her hart with sorrow had transfixt beene :

16 Till her that Squyre bespake : “ Madame, my lief³,
 For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
 But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
 The which good fortune doth to you present.
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment⁴
 When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
 And the weake minde with double woe torment ? ”
 When she her Squyre heard speake, she gan appease
 Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

17 Eftsoone she said : “ Ah ! gentle trustie Squyre,
 What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceive !
 Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
 To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
 Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave⁵ ? ”
 “ False traytour certes,” saide the Faerie Knight,
 “ I read⁶ the man that ever would deceave
 A gentle lady, or her wrong through might :
 Death were too little paine for such a fowle despight.⁷ ”

¹ *Dreriment*, sorrow.

² *Teene*, grief.

³ *Liefe*, dear.

⁴ *Wayment*, lament.

⁵ *Reave*, take away.

⁶ *Read*, declare.

⁷ *Despight*, injury.

18 "But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,
 And read¹ who hath ye wrought this shamfull
 plight,
 That short revenge the man may overtake,
 Whereso he be, and soone upon him light."
 "Certes," saide she, "I wote not how he hight,
 But under him a gray steede he did wield,
 Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight²;
 Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
 He bore a bloodie crosse, that quartred all the field."

19 "Now by my head," saide Guyon, "much I muse,³
 How that same knight should do so fowle amis,
 Or ever gentle damzell so abuse:
 For may I boldly say, he surely is
 A right good knight, and trew of word ywis⁴:
 I present was, and can it witnesse well,
 When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris⁵
 Th' adventure of the Errant Damozell;
 In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

20 "Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
 And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
 Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,

¹ *Read*, declare.

² *Dight*, covered, marked.

³ *Muse*, wonder.

⁴ *Ywis*, surely.

⁵ *Enterpris*, undertake.

XIX. 8. — *Errant Damozell.*] Una. He was present at the court of the Faerie Queene when the Red-cross Knight had this adventure assigned to him. H.

Or make you good amendment for the same :
 All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
 Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
 And see the salving of your blotted name."
 Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine ;
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

21 Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
 Ne yet her person such as it was seene ;
 But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,¹
 Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,
 As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene ;
 So had false Archimago her disguysd,
 To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene² :
 And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
 To be her Squire, and do her service well aguisd.³

22 Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found
 Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
 Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
 And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
 Sith⁴ her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
 And borrowd beauty spoyld : her nathëlesse
 Th' Enchaunter finding fit for his intents
 Did thus revest,⁵ and deckt with dew habiliments.

23 For all he did was to deceive good knights,
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame

¹ *Semblant plaine*, honest appearance.

² *Teene*, grief.

³ *Aguisd*, dressed, disguised.

⁴ *Sith*, since.

⁵ *Revest*, reclothe.

To slug¹ in slouth and sensuall delights,
 And end their daies with irrenowmed² shame,
 And now exceeding grieve him overcame,
 To see the Redcrosse thus advaunced hye ;
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
 Against his praise to stirre up enmitie
 Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

24 So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way
 Through woods and mountaines, till they came at
 last
 Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
 Betwixt two hils, whose high heads, overplast,
 The valley did with coole shade overcast ;
 Through midst thereof a little river rold,
 By which there sate a knight with helme unlaste,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his travell long and labours manifold.

25 " Lo ! yonder he," cryde Archimage alowd,
 " That wrought the shamefull fact which I did
 shew ;
 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
 To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew ;
 But vaine ; for ye shall dearely do³ him rew :
 (So God ye speed and send you good successe !)
 Which we far off will here abide to vew."
 So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
 That streight against that Knight his speare he did
 adresse.

¹ *Slug*, live idly.

³ *Do*, make.

² *Irrenowmed*, inglorious.

26 Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
 His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
 And in the rest his ready speare did sticke ;
 Tho,¹ whenas still he saw him towards pace,
 He gan rencounter him in equall race.
 They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,²
 When suddeinly that warriour gan abace
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap ;

27 And cryde, " Mercie, Sir Knight ! and mercie, Lord,
 For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
 That had almost committed crime abhord,
 And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,³
 Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
 The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
 Which on your shield is set for ornament !"
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay uneath,⁴
 Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell
 breath.

28 But when he heard him speake, streight way he
 knew
 His errour ; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd :
 " Ah ! deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
 But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
 Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
 That almost it did haynous violence
 On that fayre ymage of that heavenly Mayd,

¹ *Tho*, then.

² *Affrap*, strike.

³ *Shent*, disgraced.

⁴ *Uneath*, scarcely.

That decks and armes your shield with faire defence :
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence."

29 So beene they both at one,¹ and doen upreare ²
Their bevers bright each other for to greet ;
Goodly comportaunce³ each to other beare,
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
Then saide the Redcrosse Knight : " Now mote I
weet,
Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,⁴
And fell intent, ye did at earst⁵ me meet ;
For, sith I know your goodly governaunce,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth⁶
chaunce."

30 " Certes," said he, " well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheason⁷ that me hether led.
A false infâmous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,⁸
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red⁹
A knight had wrought against a ladie gent¹⁰ ;
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled : foule shame him follow wher he
went !"

31 So can he turne his earnest unto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.

¹ *At one*, reconciled.

² *Upreare*, raise.

³ *Comportaunce*, behavior.

⁴ *Saliaunce*, assault.

⁵ *Earst*, first.

⁶ *Uncouth*, strange.

⁷ *Fond encheason*, foolish occasion.

⁸ *Ill bested*, in bad plight.

⁹ *Red*, declared.

¹⁰ *Gent*, noble.

By this his aged Guide in presence came ;
 Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
 Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,¹
 Sith him in Faery court he late avizd²;
 And sayd : "Fayre sonne, God give you happy
 chaunce,
 And that deare Crosse uppon your shield devizd,
 Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd³ !

32 "Ioy may you have, and everlasting fame,
 Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
 For which enrolled is your glorious name
 In heavenly regesters above the sunne,
 Where you a saint with saints your seat have
 wonne !
 But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
 Must now anew begin like race to ronne.
 God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,⁴
 And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke !"

33 "Palmer," him answered the Redcrosse Knight,
 "His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
 Who made my hand the organ of His might !
 More then goodwill to me attribute nought ;
 For all I did, I did but as I ought.
 But you, faire Sir, whose pageant⁵ next ensewes,

¹ *Cognizaunce*, recollection.

³ *Aguizd*, adorned.

² *Avizd*, saw.

⁴ *Warke*, work.

⁵ *Pageant*, exhibition; who are next to play your part.

XXXIII. 6. — *Whose pageant next ensewes.*] At the court of
 the Faerie Queene the first adventure had been assigned to the

Well mote yee thee,¹ as well can wish your thought,
That home ye may report thrise happy newes !
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes.”²

34 So courteous congé³ both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still :
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steedy staffe did point his way ;
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

35 In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,⁴
Through many hard assayes⁵ which did betide ;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countryes wide.
At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly⁶ cride
With percing shriekes and many a dolefull lay ;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

36 “ But if that carelesse hevens,” quoth she, “ despise
The doome of iust revenge, and take delight

¹ *Thee*, prosper.

² *Thewes*, habits, qualities.

³ *Congé*, leave.

⁴ *Yfere*, together.

⁵ *Assayes*, trials.

⁶ *Dearnly*, mournfully.

Red-cross Knight, and the second to Sir Guyon. See the Author's letter prefixed to the Faerie Queene. H

To see sad pageaunts¹ of mens miseries,
 As bownd by them to live in lives despight,²
 Yet can they not warne³ Death from wretched wight.
 Come, then ; come soone ; come, sweetest Death,
 to me,
 And take away this long-lent loathed light :
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
 That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.

37 "But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward
 fate

Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
 Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
 Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall !
 Live thou ! and to thy mother dead attest,
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall :
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest,
 Loe ! I for pledges leave ! So give me leave to rest !"

38 With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,
 That through the wood re-echoed againe ;
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low
 'That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
 Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine :
 As gentle hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
 Whiles the sad pang approaching shee does feele,
 Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth
 seele.

¹ *Pageaunts*, spectacles.

³ *Warne*, keep.

² *In lives despight*, in contempt and abhorrence of life.

39 Which when that warriour heard, dismounting
straict

From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,¹
And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict²
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick ;
In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife that made a griesly wownd,
From which forth gusht a stream of gore-blood
thick,

That all her goodly garments stained arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

40 Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray³ :
Als⁴ in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew ;
For in her streaming blood he did embay⁵
His litle hands, and tender ioints embrew :
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew !

41 Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood besprincled was ;
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded ;
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,⁶

¹ *Thick*, thicket.

² *Pourtraict*, image.

³ *Ray*, stain.

⁴ *Als*, also.

⁵ *Embay*, bathe.

⁶ *Lustyhed*, lustiness, vigor.

Fitt to inflame faire lady with loves rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

42 Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his sences seemd berefte attone¹:
At last his mighty ghost² gan deepe to grone,
As lion, grudging³ in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine
His stout couráge⁴ to stoupe, and shew his inward
paine.

43 Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop:
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop⁵:
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last shee gan to breath out living aire.

44 Which he perceiving, greatly gan reioice,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voice;
"Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art
Of ruefull pittie and impatient smart,

¹ *Attone*, at once.

² *Ghost*, spirit.

³ *Grudging*, chafing, fretting.

⁴ *Couráge*, heart.

⁵ *Shop*, shape, form.

What direfull chaunce armd with avenging fate,
 Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date?
 Speake, O dear Lady, speake; help never comes
 too late."

45 Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
 On which the drery death did sitt as sad¹
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:
 But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
 Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakely started, yet she nothing drad²:
 Streight downe againe herselfe in great despight
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46 The gentle Knight her soone with carefull paine
 Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
 Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
 And to her said: "Yet if the stony cold
 Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
 Let one word fall that may your grieve unfold,
 And tell the secrete of your mortall smart:
 He oft finds present helpe, who does his grieve impart."

47 Then, casting up a deadly looke, full low
 Shee sight³ from bottome of her wounded brest:
 And, after many bitter throbs did throw,
 With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,

¹ *Sad*, heavy.

² *Drad*, feare

³ *Sight*, sighed.

These words she breathed forth from riven chest :
 " Leave, ah ! leave of, whatever wight thou bee,
 To lett¹ a weary wretch from her dew rest,
 And trouble dying soules tranquillitee ;
 Take not away now got, which none would give to
 me."

48 " Ah ! far be it," said he, " deare Dame, fro mee,
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captivitee :
 For all I seeke is but to have redrest
 The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.
 Tell then, O Lady, tell what fatall priefe²
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest ;
 That I may cast³ to compas your reliefe,
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieve."

49 With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
 As heven accusing guilty of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath :
 " Heare then, O man, the sorrowes that uneath⁴
 My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas !
 Loe ! this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
 The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mort-
 dant was :

50 " Was (ay the while, that he is not so now !)
 My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,

¹ *Lett*, hinder.

² *Priefe*, experience.

³ *Cast*, devise how.

⁴ *Uneath*, scarcely.

So long as heuens iust with equall brow
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
 One day, when him high corage did emmove,
 (As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,)
 He pricked forth his puissaunt force to prove :
 Me then he left enwombd of this childe,
 This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood defild :

51 " Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse!)
 To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne¹;
 Acrasia, a false Enchaunteresse,
 That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne²;
 Within a wandring island, that doth ronne
 And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is :
 Fayre Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
 The cursed land where many wend³ amis,
 And know it by the name ; it hight the *Bowre of Blis.*

52 " Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,
 Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad ;
 And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous
 might,
 On them she workes her will to uses bad :
 My liefest⁴ lord she thus beguiled had ;
 For he was flesh : (all flesh doth frayltie breed!)
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,⁵

¹ *Wonne*, dwell.

² *Fordonne*, undone.

³ *Wend*, go.

⁴ *Liefest*, dearest.

⁵ *Bestad*, situated

LI. 2. — *Acrasia*.] This is a Greek word, and means *intemper-*
ence or *incontinence*. H.

(Weake wretch) I wrapt myselfe in palmers weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger and great
dreed.

53 " Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,¹
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
Lucina came : a manchild forth I brought :
The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives,
weare :
Hard helpe at need ! So deare thee, Babe, I
bought ;
Yet nought to dear I deemd, while so my deare I
sought.

54 " Him so I sought ; and so at last I fownd,
Where him that Witch had thralld to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, nether his owne ill ;
Till, through wise handling and faire governaunce
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce :
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

55 " Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
How that my lord from her I would reprove,
With cup thus charmd him parting she deceivd :

¹ *Forbear*, bear or bring forth.

‘*Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And losse of love to her that loves to live,
So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke !*
So parted we, and on our iourney drive ;
Till, comming to this well, he stoupt to drinke :
The charme fulfild, dead suddeinly he downe did
sincke.

56 “ Which when I, wretch ” — Not one word more
she sayd,

But breaking of the end for want of breath,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could uneath¹
From teares abstayne ; for grieve his hart did grate,²
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,³
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plonged had faire lady in so wretched state.

57 Then, turning to his Palmer, said : “ Old Syre,
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth’d with fleshly tyre⁴ !
When raging passion with fierce tyranny
Robs reason of her dew regalitye,
And makes it servaunt to her basest part ;
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,

¹ *Uneath*, scarcely.

² *Grate*, lacerate.

³ *Wreath*, turn.

⁴ *Tyre*, dress.

LV. 4. — *To him that death does give.*] Mordant (Mort-dant, stanza 49). — 5. *Her that loves to live.*] Ama-via. — 6. * *So soone as Bacchus, &c.*] As soon as this wine is mixed with water. C.

And with bold furie armes the weakest hart :
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake
through smart."

58 "But Temperaunce," said he, "with golden squire¹
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane ;
Nether to melt in pleasures whott² desyre,
Nor frye in hartlesse grieve and dolefull tene :
Thrise happy man, who fares³ them both atweene !
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome ;
And, in the meane,⁴ vouchsafe her honorable toombe."

59 "Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equall doome
To good and bad, the commen In of rest ;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived best :
But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
Religious reverence doth buriall teene ;
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest :
For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene."

¹ *Squire*, square or rule.

² *Whott*, hot.

³ *Fares*, goes.

⁴ *In the meane*, meanwhile.

LIX. 6. *Doth buriall teene.*] There appears to be no authority for giving to *teene* the meaning *bestow*. *To do buriall teene* is rather "to do obsequious sorrow." C.

LIX. 8. — *For all, &c.*] For I think it as great a calamity to remain dishonorably unburied, as to die dishonorably. H.

60 So both agree their bodies to engrave¹:
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad cypresse seemely it embrace²;
 Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corses tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
 But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir Guyon, more affection to increace,
 Bynempt³ a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

61 The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
 Which medling⁴ with their blood and earth he threw
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare:
 "Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
 And worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy
 payne,
 If I, or thou, dew vengeance doe forbeare,
 Till guiltie blood⁵ her guerdon doe obtayne!" —
 So, shedding many teares, they closd the earth agayne.

¹ *Engrave*, bury.

² *Embrace*, adorn.

³ *Bynempt*, pronounced.

⁴ *Medling*, mingling.

⁵ *Blood*, i. e. Acrasia.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd:

The Face of Golden Meane:

Her sisters, Two Extremities,

Strive her to banish cleane.

1 THUS when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde
 Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
 The end of their sad tragedie uptyde,¹
 The litle babe up in his armes he hent²;
 Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold blandishment,
 Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
 As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
 Of that was doen; that ruth³ emperced deepe
 In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares
 did steepe:

2 "Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,
 And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
 Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
 Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed,⁴
 Poore orphan! in the wide world scattered,
 As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
 And throwen forth, till it be withered!

1 *Uptyde*, accomplished.

2 *Hent*, took.

3 *Ruth*, pity.

4 *Livelyhed*, livelihood.

Such is the state of men ! Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree !”

3 Then, soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainefull ricitee)
His guiltie¹ handes from bloody gore to cleene :
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner. Still he strove ;
Yet still the litle hands were bloody seene :
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

4 He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath ;
Or that High God, in lieu of innocence,²
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'th ;
Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the sencelesse tronck
That, through the great contagion, direful deadly
stonck.

5 Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bord³
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake :
“ Ye bene right hart-amated,⁴ gracious Lord,

¹ *Guiltie*, stained with the color of guilt.

² I. e. in place of the child's natural whiteness.

³ *Bord*, address.

⁴ *Amated*, astonished.

And of your ignorance great merveill make,
 Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake
 But know, that secret vertues are infusd
 In every fountaine, and in everie lake,
 Which, who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
 To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often usd :

6 "Of those, some were so from their sourse indewd
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd ;
 Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,
 And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted lap :
 But other some, by guifte of later grace,
 Or by good prayers, or by oþher hap,
 Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
 And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from
 place to place.

7 "Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
 Which to her ¹ nymph befell. Upon a day,
 As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
 The hartlesse ² hynd and robucke to dismay,
 Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
 And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
 Inflamed was to follow beauties pray,
 And chaced her, that fast from him did fly ;
 As hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy.

¹ *Her*, i. e. the well's.

² *Hartlesse*, timid.

VII. 7. *Pray.*] In the old editions *chace*, the word being caught from the next line. C.

8 " At last, when fayling breath began to faint,
 And saw no meanes to scape ; of shame affrayd,
 She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint¹ ;
 And, to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
 Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
 The goddessse heard ; and suddeine, where she sate
 Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
 With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
 Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

9 " Lo ! now she is that stone ; from whose two heads,
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
 Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads :
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
 Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know ;
 And yet her vertues in her water byde :
 For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
 Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde ;
 But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene tryde.²

10 " From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
 May not be clensd with water of this well :
 Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,
 As she bequeathd in her last testament ;
 That, as a sacred symbole, it may dwell
 In her sonnes flesh, to mind³ revengement,
 And be for all chaste dames an endlesse moniment."

¹ *Constraint*, perplexity (strait).

² *Tryde*, proved.

³ *Mind*, remember (to avenge her).

11 He hearkned to his reason ; and the childe
 Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare ;
 But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
 An heavie load, himselfe did lightly reare ;
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare¹
 He left his loftie steed with golden sell²
 And goodly gorgeous barbes,³ him found not theare :
 By other accident, that earst⁴ befell,
 He is convaide⁵ ; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

12 Which when Sir Guyon saw, all⁶ were he wroth,
 Yet algates⁷ mote he soft himselfe appease,
 And fairely fare on foot, however loth :
 His double burden did him sore disease.⁸
 So, long they traveled with litle ease,
 Till that at last they to a castle came,
 Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas :
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
 And wondrous strong by nature and by skilfull frame.

13 Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one syre by mothers three ;
 Who, dying whylome, did divide this fort

¹ *Whyleare*, some time before.

² *Sell*, saddle.

³ *Barbes*, trappings.

⁴ *Earst*, before.

⁵ *Convaide*, stolen.

⁶ *All*, although.

⁷ *Algates*, nevertheless.

⁸ *Disease*, inconvenience.

XIII. 1. — *Therein three sisters, &c.*] These three sisters are named Medina, Perissa, and Elissa, whose names express that of which they are respectively typical. Medina is Moderation, or the golden mean; Perissa is Excess; and Elissa, Deficiency. H.

To them by equall shares in equall fee :
 But stryfull¹ mind and diverse qualitee
 Drew them in partes, and each made others foe :
 Still did they strive and daily disagree ;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14 Where when the Knight arriv'd, he was right well
 Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
 Of second sister, who did far excell
 The other two ; Medina was her name,
 A sober, sad,² and comely courteous dame :
 Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments that her well became,
 Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
 Him at the threshold mett and well did enterprize.³

15 She led him up into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted⁴ with meet modestie ;
 Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
 Above the reason⁵ of her youthly yeares :
 Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
 In breaded tramels,⁶ that no looser heares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie eares

16 Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,

¹ *Stryfull*, strifefull.

² *Sad*, grave.

³ *Enterprize*, receive.

⁴ *Courted*, entertained.

⁵ *Reason*, proportion.

⁶ *Tramels*, plaits.

Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accourting each her frend with lavish fest :
 They were two knights of perelesse puissaunce,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,¹
 Which to these ladies love did countenaunce,²
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

17 He that made love unto the eldest dame
 Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man ;
 Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,
 Since errant armes to sew he first began.
 More huge in strength then wise in workes he
 was,
 And reason with foole-hardize³ over-ran ;
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas ;
 And was, for terroure more, all armd in shyning bras.

18 But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy ;
 He that faire Una late fowle outraged,
 The most unruly and the boldest boy⁴
 That ever warlike weapons menaged,
 And all to lawlesse lust encouraged
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might ;

¹ *Gest*, deed.³ *Foole-hardize*, fool-hardiness.² *Countenaunce*, make a show of. ⁴ *Boy*, youth.

XVII. 8. — *Sterne melancholy*, &c.] His moroseness or ill-temper was greater than his courage. H.

XVIII. 1. — *Sansloy*.] Sansloy reappears from Book I. Canto VI. H.

Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
 By tortious¹ wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
 He, now this ladies champion, chose for love to fight.

19 These two gay knights, vovd to so diverse loves,
 Each other does envý with deadly hate,
 And daily warre against his foeman moves,
 In hope to win more favour with his mate,
 And th' others pleasing service to abate,
 To magnifie his owne. But when they heard
 How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
 Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,²
 And fercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

20 But, ere they could proceede unto the place
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruell combat ioynd in middle space:
 With horrible assault, and fury fell,
 They heapt huge strokes the scorned life to quell,
 That all on uprore from her settled seat
 The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell;
 Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
 Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring³
 heat.

21 The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
 To weet⁴ what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
 Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,

¹ *Tortious*, injurious.

² *Far'd*, went.

³ *Fouldring*, flaming with lightning.

⁴ *Weet*, know.

His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
 And shyning blade unsheatd, with which he ran
 Unto that stead,¹ their strife to understond;
 And, at his first arrivall, them began
 With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22 But they, him spying, both with greedy forse
 Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet.
 As when a beare and tygre, being met
 In cruell fight on Lybicke ocean² wide,
 Espye a traveler with feet surbet,³
 Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
 They stint their strife, and him assayle on everie side.

23 But he, not like a weary travelere,
 Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put;
 Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,⁴
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
 Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut.
 But still, when Guyon came to part their fight,
 With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

24 As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray

¹ *Stead*, place.

² *Lybicke ocean*, African desert or ocean of sand.

³ *Surbet*, bruised with walking.

⁴ *Englut*, fill.



Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,¹
 Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
 That her on either side doe sore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
 Shee, scorning both their spights, does make wide
 way,

And, with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself doth
 save:

25 So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
 Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
 Wondrous great prowess and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warriours he dismade:
 Attonce he wards and strikes; he takes and paies;
 Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade;
 Before, behind, and round about him laies:
 So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

26 Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
 Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine²
 A triple warre with triple enmitee,
 All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
 Which, gotten, was but hate. So Love does
 raine
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
 And yett his peace is but continuall iarre.
 O miserable men, that to him subiect arre!

¹ Disease, distress.

² Durraine, wage.

27 Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The faire Medina with her tresses torne
 And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
 Emongst them ran ; and, falling them beforne,
 Besought them by the womb which them had born,
 And by the loves which were to them most deare,
 And by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

28 But her two other sisters, standing by,
 Her lowd gainsaid ; and both their * champions bad
 Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
 As ever of their loves they would be glad :
 Yet she with pitthy words, and counsell sad,¹
 Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke ;
 That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speaches which she spoke :

29 " Ah ! puissaunt Lords, what cursed evill spright,
 Or fell Erinnis,² in your noble harts
 Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts ?
 Is this the ioy of armes ? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,³
 And not regard dew right and iust desarts ?

¹ *Sad*, grave.

³ *Thrust*, thirst.

² *Erinnis*, Fury.

* 1st Q. *her* : 2d, *their champion*.

Vaine is the vaunt, and victory uniust,
That more to mighty hands then rightful cause doth
trust.

30 " And were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better fayre it to accord,
Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
And mortal vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhord?
O, fly from wrath! fly, O my liefest¹ Lord!
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword:
Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre
Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

31 " But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does
increace,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming² discord meekely lay aside."

32 Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their lofty crests
To her faire presence and discrete behests.

¹ *Liefest*, dearest.

² *Misseeming*, unbecoming.

Then she began a treaty to procure,
 And stablish termes betwixt both their requests,
 That as a law for ever should endure ;
 Which to observe, in word of knights they did assure.

33 Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
 After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,¹
 Into her lodging to repaire a while,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soone consent : So forth with her they fare ;
 Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
 Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty
 fare.

34 And those two froward sisters, their faire loves,
 Came with them eke, all² were they wondrous loth,
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoves ;
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,³
 But that their natures bad appeared in both :
 For both did at their second sister grutch
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 The inner garment frett, not th' utter⁴ touch ;
 One thought her cheare too litle, th' other thought too
 mutch.

35 Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,

¹ *Treague*, truce.

² *All*, although.

³ *Troth*, truth.

⁴ *Utter*, outer.

Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of merth or meat ;
 No solace¹ could her paramour intreat
 Her once to show, ne court,² nor dalliaunce ;
 But with bent, lowring browes, as she would threat,
 She scould, and frownd with froward countenance ;
 Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

36 But young Perissa was of other mynd,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contráry to her sisters kynd³ ;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight :
 In wine and meats she flowd above the banck,
 And in excesse exceeded her owne might ;
 In sumptuous tire⁴ she ioyd her selfe to pranck,⁵
 But of her love too lavish : litle have she thanck !

37 Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
 Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,⁶
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy ;
 Might not be found a francker⁷ franion,⁸
 Of her leawd parts to make companion.
 But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion ;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment⁹ ;
 Yett still he satt, and inly did himselfe torment.

¹ *Solace*, mirth.

² *Court*, courtesy.

³ *Kynd*, nature.

⁴ *Tire*, dress.

⁵ *Pranck*, adorn

⁶ *Mincing mineon*, affected wanton.

⁷ *Francker*, freer.

⁸ *Franion*, gay companion.

⁹ *Hardiment*, bold deportment.

- 38 Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
 With sober grace and goodly carriage :
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outráge ;
 That forward paire she ever would asswage,
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed ;
 But that same froward twaine would accoráge,¹
 And of her plenty adde unto their need :
 So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.
- 39 Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meete satiety :
 At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
 She Guyon deare besought of curtesie
 To tell from whence he came through ieopardy,
 And whether now on new adventure bownd :
 Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
 Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
 From lofty siege² began these words aloud to sownd.
- 40 " This thy demaund, O Lady, doth revive
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious Virgin Queene alive,
 That with her souveraine power, and scepter shene,
 All Faery lond does peaceably sustene.
 In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
 That over all the earth it may be seene ;
 As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare ;
 And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

¹ *Accoráge*, encourage.² *Siege*, seat.

41 "In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye :
 And all, that els this worlds enclosure bace
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the person of her Maiestye ;
 That men, beholding so great excellence
 And rare perfection in mortalitye,
 Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
 As th' idole¹ of her Makers great magnificence.

42 "To her I homage and my service owe,
 In number of the noblest knightes on ground,
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found.
 An yearely solemne feast she wontes to hold,
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
 To which all knights of worth and courage bold
 Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

43 "There this old Palmer shewd himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princesse did complaine
 Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
 Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soveraine,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,

¹ *Idole*, image.

XLII. 6. — *To hold.*] All the old editions have *make*, but the rhyme justifies the change to *hold*. C.

Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyés :
Me, all unfitt for so great purpose, she employes.

44 "Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face
Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith last I left that honorable place,
In which her roiall presence is enrold ;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia have wonne ;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne." ¹

45 "Tell on, fayre Sir," said she, "that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pittie such unhappie bale,²
And learne from Pleasures poyson to abstajne :
Ill, by ensample, good doth often gayne."
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the story of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew ;
As, with lamenting eyes, himselfe did lately vew.

46 Night was far spent ; and now in ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing Snake,

¹ *Fordonne*, ruined.

² *Bale*, sorrow.

XLIV. 4. — *Enrold*.] The First Edition has *entroid*, the others *introid*, neither of which words appears to be English. *Enrold* does not yield a sense altogether satisfactory, but may be explained set forth, inclosed, or contained. C.

XLVI. 2. — Orion sets when the Scorpion rises, and they are never seen together in the same hemisphere.

His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make :
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those gwestes beguyled did beguyle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.

At last, when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wist their houre was spent ; then each to rest
him hyes.*

* Spenser, in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, states that a Palmer appeared at the court of the Faerie Queene, bearing a babe with bloody hands, whose parents had fallen victims to Acrasia, and that the adventure of subduing her was consequently assigned to Sir Guyon; but from Sir Guyon's own account, it seems that the Palmer came alone to the court of the Faerie Queene, and complained of Acrasia, and that he fell in with the babe and its parents after he had set forth upon the adventure. H.

CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guy-
 ons horse, is made the scorene
 Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre
 Belphebe fowle forlorne.¹

¹ SOONE as the morrow fayre with purple beames
 Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
 And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
 Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light;
 Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,²
 Uprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest
 Unto the iourney which he had behight³:
 His puissaunt armes about his noble brest,
 And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

² Then, taking congé⁴ of that Virgin pure,
 The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
 Did earnestly committ, and her coniure
 In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
 And all that gentle noriture ensueth⁵;
 And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,⁶

¹ *Forlorne*, forsaken.

² *Yplight*, plighted.

³ *Behight*, promised.

⁴ *Congé*, leave.

⁵ *Ensueth*, follows, belongs to.

⁶ *Raught*, reached.

He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,¹
 Be called Ruddymane²; and thereby taught
 T' avenge his parents death on them that had it wrought.

3 So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
 Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
 Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
 To frett for anger, or for grieve to mone?
 His Palmer now shall foot no more alone.
 So fortune wrought, as under greene woodes syde
 He lately hard that dying Lady grone,
 He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
 And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

4 The whyles a losell³ wandring by the way,
 One that to bountie⁴ never cast his mynd,
 Ne thought of honour ever did assay
 His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd⁵
 A pleasing vaine of glory⁶ he did fynd,
 To which his flowing tounge and troublous spright
 Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd;
 He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,
 Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

5 Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
 And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
 That puffed up with smoke of vanity,

¹ *Ruth*, sorrow.

⁶ *Glory*, boasting.

² *Ruddymane*, red-handed.

³ *Losell*, a worthless fellow, *lost* to all goodness.

⁴ *Bountie*, goodness.

⁵ *Kestrell kynd*, base nature. Kestrell is a worthless hawk.

And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
 He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
 For such as he him thought, or faine would bee :
 But for in court gay portaunce¹ he perceiv'd,
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,²
 Eftsoones to court he cast³ t' advaunce his first degree.⁴

6 And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
 To whom avaunting⁵ in great bravery,
 As peacocke that his painted plumes doth pranck,⁶
 He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare :
 The seely⁷ man, seeing him ryde so ranck⁸
 And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,
 And crying "Mercy !" loud, his pitious handes gan
 reare.

7 Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowd,
 Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
 And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd :
 "Vile caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,
 Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger⁹ day,
 And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre ?
 Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay :
 Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus to stay."

¹ *Portaunce*, bearing.

² *Gree*, favor.

³ *Cast*, devised.

⁴ *Degree*, step.

⁵ *Avaunting*, showing off.

⁶ *Pranck*, display.

⁷ *Seely*, simple.

⁸ *Ranck*, fierce.

⁹ *Lenger*, longer.

8 "Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,"
 Then loud he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."
 "Ah wretch," quoth he, "thy destinies withstand
 My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
 I give thee life: Therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee."
 The miser¹ threw himselfe, as an offall,
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
 And cleeped² him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

9 So happy peace they made and faire accord.
 Eftsoones³ this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
 And, when he felt the folly of his lord,
 In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold:
 For he was wylie-witted, and growne old
 In cunning sleighes and practick⁴ knavery.
 From that day forth he cast⁵ for to uphold
 His ydle humour with fine flattery,
 And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

10 Trompart,⁶ fitt man for Braggadochio
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
 In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
 The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,

¹ Miser, wretch.

² Cleeped, called.

³ Eftsoones, immediately.

⁴ Practick, artful.

⁵ Cast, contrived.

⁶ Trompart, i. e. deceiver.

VIII. 9. — *And cleeped him, &c.*] He acknowledged himself to be his vassal, as if he had been his tenant, and held lands of him as his liege-lord. H.

To thinke, without desert of gentle deed
 And noble worth, to be advaunced hye;
 Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertues meed,
 Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

11 So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
 Till that at length with Archimage they meet:
 Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
 On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
 Of his revenge to make the instrument:
 For since the Redcrosse Knight he erst did weet¹
 To beene with Guyon knitt in one consent,
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.²

12 And comming close to Trompart gan inquire
 Of him what mightie warriour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden sell³ with single spere,
 But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee.
 "He is a great adventurer," said he,
 "That hath his sword through hard assay⁴ forgone,⁵
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
 Of that despight,⁶ never to wearen none;
 That speare is him enough to doen⁷ a thousand grone."

¹ *Weet*, know.

² *Ment*, intended.

³ *Sell*, saddle.

⁴ *Assay*, enterprise.

⁵ *Forgone*, lost.

⁶ *Despight*, injury.

⁷ *Doen*, make.

XI. 3.—*In armour fayre.*] Braggadochio had stolen Sir Guyon's horse and spear; but it does not appear how he came into possession of the armor he wore. H.

13 Th' Enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
 And weened well ere long his will to win,
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt :
 Tho to him louting¹ lowly did begin
 To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
 By Guyon, and by that false Redcrosse Knight ;
 Which two, through treason and deceitfull gin,²
 Had slayne Sir Mordant and his lady bright :
 That mote him honour win, to wreak³ so foule despight.

14 Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enragd,
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their lives had in his hand beene gagd⁴ ;
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
 To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
 Thus said : " Old man, great sure shal be thy meed,
 If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
 Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed,⁵
 That I may wreake³ on them their hainous hateful
 deed."

15 " Certes, my Lord," said he, " that shall I soone,
 And give you eke good helpe to their decay,⁶
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon,
 Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay⁷
 Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day ;
 For they be two the prowtest knights on grownd,
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay⁸ ;

¹ *Louting*, bending.

² *Gin*, snare.

³ *Wreak*, avenge.

⁴ *Gagd*, put as pledges.

⁵ *Areed*, declare.

⁶ *Decay*, destruction.

⁷ *Purvay*, provide.

⁸ *Assay*, enterprise.

And eke of surest steele, that may be fownd,
Doe arme yourself against that day, them to confownd."

16 "Dotard," saide he, "let be thy deepe advise ;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld¹ hath left thee nothing wise,
Els never should thy iudgement be so frayle
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle ?
Thou litle wotest² what this right-hand can :
Speake they, which have beheld the battailes which
it wan."

17 The man was much abashed at his boast ;
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those knightes on even coast,³
Should neede of all his armes him to defend ;
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend :
When Braggadocchio saide : "Once I did sweare,
When with one sword seven knightes I brought to
end,
Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth
weare."

18 "Perdy, Sir Knight," saide then th' Enchaunter
blive,⁴
"That shall I shortly purchase⁵ to your hond :

¹ *Eld*, age.

² *Wotest*, knowest.

³ *Coast*, cost (terms).

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⁴ *Blive*, quickly.

⁵ *Purchase*, procure.

For now the best and noblest knight alive
 Prince Arthur is, that wonnes¹ in Faerie lond;
 He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond:
 The same, by my device, I undertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his minde what mote that monster
 make.²

19 He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddein vanished out of his sight:
 The northerne winde his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him up light
 From of the earth to take his aerie flight.
 They lookt about, but no where could espye
 Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:
 Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye;

20 Till that they come unto a forrest greene,
 In which they shrowd themselves from causeles
 feare:
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene:
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,
 As ghastly bug,³ does greatly them affeare:
 Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse to faine.
 At last they heard a horne that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood that ecchoed againe,
 And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

¹ *Wonnes*, lives.

³ *Bug*, any object of terror, goblin.

² *Monster make*, effect that miracle.

21 Eft¹ through the thicke² they heard one rudely
rush ;

With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance³ borne of heavenly birth.

22 Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame⁴ or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew ;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

23 In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' Hevenly Makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant,⁵ and so wondrous bright,

¹ *Eft*, afterwards.

² *Thicke*, thicket.

³ *Portance*, carriage.

⁴ *Blame*, blemish, spot.

⁵ *Persant*, piercing.

XXI. 7. — *A goodly Ladie.*] In the beautiful and elaborate portrait of Belphebe, Spenser has drawn a flattered likeness of Queen Elizabeth. H.

That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
 For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

24 Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table¹ did itselfe dispred,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the battailes of his great godhed:
 All good and honour might therein be red;
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she
 spake,
 Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed;
 And twixt the perles and rubins² softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

25 Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes³ and amorous retrate,⁴
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

26 So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight;

¹ *Table*, tablet.

² *Rubins*, rubies.

³ *Belgardes*, sweet looks.

⁴ *Retrate*, expression (of countenance).

And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken camus¹ lilly whight,
 Purfled² upon with many a folded plight,³
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden aygulets,⁴ that glistred bright
 Like twinkling starres; and all the skirt about
 Was hemd⁵ with golden fringe.

27 Below her ham her weed⁶ did somewhat trayne,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld⁷
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,⁸
 All bard with golden bendes,⁹ which were entayld¹⁰
 With curious antickes,¹¹ and full fayre aumayld¹²:
 Before, they fastned were under her knee
 In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld¹³
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee:

28 Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
 And honour in their festivall resort;
 Those same with stately grace and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;
 But with the woody nymphes when she did play,¹⁴

¹ *Camus*, a light, loose robe.

² *Purfled*, trimmed or flounced.

³ *Plight*, plait.

⁴ *Aygulets*, (here) spangles.

⁹ *Bard with bendes*, crossed with stripes.

¹⁰ *Entayld*, engraved, cut.

¹¹ I. e. odd devices.

¹⁴ *Play*, probably a misprint for *sport*.

⁵ *Hemd*, bordered.

⁶ *Weed*, dress.

⁷ *Embayld*, bound up.

⁸ *Cordwayne*, Spanish leather.

¹² *Aumayld*, enamelled.

¹³ *Entrayld*, twisted together.

Or when the flying libbard¹ she did chace,
She could them nimble move, and after fly apace.

29 And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steele-headed dartes wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps ; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed, their places only signified.

30 Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde amongst them did inspyre,²
They waved like a penon wyde disprede,
And low behinde her backe were scattered :
And, whether art it were or heedelesse hap,
As through the flouing forrest rash she fled,
In her rude³ heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did en-
wrap.

31 Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,

¹ *Libbard*, leopard.

³ *Rude*, disordered.

² *Inspyre*, breathe.

XXX. 1. *Her yellow lockes, &c.*] The yellow locks of Queen Elizabeth enter largely into the descriptions of beauty by the poets of her reign. H.

Where all the nymphes have her unware^s forlore,¹
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
 To seeke her game : or as that famous queene
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
 The day that first of Priame she was seene,
 Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

32 Such when as hartlesse² Trompart her did vew,
 He was dismayed in his coward minde,
 And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behinde ;
 Both feare and hope he in her face did finde :
 When she at last, him spying, thus bespake :
 “ Hayle, groome³ ; didst not thou see a bleeding
 hynde,
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake ?
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake.”

33 Wherewith reviv'd, this answer forth he threw :
 “ O goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee,)
 For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
 Nor voyce sound mortall ; I avow to thee,
 Such wounded beast as that I did not see,
 Sith earst⁴ into this forrest wild I came.

¹ *Forlore*, left.

² *Hartlesse*, timid.

³ *Groome*, man.

⁴ *Sith earst*, since first.

XXXI. 5. — *That famous queene.*] Penthesilea was slain by Achilles. Dares Phrygius, however, a favorite authority of the romance-writers, attributes her death to Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
 To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
 That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

34 To whom she thus — But ere her words ensewd,
 Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
 In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,¹
 And saw it stirre : she lefte her percing launce,
 And towards gan a deadly shafte aduance,
 In mind to marke² the beast. At which sad stowre,³
 Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
 Out crying : " O, whatever heavenly powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre !

35 " O, stay thy hand ! for yonder is no game
 For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize ;
 But loe ! my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
 Is far renowmd through many bold emprise ;
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."
 She staid. With that he crauld out of his nest,
 Forth creeping on his caitive⁴ hands and thies ;
 And standing stoutly up his lofty crest
 Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late from
 rest,

36 As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
 For dread of soring hauke herselfe hath hid,
 Not caring how, her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid ;
 Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,

¹ *Mewd*, concealed.

² *Marke*, make a mark of.

³ *Stowre*, danger.

⁴ *Caitive*, cowardly.

Peepes forth, and soone renews her native pride ;
 She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
 Prowdly to prune,¹ and sett on every side ;
 Soshakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

37 So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He gan himselfe to vaunt : but when he vewd
 Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,
 Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,²
 Till she to him her gracious speach renewd :
 “ All haile, Sir Knight, and well may thee befall,
 As all the like, which honor have pursewd
 Through deeds of armes and proyesse martiall !
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.”

38 To whom he thus : “ O fairest under skie,
 Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
 Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battailes fought and many fraies
 Throughout the world, wherso they might be found,
 Endeavoring my dreaded name to raise
 Above the moone, that Fame may it resound
 In her eternall tromp with laurell girlond croud.

39 “ But what art thou, O Lady, which doest raunge
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
 And all delight does raigne much more then this

¹ *Prune*, smooth.

² *Transmewd*, changed.

There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist
 see :

The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee."

40 "Whoso in pompe of prowde estate," quoth she,
 "Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
 Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
 And in oblivion ever buried is:
 Where ease abownds, yt's eath¹ to doe amis:
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
 Behaves² with cares, cannot so easy mis.³
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,⁴
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shall Honor soonest
 fynd :

41 "In woods, in waves, in warres, she wents to dwell,
 And wil be found with perill and with paine;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell,
 Unto her happy mansion attaine:
 Before her gate High God did sweate ordaine,
 And wakefull watches ever to abide:
 But easy is the way and passage plaine
 To Pleasures pallace: it may soone be spide,
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

42 "In princes court —" The rest she would have
 sayd,
 But that the foolish man, fild with delight

¹ *Yt's eath*, it is easy.

² *Behaves*, occupies.

³ *Mis*, err.

⁴ *Kynd*, way.

Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,
 Gan burne in filthy lust ; and, leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard¹ armes her to embrace.
 With that she, swarving² backe, her iavelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menáce :
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

43 Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,
 And grieved at her flight ; yet durst he nott
 Pursew her steps through wild unknowen wood ;
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott,
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet fōrgott :
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayne,³
 But, turning, said to Trompart : “ What fowle blott
 Is this to knight, that lady should agayne
 Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud dis-
 dayne ! ”

44 “ Perdy,” said Trompart, “ lett her pas at will,
 Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
 But that shee is some powre celestiall ?
 For, whiles she spake, her great words did apall
 My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble over all.⁴ ”
 “ And I,” said Braggadocchio, “ thought no lesse,
 When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastr-
 liness.

¹ *Bastard*, base.

² *Swarving*, swerving.

³ *Vayne*, useless to him.

⁴ *Over all*, everywhere.

45 "For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
 Me given by eternall destiny,
 That earthly thing may not my corage brave
 Dismay with feare, or cause on¹ foote to flye,
 But either hellish feends, or powres on hye:
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
 Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
 But, when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

46 "But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
 Let us soone hence depart." They soone agree:
 So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
 As one unfitt therefore, that all might see
 He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
 Which well that valiaunt courser did discern;e;
 For he despisd to tread in dew degree,²
 But chaufd and fom'd with corage fiers and sterne,
 And to be easd of that base burden still did erne.³

¹ *On*, one.

³ *Erne*, yearn.

² *Dew degree*, proper step.

CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
 And stops Occasion:
 Delivers Phaon, and therefore
 By Strife is rayld uppon.

1 In brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
 There is I know not what great difference
 Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
 Which unto things of valorous pretence
 Seemes to be borne by native influence;
 As feates of armes; and love to entertaine:
 But chiefly skill to ride seemes a sciéce
 Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
 To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

2 But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
 Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
 The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed¹
 With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide,
 Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide;
 But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse,

¹ Yeed, go.

II. 1. — *But he, &c.*] The adventures of Sir Guyon are resumed from Canto III. stanza 3. H.

Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
 He would, through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
 Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong
 suppress.

3 It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
 He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
 Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
 Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.¹
 A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
 Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
 A handsom stripling with great crueltee,
 Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,
 That cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood, did all
 abownd.²

4 And him behynd a wicked hag did stalke,
 In ragged robes and filthy disaray;
 Her other leg³ was lame, that she no'te⁴ walke,
 But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
 Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold;
 But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
 That none thereof could ever taken hold;
 And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles old.

¹ Agree, settle.

⁴ No'te, (ne mote,) could not.

² Abownd, flow.

³ Other leg, (a classic idiom,) one of her two legs (not her *left* leg.) C.

IV. 6. — *Grew all afore.*] Time is also represented in pictures as having hair only on the front of his head; whence the expression of "taking time by the forelock." H.

5 And, ever as she went, her tounge did walke ¹
 In fowle reproch and termes of vile despight,
 Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight :
 Sometimes she raught ² him stones, wherwith to smite ;
 Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
 Withouten which she could not goe upright ;
 Ne any evill meanes she did forbear,
 That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare. ³

6 The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse, ⁴
 Approching, first the Hag did thrust away ;
 And after, adding more impetuous forse,
 His mighty hands did on the Madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe ; who, all on fire streightway,
 Against him turning all his fell intent,
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay, ⁵
 And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and
 rent,
 And did he wist not what in his avengement.

7 And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had governaunce it well to guyde :
 But, when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde
 Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde :
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
 Whylest reason, blent ⁶ through passion, nought
 descryde ;

¹ *Walke*, move.

² *Raught*, reached.

³ *Reare*, raise.

⁴ *Remorse*, pity.

⁵ *Assay*, attack.

⁶ *Blent*, blinded.

But, as a blindfold bull, at randon¹ fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he
hurts nought cares.

8 His rude assault and rugged handeling
Straunge seemed to the Knight, that aye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight ; yet nathēmoe²
Was he abashed now, not fighting so ;
But, more enfierced through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and, hailing³ to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe unwares, and lower⁴ lay :

9 And being downe, the Villein sore did beate
And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face :
And eke the Hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.⁵
With whose reproch, and odious menáce,
The Knight emboyling⁶ in his haughtie hart
Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold : so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

10 Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
“ Not so, O Guyon, never thinke that so
That monster can be maistred or destroyd :
He is not, ah ! he is not such a foe
As steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.

¹ *Randon*, random.

² *Nathēmoe*, none the more.

³ *Hailing*, hauling.

⁴ *Lower*, underneath his antagonist.

⁵ *In the place*, i. e. where he was.

⁶ *Emboyling*, boiling with rage.

That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
 That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
 And that same hag, his aged mother, hight¹
 Occasion: the roote of all wrath and despight.

11 "With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenage²:
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
 And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
 Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
 Then, when she is withdrawne or strong withstood,
 It's eath³ his ydle fury to aswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood⁴:
 The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the flood."

12 Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,⁵
 And, turning to that woman, fast her hent⁶
 By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould⁷ she stent⁸
 Her bitter rayling and foule revilement;
 But still provokt her sonne to wreake⁹ her wrong:
 But nathëlesse he did her still torment,
 And, catching hold of her ungratious tonge,
 Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

¹ *Hight*, is named.

² *Amenage*, manage.

³ *Eath*, easy.

⁴ *Wood*, mad.

⁵ *Emprise*, enterprise.

⁶ *Hent*, seized.

⁷ *N'ould*, would not.

⁸ *Stent*, stop.

⁹ *Wreake*, avenge.

XI. 9. — *When stopped is the flood.*] The advice of the Palmer teaches us that the only way in which a habit of passion is to be conquered, is by being on our guard against those particular occasions which call it into exercise. H.

13 Then, whenas use of speach was from her reft,
 With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
 And beckned him ; the last help she had left :
 But he that last-left helpe away did take,
 And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
 That she note¹ stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake :
 But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
 And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

14 In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
 Who him gain-striving² nought at all prevaild ;
 For all his power was utterly defaste,³
 And furious fitts at earst⁴ quite weren⁵ quaild :
 Oft he re'nforst,⁶ and oft his forces fayld,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,⁷
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

15 With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots, that did him sore constraine :
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
 And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine :
 His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes⁸ did staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre ;

¹ Note, could not.

² Gain-striving, resisting.

³ Defaste, overcome.

⁴ At earst, instantly.

⁵ Weren, were.

⁶ Re'nforst, made new efforts.

⁷ Hayld, hauled.

⁸ Strakes, streaks.

And, more for ranck despight then for great paine,
 Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wyre,
 And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

16 Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captívd,
 Turning about he saw that wretched Squyre,
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprívd,
 Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre :
 Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,
 He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
 Being at last recured,¹ he gan inquirye
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
 And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of wretched-
 nesse.

17 With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
 "Fayre Sir," quoth he, "what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse ?
 Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
 The man most wary in her whelming lap.
 So me, weake wretch, of many weakest one,

¹ *Recured*, restored.

XVII. 2. — "*Fayre Sir*," quoth he, &c.] The narrative which follows is found in the fifth book of the Orlando Furioso; and will remind the reader of a part of the plot of Shakespeare's "*Much Ado about Nothing*."

XVII. 6. — The last four lines of this stanza are given as improved in the second edition. In the first, they stand: —

"So me, weake wretch, of many weakest *wretch*,
 Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischief through *her guilful trech*,
 Where this same wicked Villein did me *wandring ketch*." C.

Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischief through occasion,
 Where this same wicked Villein did me light upon.

18 "It was a faithlesse squire, that was the sourse
 Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
 With whom from tender dug of commune nourse
 Attonce I was upbrought; and eft,¹ when yeares
 More rype us reason lent to chose our peares,²
 Ourselves in league of vowed love wee knitt;
 In which we long time, without gealous feares
 Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as was fitt;
 And, for my part I vow, dissembled not a whitt.

19 "It was my fortune, commune to that age,
 To love a lady fayre of great degree,
 The which was borne of noble parentage,
 And set in highest seat of dignitee,
 Yet seemd no lesse to love then loved to bee;
 Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
 Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
 Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
 Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20 "My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake³
 Of all my love and all my privitie;
 Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,
 And gracious to that lady, as to mee;
 Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee

¹ *Eft*, afterwards.

² *Peares*, companions.

³ *Partake*, made partaker.

As he to her, withouten blott or blame ;
Ne ever thing, that she could thinke or see,
But unto him she would impart the same :
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame !

21 “ At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that lady to my spouse had wonne ;
Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make : That day too farre did seeme !
Most ioyous man on whom the shining sunne
Did shew his face, myselfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no lesse ioyous deeme.

22 “ But, ear that wished day his beame disclosd,
He, either envying my toward good,¹
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told, for secret, how he understood
That lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bynd ;
And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should
fynd.

23 “ The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeved mind could find no rest,

¹ *Toward good, approaching happiness.*

Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest¹;
 And him besought, by that same sacred band
 Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best :
 He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
 Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

24 "Ere long with like againe he boorded² mee,
 Saying, he now had boulded all the floure,
 And that it was a groome of base degree,
 Which of my love was partener paramoure ;
 Who used in a darkesome inner bowre³
 Her oft to meete : which better to approve,
 He promised to bring me at that howre,
 When I should see that would me nearer move,
 And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

25 "This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his
 guile,
 Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
 Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,
 Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
 One day, to worke her to his will more neare,
 He woo'd her thus : "Pryené," (so she hight,)
 "What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
 Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
 That it should not deface all others lesser light ?

¹ *Out wrest*, extort.

³ *Bowre*, chamber.

² *Boorded*, accosted.

XXIV. 2. — *Had boulded all the floure.*] Had sifted the whole matter. H.

26 “ ‘ But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
 T’ adorne thy forme according¹ thy desart,
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,²
 And staynd their prayses with thy least good part ;
 Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
 Though she thy lady be, approach thee neare :
 For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
 Array thyselfe, in her most gorgeous geare,³
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.’

27 “ The mayden, proud through praise and mad
 through love,
 Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd ;
 The whiles to me the treachour⁴ did remove
 His craftie engin ; and, as he had sayd,
 Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
 The sad spectatour of my tragedie :
 Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
 Disguised like that groome of base degree,
 Whom he had feignd th’ abuser of my love to bee.

28 “ Eftsoones⁵ he came unto th’ appointed place,
 And with him brought Pryené, rich arayd,
 In Claribellaes clothes : her proper face
 I not discerned in that darkesome shade,
 But weend it was my love with whom he playd.

¹ *According*, according to.

⁴ *Treachour*, traitor.

² *Blent*, blinded, eclipsed.

⁵ *Eftsoones*, immediately.

³ *Geare*, dress.

XXVI. 7. — *As thou art.*] Array thyself as thou art; put on a dress corresponding to thy beauty. C.

Ah God ! what horroure and tormenting grieve
 My hart, my handes, mine eyes, and all assayd !
 Me liefer¹ were ten thousand deathës priefe²
 Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such
 repriefe.³

29 " I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent ;
 That after soone I dearely did lament :
 For, when the cause of that outrageous deede
 Demanded I made plaine and evident,
 Her faultie handmayd, which that bale⁴ did breede,
 Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her
 weede.

30 " Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
 Upon myselfe that vengeable⁵ despight
 To punish. Yet it better first I thought
 To wreake my wrath on him that first it wrought :
 To Philemon, false faytour⁶ Philemon,
 I cast⁷ to pay that I so dearely bought :
 Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

31 " Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieve on grieve,
 To losse of love adioyning losse of frend,

¹ *Liefer*, preferable.

² *Priefe*, proof, experience.

³ *Repriefe*, reproach.

⁴ *Bale*, mischief.

⁵ *Vengeable*, revengeful. St. 46. 2.

⁶ *False faytour*, deceiver.

⁷ *Cast*, devised.

I meant to purge both with a third mischíefe,
 And in my woes beginner it to end :
 That was Pryené ; she did first offend,
 She last should smart. With which cruell intent,
 When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
 She fled away with ghastly dreriment,¹
 And I, poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

32 “ Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my flight ;
 Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
 Till this Mad Man, whom your victorious might
 Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space :
 As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
 And shortly overtooke : I, breathing yre,
 Sore chauffed² at my stay in such a cace,
 And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre ;
 Which kindled once, his mother did more rage in-
 spyre.

33 “ Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
 Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne han-
 dëling,
 That death were better then such agony,
 As griefe and fury unto me did bring ;
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
 That during life will never be appeasd ! ”
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
 Said Guyon : “ Squyre, sore have ye beene diseasd ;
 But all your hurts may soone through temperance be
 easd.”

¹ *Dreriment*, terror.

² *Chauffed*, chafed.

34 Then gan the Palmer thus : " Most wretched man,
 That to affections¹ does the bridle lend !
 In their beginning they are weake and wan,
 But soone through suff'rance growe to fearefull end :
 Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend ;
 For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
 Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
 Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow :
 Wrath, Gelosy, Griefe, Love, this Squyre have laide
 thus low.

35 " Wrath, Gealosie, Griefe, Love, do thus expell :
 Wrath is a fire ; and Gealosie a weede ;
 Griefe is a flood ; and Love a monster fell ;
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede ;
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breede :
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay² ;
 The sparks soone quench, the springing seed out-
 weed,
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away :
 So shall Wrath, Gealosy, Griefe, Love, die and decay."

36 " Unlucky Squire," saide Guyon, " sith thou hast
 Falne into mischief through intemperaunce,
 Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
 And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,
 Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
 But read³ how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
 " Phaon I hight," quoth he, " and do advaunce⁴

¹ *Affections*, passions.

⁴ *Advaunce*, boast; perhaps, deduce.

² *Delay*, do thou allay, abate.

³ *Read*, declare.

Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin."

37 Thus as he spake, lo ! far away they spyde
A varlet¹ ronning towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which, mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
He soone approached, panting, breathlesse, whot,²
And all so soyld, that none could him descry.
His countenance was bold, and bashed not
For Guyons lookes, but scornefull ey-glaunce at him
shot.

38 Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word³ was writ :
Burnt I doe burne. Right well beseemed it
To be the shield of some redoubted knight :
And in his hand two dartes exceeding flit⁴
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight⁵
In poyson and in blood of malice and despight.

39 When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake : " Sir Knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,⁶
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee ;
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieopardie."

¹ *Varlet*, a servant to a knight.

² *Whot*, hot.

³ *Word*, motto.

⁴ *Flit*, fleet.

⁵ *Dight*, prepared, dipped.

⁶ *At erst*, instantly.

The Knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
 And, though he scornd his ydle vanitee,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
 For not to grow of nought he it coniectured:

40 "Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
 Yielded by him that held it forcibly;
 But whence shold come that harme, which thou
 dost seeme
 To threat to him that mindes¹ his chaunce t'
 abye²?"

"Perdy," sayd he, "here comes, and is hard by,
 A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
 That never yet encountred enemy,
 But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
 Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

41 "How hight he then," sayd Guyon, "and from
 whence?"

"Pyrochles is his name, renowmed farre
 For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
 Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre;
 The brother of Cymochles; both which arre
 The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
 Acrates, sonne of Phlegeton and Iarre;
 But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
 But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

¹ *Mind*es, is of a mind.

² *Abye*, abide.

XLI. Pyrochles means fiery-tempered; Cymochles, fluctuating and contentious like the waves of the sea; Acrates, ungovernable. Iarre is Discord. C.

42 "So from immortall race he does proceede,
 That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
 Drad¹ for his derring-doe² and bloody deed ;
 For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
 His am I Atin,³ his in wrong and right,
 That matter make for him to worke upon,
 And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
 Fly therefore, fly this fearfull stead⁴ anon,
 Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion."

"His be that care whom most it doth concerne,"
 Sayd he: "but whether with such hasty flight
 Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discerne
 Great cause that carries thee so swifte and light."
 "My lord," quoth he, "me sent, and streight be-
 hight⁵

To seeke Occasion, where so she bee :
 For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee ;
 Hard is his hap, that first fals in his ieopardee."

44 "Mad man," said then the Palmer, "that does seeke
 Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife ;
 Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
 Happy who can abstaine, when Rancor rife
 Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife :
 Woe never wants, where every cause is caught ;
 And rash Occasion makes unquiet life !"

¹ *Drad*, dreaded.

⁵ *Streight behight*, strictly commanded.

² *Derring-doe*, bold acts.

³ *Atin*, i. e. the Mischief-maker.

⁴ *Stead*, place.

"Then loe ! wher bound she sits, whom thou hast sought,"

Said Guyon ; "let that message to thy lord be brought."

45 That when the Varlett heard and saw, streightway
He waxed wondrous wroth, and said : " Vile Knight,
That knights and knighthood doest with shame
upbray,¹

And shewst th' ensample of thy childishe might,
With silly, weake old woman that did* fight !
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissance here in sight !
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

46 With that, one of his thrillant² darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable³ despight :
The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,
And to his brest itselfe intended right :
But he was wary, and, ere it empight⁴
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forekhead keene :
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be
seene.

¹ *Upbray*, upbraid, bring reproach upon.

² *Thrillant*, piercing.

³ *Vengeable*, revengeful.

⁴ *Empight*, fixed itself.

CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
 And Furors chayne untyes,
 Who him sore wounds; whiles Atin to
 Cymochles for ayd flies.

1 WHOEVER doth to Temperaunce apply.
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shal find no greater enimy,
 Then stubborne Perturbation, to the same ;
 To which right wel the wise doe give that name ;
 For it the goodly peace of staid¹ mindes
 Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame :
 His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
 As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

2 After that Varlets flight, it was not long
 Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
 One in bright armes embatteiled² full strong,
 That, as the sunny beames doe glaunce and glide
 Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,

¹ *Staid*, composed.

² *Embatteiled*, armed for battle.

I. 8. — *His owne woes author*, &c.] He is the author of his own woes, who finds Perturbation bound, and unbinds him wilfully, as Pyrochles did. — *Perturbation* is the same as *Furor*. H.

And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
 That seemd him to enflame on every side :
 His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
 When with the maistring spur he did him roughly
 stire.¹

3 Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,
 Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to prvooke,
 But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
 The smouldring² dust did rownd about him smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke ;
 And, fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke :
 It booted nought Sir Guyon, comming neare,
 To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare ;

4 But lightly shunned it ; and, passing by,³
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly
 On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell
 On his horse necke before the quilted sell,⁴
 And from the head the body sundred quight :
 So him dismounted low he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight ;
 The truncked beast fast bleeding did him fowly
 dight.⁵

5 Sore bruized with the fall he slow uprose,
 And all enraged thus him loudly shent⁶ ;

¹ *Stire*, stir, prick.

² *Smouldring*, smothering.

³ *Passing by*, as he passed by.

⁴ *Sell*, saddle.

⁵ *Dight*, distain.

⁶ *Shent*, upbraided.

"Disleall¹ Knight, whose coward corage chose
To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should be ment²;
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood
frayl:

So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent³;
But litle may such guile thee now avayl,
If wonted force and fortune doe me not much fayl."

⁶ With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge⁴
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
And, glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary sowle from thence it would discharge;
Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his bever⁵
bent,

⁷ Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much ashamd that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho,⁶ hurling high his yron-braced⁷ arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarm;

¹ *Disleall*, disloyal.

³ *Blent*, debased.

² *Ment*, aimed.

⁴ *Marge*, edge, or rim.

⁵ *Bever*, the part of the helmet which, when let down, covered the face.

⁶ *Tho*, then.

⁷ *Yron-braced*, braced with iron armor.

Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate¹
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

8 Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore² did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt³ his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
• Or strike, or hurtle⁴ rownd in warlike gyre,⁵
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.⁶

9 He hewd, and lasht, and foynd,⁷ and thondred
blowes,
And every way did seeke into his life;
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty throwes,⁸
But yeilded passage to his cruell knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
Avauntage, whilst his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
And falsed⁹ oft his blowes t'illude him with such
bayt.

10 Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowde rebellious unicorne defyes,

¹ *Bate*, bit.

² *Nathemore*, none the more.

³ *Molt*, melted.

⁴ *Hurtle*, skirmish.

⁵ *Gyre*, circle.

⁶ *Far'd*, proceeded.

⁷ *Foynd*, pushed as in fencing.

⁸ *Throwes*, strokes.

⁹ *Falsed*, make feigned passes.

T' avoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre¹
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
 And when him ronning in full course he ~~spyes~~,
 He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
 His precious horne, sought of his enemyes,
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

11 With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,²
 Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
 Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
 And, kindling new his corage seeming queint,³
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint

He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
 And doe unwilling worship to the Saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see;
 Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

12 Whom Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed fast
 The present offer of faire victory,
 And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
 That streight on grownd made him full low to lye;
 Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust:
 With that he cryde: "Mercy, doe me not dye,

¹ *Stowre*, assault.

³ *Queint*, quenched.

² *Fayld*, foiled.

XI. 7. — *The Saint.*] The image of Gloriana, which Sir Guyon had upon his shield. See Canto I. 28, VIII. 43. H.

Ne deeme¹ thy force by fortunes doome uniust,
That hath (maugre² her spight) thus low me laid in
dust."

13 Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement³ slow,
And maistring might⁴ on enemy dismayd;
For th' equall die of warre he well did know:
Then to him said: "Live, and alleageaunce owe
To him, that gives thee life and liberty;
And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,⁵
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamy."

14 So up he let him rise; who, with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for griefe of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered;
Whose bounty⁶ more then might, yet both, he wondered.

15 Which Guyon marking said: "Be nought agriev'd,
Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre:

¹ *Deeme*, judge, estimate.

² *Maugre*, ill thanks to, curse on.

³ *Advizement*, consideration.

⁴ *Maistring*, might, i. e. refraining from exercising his power.

⁵ *Hazardry*, rashness,

⁶ *Bounty*, generosity.

Was never man, who most conquêtes atchiev'd,
 But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre;
 Yet shortly gaynd, that¹ losse exceeded farre:
 Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
 But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
 Both losers lott, and victours prayse alsée;
 Vaine others overthrowes² who selfe doth overthrow.

16 "Fly, O Pyrochles, fly the dreadfull warre
 That in thyselfe thy lesser³ partes doe move:
 Outrageous Anger, and woe-working Iarre,
 Direfull Impatience, and hart-murdring Love:
 Those, those thy foes, those warriours, far remove,
 Which thee to endlesse bale⁴ captived lead.
 But, sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
 Of courtesie to mee the cause aread⁵
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread."

17 "Dreadlesse,⁶" said he, that shall I soone declare:
 It was complaind that thou hadst done great tort⁷
 Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 And thrall'd her in chaines with strong effort,
 Voide of all succour and needfull comfort;
 That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
 To worke such shame: Therefore I thee exhort
 To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
 And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee."

¹ *That*, that which.

² *Overthrowes*, i. e. in vain he overthrows others, &c.

³ *Lesser*, inferior.

⁴ *Bale*, sorrow.

⁵ *Aread*, declare.

⁶ *Dreadlesse*, without fear.

⁷ *Tort*, wrong.

18 Thereat Sir Guyon smylde: "And is that all,"
 Said he, "that thee so sore displeased hath?
 Great mercy¹ sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath²!
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whott³ emboyling wrath:
 Loe! there they bee; to thee I yield them free."
 Thereat he, wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

19 Soone as Occasion felt herselfe untyde,
 Before her sonne could well assoyled⁴ bee,
 She to her use⁵ returnd, and streight defyde
 Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said shee)
 Bycause he wonne; the other, because hee
 Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
 To stirre up strife, and garre⁶ them disagree:
 But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
 To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes
 wrought.

20 It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates⁷ with Pyrochles fight,
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
 Because he had not well mainteind his right,
 But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
 Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood⁸ as hee,

¹ *Great mercy*, great thanks it deserves.

² *Scath*, injury.

³ *Whott*, hot.

⁴ *Assoyled*, released.

⁵ *Use*, usual habits.

⁶ *Garre*, make.

⁷ *Algates*, by all means.

⁸ *Wood*, mad.

And him affronted¹ with impatient might :
 So both together fiers engrasped bee,
 Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does
 see.

21 Him all that while Occasion did provoke
 Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
 Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke²
 Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
 For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
 And him dishabled³ quyte : But he was wise,
 Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd ;
 Yet others she more urgent did devise :
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22 Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased Furors might,
 That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fyer-brond,
 Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
 Had kindled : that she gave into his hond,
 That armd with fire more hardly⁴ he mote him withstond.

23 Tho⁵ gan that Villein wex so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse :
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,

¹ *Affronted*, confronted.

² *Wroke*, avenged.

³ *Dishabled*, disparaged.

⁴ *Hardly*, hardily.

⁵ *Tho*, then.

And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That Guyon much disdeignd¹ so loathly sight.
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
 " Help, O Sir Guyon ! helpe, most noble Knight,
 To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight ! "

24 The Knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
 And gan him dight² to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraynt,
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
 And said : " Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth re-
 presse,
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie vayne :
 He that his sorow sought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,
 Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne."

25 Guyon obayd : so him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue.
 But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin hight,
 When late he saw his lord in heavie plight,
 Under Sir Guyons puissaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
 Fledd fast away to tell his funerall³
 Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

26 He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,

¹ *Disdeignd*, was indignant at.

³ *Funerall*, death.

² *Gan him dight*, was making ready.

And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight :
 Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
 Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes ;
 Whose carkases, for terroure of his name,
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
 And hong their conquerd armes for more de-
 fame¹

On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

27 His dearest dame is that Enchaunteresse,
 The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,
 And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
 Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprighes
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wighes ;
 Whom then she does trasforme to monstrous
 hewes,
 And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
 Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes²
 And darksom dens, where Titan his face never shewes.

28 There Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,
 To serve his lemans love : for he by kynd³
 Was given all to lust and loose living,
 Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd :
 And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
 In daintie delices⁴ and lavish ioyes,
 Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
 And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled amongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

¹ *Defame*, disgrace.

² *Mewes*, prisons.

³ *Kynd*, nature.

⁴ *Delices*, delights.

29 And over him Art, stryving to compayre
 With Nature, did an arber greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
 Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
 His prickling armes, entrayld¹ with roses red,
 Which daintie odours round about them threw :
 And all within with flowres was garnished,
 That, when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
 Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors
 shew.

30 And fast beside there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
 Emongst the pumy² stones, and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay :
 The wearie traveiler, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thirsty³ heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,⁴
 (Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
 His former payne,) and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

31 And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
 Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
 That dedicated is t' Olympick Iove,
 And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee

¹ *Entrayld*, entwined.

² *Pumy*, pumice.

³ *Thirsty*, thirsty.

⁴ *Display*, stretch out.

XXIX. This description of the Bower of Bliss is imitated from Armida's Garden. Tasso, Canto XVI. C.

XXXI. 1. — *And on the other syde, &c.*] The tree dedicated to Iove is the oak; that to Hercules is the poplar. H.

In Nemus¹ gayned goodly victoree :
 Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonée,
 And made emongst themselves a sweete consórt,
 That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfórt.

32 There he him found all carelesly displaid,
 In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
 Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
 That rownd about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton follies and light meriments ;
 Every of which did loosely disaray
 Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
 And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

33 And every of them strove with most delights
 Him to aggrate,² and greatest pleasures shew :
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights ;
 Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew ;
 Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
 The sugred licour through his melting lips :
 One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew
 Her dainty limbes above her tender hips ;
 Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

34 He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
 And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes :
 Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe,

¹ *Nemus*, i. e. *Nemea*.

² *Aggrate*, please.

To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close¹ fire into his hart does creepe :
So' he them deceives, deceivd in his deceit,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

35 Attin, arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching to him lowdly cryde,
"Cymochles ; oh ! no, but Cymochles shade,
In² which that manly person late did fade !
What is become of great Acrates sonne ?
Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne ?
Is all his force forlorne,³ and all his glory donne ?"

36 Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He said : "Up, up, thou womanish weake Knight,
That here in ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse⁴ eke of lately-wrought despight ;
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright⁵
Through many a stroke and many a streaming
wound,
Calling thy help in vaine, that here in ioyes art
dround."

37 Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questiond more ;

¹ Close, secret.

³ Forlorne, lost.

² In, into.

⁴ Weetlesse, ignorant.

⁵ Utmost grudging spright, his last reluctant breath.

But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but urged sore,
 With percing wordes and pittifull implore,¹
 Him hasty to arise. As one affright
 With hellish feends, or Furies mad uprore,
 He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes ; for he would algates ² fight.

38 They bene ybrought, he quickly does him dight,³
 And lightly mounted passeth on his way ;
 Ne ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay ;
 For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
 (That day itselfe him seemed all too long)
 On him that did Pyrochles deare dismay ⁴ ;
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And Attin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and
 wrong.

¹ *Implore*, entreaty.

² *Algates*, by all means.

³ *Dight*, prepare himself.

⁴ *Dismay*, deprive of might, subdue.

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth
 Led into loose desyre;
 Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother
 burnes in furious fyre.

¹ A HARDER lesson to learne continence
 In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine:
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
 So strongly, that uneathes¹ it can refraine
 From that which feeble nature covets faine:
 But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies,
 And foes of life, she better can abstaine²:
 Yet Vertue vauntes in both her victories;
 And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.³

² Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
 With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
 The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
 Came to a river, by whose utmost brim

¹ *Uneathes*, hardly. ² 2d ed., *restraine*. ³ *Maysteries*, superiority.

II. 4. — *Came to a river, &c.*] The Bower of Bliss is described as situated upon an island floating in a lake or gulf. Cymochles is induced by Atin to leave this place in order to **avenge** his

Wayting to passe he saw whereas did swim
 Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
 A litle gondelay,¹ bedecked trim
 With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
 That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

3 And therein sate a lady fresh and fayre,
 Making sweete solace to herselfe alone :
 Sometimes she song as lowd as lark in ayre,
 Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was
 gone ;²
 Yet was there not with her else any one,
 That to her might move cause of meriment :
 Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
 She could devise ; and thousand waies invent
 To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

4 Which when far of Cymochles heard and saw,
 He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
 The little barke unto the shore to draw,
 And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
 The merry Mariner unto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streight-
 way
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike lord

¹ *Gondelay*, gondola, boat. ² 1st ed., as *merry as Pope Ione*.

brother's death. He comes to a river, that is, to the shore of the island, and finds there Phædria, (who represents immodest mirth,) who carries him in her boat to another island in this gulf or lake, similar in its temptations and dangers to that on which the Bower of Bliss is situated. H.

She in receiv'd ; but Atin by no way
 She would admit, albe¹ the knight her much did pray.

⁵ Eftsoones² her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift then swallow sheres³ the liquid skye,
 Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canvas with the wind to fly :
 Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by⁴
 It cut away upon the yielding wave ;
 Ne cared she her course for to apply,⁵
 For it was taught the way which she would have,
 And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wisely save.

⁶ And all the way the wanton damsell found
 New merth her passenger to entertaine ;
 For she in pleasaunt purpose⁶ did abound,
 And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine.
 Of which a store-house did with her remaine ;
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became :
 For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
 And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
 That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

¹ *Albe*, although.

² *Eftsoones*, immediately.

³ *Sheres*, cuts.

⁴ *By and by*, instantly.

⁵ *Apply*, give attention to.

⁶ *Purpose*, conversation.

V. 8. — *For it was taught, &c.*] The self-guiding bark of Phæ-
 dria was suggested by the ships of Alcinous, in *Homer*, which
 steered themselves to their destined port. The giving it motion
 by turning a pin was probably borrowed from the Squire's Tale in
 Chaucer, where the king of Araby sends to Cambuscan a horse of
 brass, which moves by turning a pin. There is a wooden horse
 with the same wondrous power in the Arabian Nights. — H.

7 And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
 As her fantasticke wit did most delight:
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize¹
 With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight²:
 Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
 To laugh at shaking of the leavēs light,
 Or to behold the water worke and play
 About her little frigot, therein making way.

8 Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
 That of his way he had no sovenaunce,³
 Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight;
 But to weake wench did yield his martiall might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed minde
 With one sweete drop of sensuall delight!
 So easie is t' appease the stormy winde
 Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind!

9 Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
 Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
 Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
 Which in her cott⁴ she daily practized;
 "Vaineman," saide she, "that wouldest be reckoned
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of Phædria, (for so my name is red,⁵)
 Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt;
 For thou to serve Acrasia thyselfe doest vaunt.

¹ *Aguize*, deck.

² *Plight*, plat.

³ *Sovenaunce*, remembrance.

⁴ *Cott*, little boat (?).

⁵ *Red*, called.

10 " In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
 The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
 That knowes her port, and thether sayles by
 ayme,
 Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
 Or whether swift I wend or whether slow :
 Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne :
 Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd-thundring Iove
 Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne :
 My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.¹"

11 Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were far past the passage which he spake,
 And come unto an island waste and voyd,²
 That floted in the midst of that great lake ;
 There her small gondelay her port did make,
 And that gay payre issewing on the shore
 Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
 Into the land that lay them faire before,
 Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great
 store.

12 It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
 Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand
 Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best :
 No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
 No arborett³ with painted blossomes drest

¹ Bourne, boundary.

³ Arborett, shrub.

² Waste and voyd, i. e. uninhabited.

And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al
arownd.

13 No tree, whose braunches did not bravely¹ spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.²
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed
fitt

For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

14 Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And laid him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd:
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly
charm'd:

¹ *Bravely*, beautifully.

² *Ditt*, ditty.

XIII. 9. — *Did his wrathfull purpose faire appease:*] In Cymochles we are shown the fickleness of purpose which habits of self-indulgence beget. "One sweet drop of sensual delight" makes him forget the purpose of revenge he had so lately formed. The nearest temptation is the strongest. H.

15 " Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take,
 The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
 How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing-envious nature them forth throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
 And decke the world with their rich pompous
 shoves;

Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16 " The lilly, lady of the flowring field,
 The flowre-de-luce, her lovely paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
 And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure¹:
 Loe! loe, how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
 With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure²!
 Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

17 " Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
 Art lord, and eke of nature soveraine,
 Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
 And waste thy ioyous howres in needelesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
 What bootes it al to have and nothing use?

¹ *Stoure*, contention.

² *Belamoure*, lover.

XV. 1. — *Behold, O man, &c.*] This song is imitated from one sung to Rinaldo, upon an enchanted island, in the fourteenth Canto of the Jerusalem Delivered.

Who shall him rew¹ that swimming in the maine
 Will die for thrist, and water doth refuse? •
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures
 chuse.”

18 By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take :
 Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake.
 So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake
 Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull wave of that great griesy² lake :
 Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,
 And now is come to that same place where first she
 wefte.³

19 By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
 Unto the other side of that wide strond
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought :
 Him needed not long call ; shee soone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding⁴ fond
 With his sad⁵ guide : himselfe she tooke aboard,
 But the blacke Palmer suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price or prayers once affoord⁶
 To ferry that old man over the perlous⁷ foord.

¹ *Rew*, pity.

² *Griesy*, i. e. sluggish, or thick.

³ *Wefte*, departed.

⁴ *Byding*, waiting.

⁵ *Sad*, grave.

⁶ *Affoord*, accord, grant.

⁷ *Perlous*, dangerous.

XIX. 8. — *Ne would, &c.*] When Temperance or Self-government embarks on the waters of Idleness, under the guidance of immodest Mirth, Reason is left behind. H.

20 Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
 For the flitt¹ barke, obaying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire
 Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish
 sourse.

21 And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
 Her mery fitt she freshly gan to reare,²
 And did of ioy and iollity devize,
 Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
 The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,³
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliaunce he despisd and follies did forsake.

22 Yet she still followed her former style,
 And said, and did, all that mote him delight,
 Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,
 Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.
 But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
 He wist himselfe amisse,⁴ and angry said:
 "Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,

¹ *Flitt*, fleet.

² *Reare*, take up.

³ *Geare*, jeer.

⁴ *Wist himselfe amisse*, knew that he was out of his proper course.

Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid :
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid."

23 "Faire Sir," quoth she, "be not displeasd at all ;
Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call :
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray ;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay :
Better safe port then be in seas distrest."
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

24 But he, halfe discontent, mote nathëllesse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore :
The ioyes whereof and happy fruitfulnessse,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made much more.
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore ;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25 And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art :
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize,
Might not revive desire of knightly exercize :

26 But he was wise, and wary of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon his hart;
 Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed¹ ill,
 As to despise so curteous seeming part
 That gentle lady did to him impart:
 But, fairly tempring,² fond desire subdewd,
 And ever her desired to depart.
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

27 And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
 And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,³
 Gan him avize,⁴ howe ill did him beseme
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,⁵
 And quench the brond of his conceived yre.
 Tho⁶ up he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staid for his damsell to inquire,
 But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

28 And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
 Accompanyde with Phædria the faire:
 Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
 Crying: "Let be that lady debonaire,⁷
 Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe prepaire
 To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
 Loe! loe already how the fowles in aire

¹ *Thewed*, bred, or mannered.

² *Tempring*, moderating.

³ *Dreriment*, by license, for heaviness.

⁴ *Avize*, bethink.

⁵ *Steme*, steep.

⁶ *Tho*, then.

⁷ *Debonaire*, gracious, gentle.

Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn.¹"

29 And therewithall he fiersly at him flew,
And with impórtune² outrage him assayld;
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall valew³ countervayld⁴;
Their mightie strokes their haberieons⁵ dismayld,⁶
And naked made each others manly spalles⁷;
The mortall steele despiteously entayld⁸
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple streame adown their giambeux⁹
falles.

30 Cymocles, that had never mett before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His prowd presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging¹⁰ not so much his might
As those unknighly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,¹¹
And, doubling all his powres, redoubled every stroke.

31 Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,¹²
And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway:

¹ *Payn*, pains.

² *Importuné*, unrelenting.

³ *Valew*, valor.

⁴ *Countervayld*, opposed.

⁵ *Haberieons*, coats of mail.

⁶ *Dismayld*, cut away the mails or meshes.

⁷ *Spalles*, shoulders.

⁸ *Entayld*, cut.

⁹ *Giambeux*, boots.

¹⁰ *Grudging*, indignant at.

¹¹ *Wroke*, avenged.

¹² *Enhaunst*, raised.

Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,¹
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away :
 But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
 On th' others helmet, which as Titan shone,
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head unto the bone ;
 Wherewith astonisht still he stood as sencelesse stone.

32 Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld
 That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran ;
 And at their feet herselfe most humbly feld,²
 Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan,
 " Ah, well away ! most noble Lords, how can
 Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
 To shed your lives on ground ? Wo worth the man,
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
 In his owne³ flesh, and make way to the living
 spright !

33 " If ever love of lady did empierce
 Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
 Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce ;
 And, sith⁴ for me ye fight, to me this grace
 Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space."
 They stayd a while ; and forth she gan proceed :
 " Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
 That am the authour of this hainous deed,
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights
 do breed !

¹ *Yglaunst*, glanced.

² *Feld*, threw.

³ *Owne*, i. e. human.

⁴ *Sith*, since.

34 " But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
 Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,¹
 And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes :
 Such cruell game my scarmoges² disarmes.
 Another warre, and other weapons, I
 Doe love, where Love does give his sweet alarmes
 Without bloodshéd, and where the enemy
 Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

35 " Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,
 The famous name of knighthood fowly shend³;
 But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
 And in amours the passing howres to spend,
 The mightie martiall handes doe most commend ;
 Of love they ever greater glory bore
 Then of their armes : Mars is Cupidoes frend,
 And is for Venus loves renowned more
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore."

36 Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full
 bent
 To prove⁴ extremities of bloody fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight :
 Such powre have pleasing wordes ! Such is the
 might
 Of courteous clemency in gentle hart !
 Now after all was ceast, the Faery Knight

¹ I. e. cause men to die in misery.

² *Scarmoges*, skirmishes.

³ *Shend*, disgrace.

⁴ *Prove*, try.

Besought that damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

37 She no lesse glad then¹ he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,²
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

38 Tho³ him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,
And to that damsell thanks gave for reward.
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phædrias flitt barch over that perlous⁴ shard.⁵

39 Well could he⁶ him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made:
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As shepheardes curre, that in dark eveninges shade
Hath tracted forth⁷ some salvage beast's trade⁸:

¹ *Then*, than.

² *Pas*, care for.

³ *Tho*, then.

⁴ *Perlous*, perilous.

⁵ *Shard*, division, boundary (see v. x. l. 9).

⁶ *He*, i. e. Atin.

⁷ *Tracted forth*, traced out.

⁸ *Trade*, tread, footsteps.

“Vile miscreant,” said he, “whether dost thou flye
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy?”

40 With that he stifly shooke his steelhead dart :
But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fayrely¹ forth. He, turning taile,
Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile,
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.²

41 Whylest there the Varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight that towards him fast ran ;
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan :
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan ;
And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof: he never stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the Ydle Flood.

42 The Varlett saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiersly lept,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,

¹ *Fayrely*, quietly.

² *Delayd*, allayed.

That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,¹
 Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept ;
 But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
 The waves about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the blood and filth away was washt ;
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

43 Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee ;
 For much he wondred at that uncouth² sight :
 Whom should he but his own deare lord there see,
 His owne deare lord Pyrochles in sad plight,
 Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight :
 " Harrow³ now, out and well away !" he cryde,
 " What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
 To see my lord so deadly damnifyde⁴ ?
 Pyrochles, O Pyrochles, what is thee betyde⁵ ?

44 " I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowd he cryde,
 " O how I burne with implacable fyre !
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre ;
 Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."⁶
 " Ah ! be it," said he, " from Pyrochles farre
 After pursewing death once to requyre,⁷
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may
 marre :

Death is for wretches borne under unhappy starre."

¹ *Stept*, steeped.

² *Uncouth*, strange.

³ *Harrow*, an exclamation, first of alarm (help !), and then of sorrow (alas !).

⁴ *Damnifyde*, injured.

⁵ *Betyde*, happened.

⁶ I. e. make me breathe again, give me ease.

⁷ I. e. seek after death, which of itself pursues us.

- 45 "Perdye, then is it fitt for me," said he,
 "That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And, dying dayly, dayly yet revive:
 O Atin, helpe to me last death to give!"
 The Varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
 That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive;
 And, his owne health remembring now no more,
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.
- 46 Into the lake he leapt his lord to ayd,
 (So love the dread of daunger doth despise,)
 And, of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
 From drowning; but more happy he then¹ wise
 Of that seas nature did him not advise²:
 The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engrost³ with mud which did them fowle agrise,⁴
 That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
 Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom there.
- 47 Whiles thus they struggled in that ydle wave,
 And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to save;
 Lo! to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne⁵:

¹ *Then*, than.² *Advise*, bethink himself.³ *Engrost*, made thick.⁴ *Agrise*, (here) add to the terror they inspired.⁵ *Sowne*, sound.

Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull¹ servaunt stryving with his raging lord.

48 Him Atin, spying, knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald: "Help! helpe, O Archimage,
To save my lord in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age."
Him when the old man saw, he woundred sore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage:
Yet sithens² helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pitty, he in hast approached to the shore;

49 And cald, "Pyrochles, what is this I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst³ thee hent⁴?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment.⁵"
"These flames, these flames," he cryde, "do me
torment!"
"What flames," quoth he, "when I thee present see
In daunger rather to be drent then brent⁶?"
"Harrow⁷! the flames which me consume," said hee,
"Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

¹ *Carefull*, distressed.

⁵ *Astonishment*, perturbation.

² *Sithens*, since.

⁶ *Drent then brent*, drowned than burnt.

³ *At earst*, suddenly.

⁷ *Harrow*, help.

⁴ *Hent*, seized.

XLVIII. 2.—*O Archimage.*] Archimagô's last appearance was in Canto III. Stanza 19. He had then left Braggadochio to procure for him the sword of Prince Arthur; and in the eighth canto

50 " That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
 Furor, oh ! Furor hath me thus bedight.¹
 His deadly woundes within my liver swell,
 And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
 Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste ;
 That now I weene Ioves dreaded thunder-light
 Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
 In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly² roste."

51 Which whenas Archimago heard, his griefe
 He knew right well, and him attonce-disarmd :
 Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a griefe³
 Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,
 Or with the hidden fier inly warmd.
 Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
 And evermore with mightie spells them charmd ;
 That in short space he has them qualifyde,⁴
 And him restor'd to helth, that would have algates
 dyde.⁵

¹ *Bedight*, treated, served.

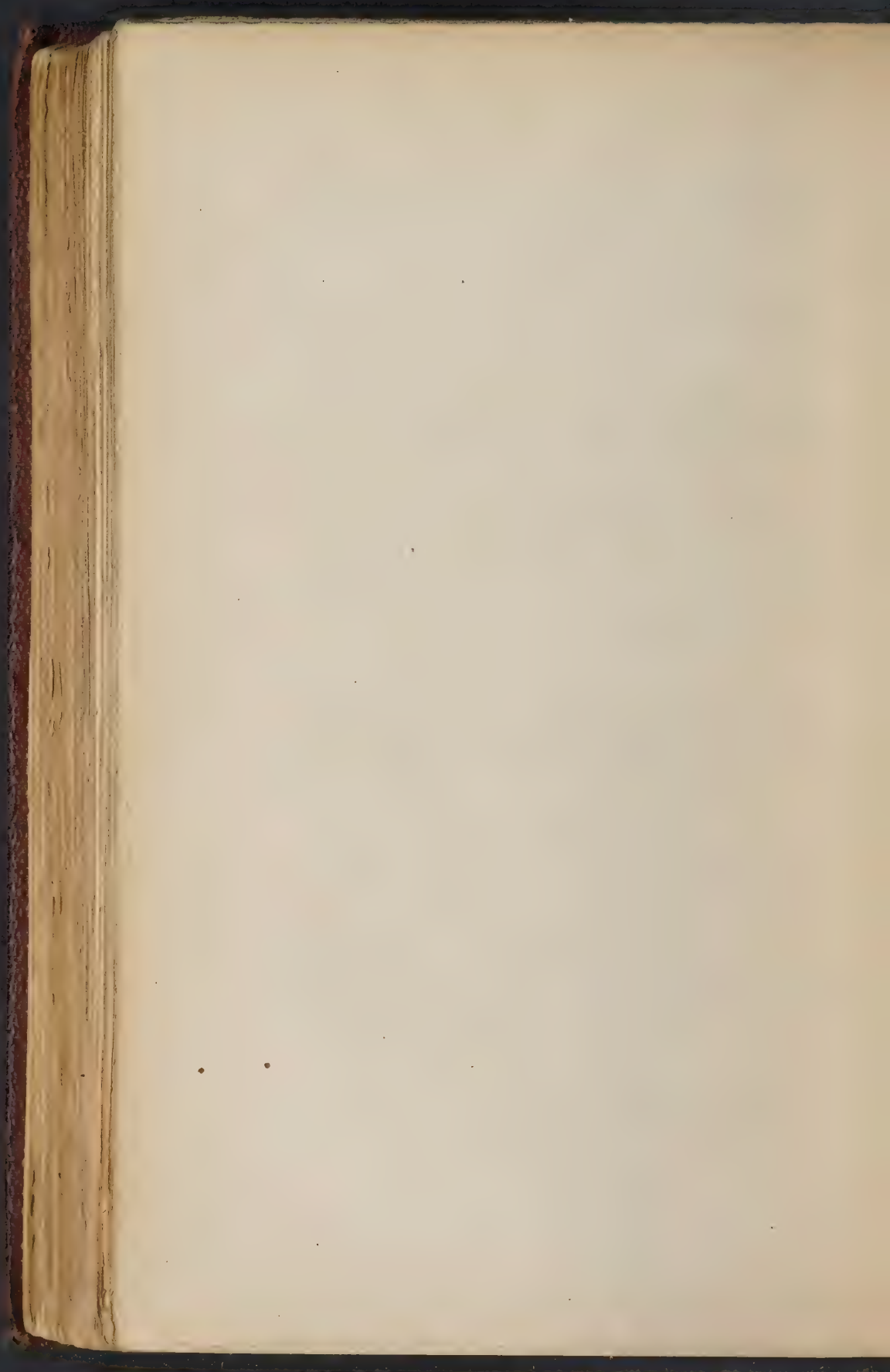
³ *Priefe*, examination.

² *Felly*, cruelly.

⁴ *Qualifyde*, eased, assuaged.

⁵ *Would have algates dyde*, wished by all means to die.

of this present book (Stanza 20) we are informed that the sword he now has in his hand was Prince Arthur's; but we are nowhere told how he contrived to get it into his possession. H.



APPENDIX.

VARIATIONS FROM THE FIRST EDITION, 1590.

THE "faults escaped in the print," noted on the last page of the first edition of the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*, have of course been corrected without remark. The same is true in all cases of those trivial misprints about which there could be no question.

O. denotes the original editions.

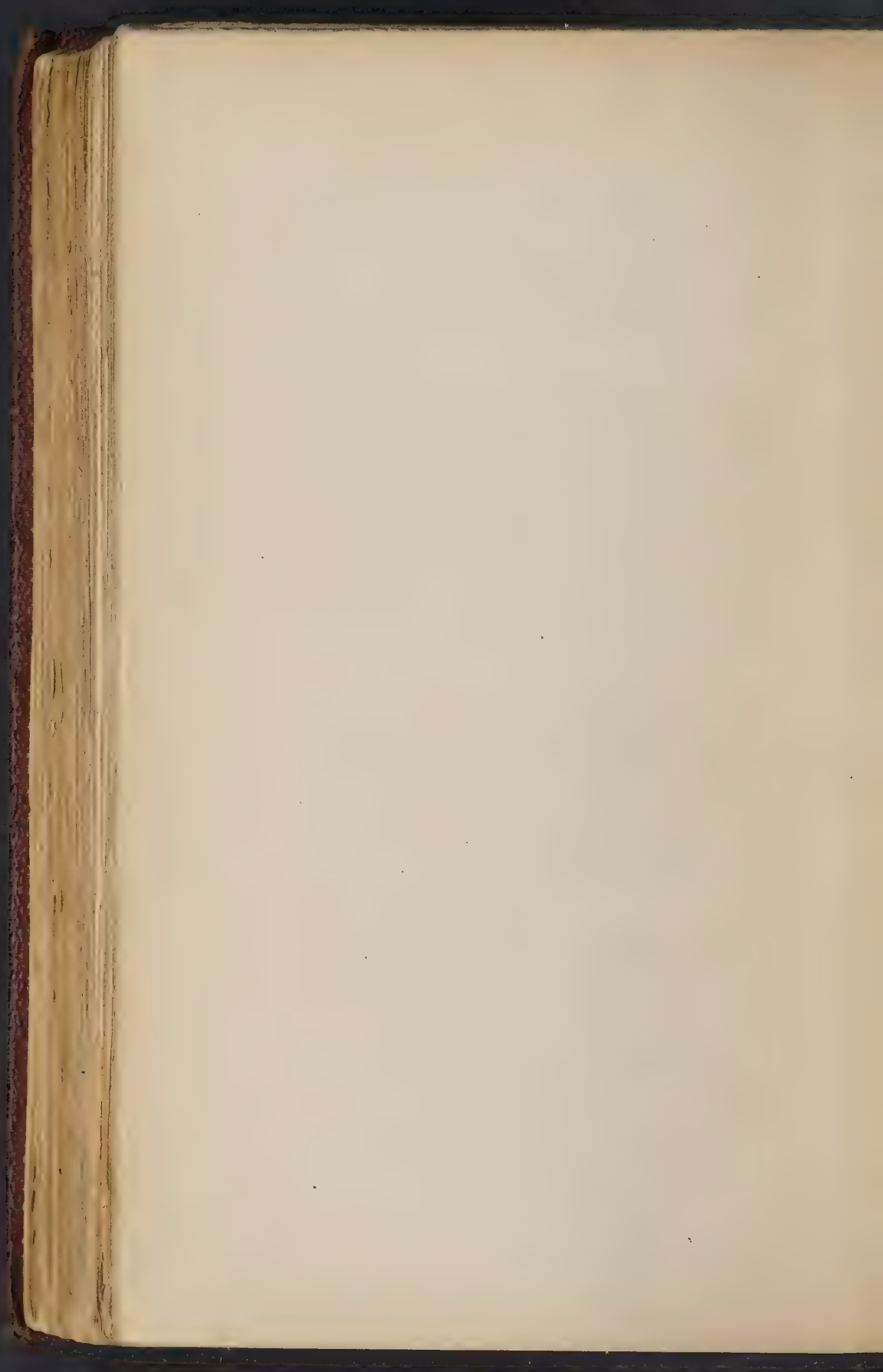
- Page 9, l. 17, vi. Ephes., O. v. Ephes.
" 13, st. 4, v. 1, faire, O. fare.
" 14, v. 1, reedes, O. reede.
" 15, v. 5, deserte, O. desertes.
" 25, son. 2, v. 6, soverains, O. soverain.
" 32, st. 4, v. 5, my, O. mine.
" 60, st. 17, v. 9, die (ed. 1609), O. dies.
" 62, st. 22, v. 5, your (2d ed.), O. thy.
" 96, st. 27, v. 3, coffers, O. coffets.
" 108, st. 7, v. 9, helmets hewen deepe (2d ed.), O. hewen helmets deepe.
" 139, st. 39, v. 7, quoth he (2d ed.), O. qd. she.
" 152, st. 22, v. 9, sight (supplied from 2d ed.), O. omitted.
" 155, st. 32, v. 8, whose (ed. 1609), O. her.
" 164, st. 1, v. 6, through, O. thorough.
" 172, st. 24, v. 6, his (ed. 1609), O. her.
" 195, st. 33, v. 3, ypight (2d ed.), O. yplight.
" 198, st. 42, v. 7, holds, O. hold.
" 199, st. 46, v. 7, falsed, O. falsest.

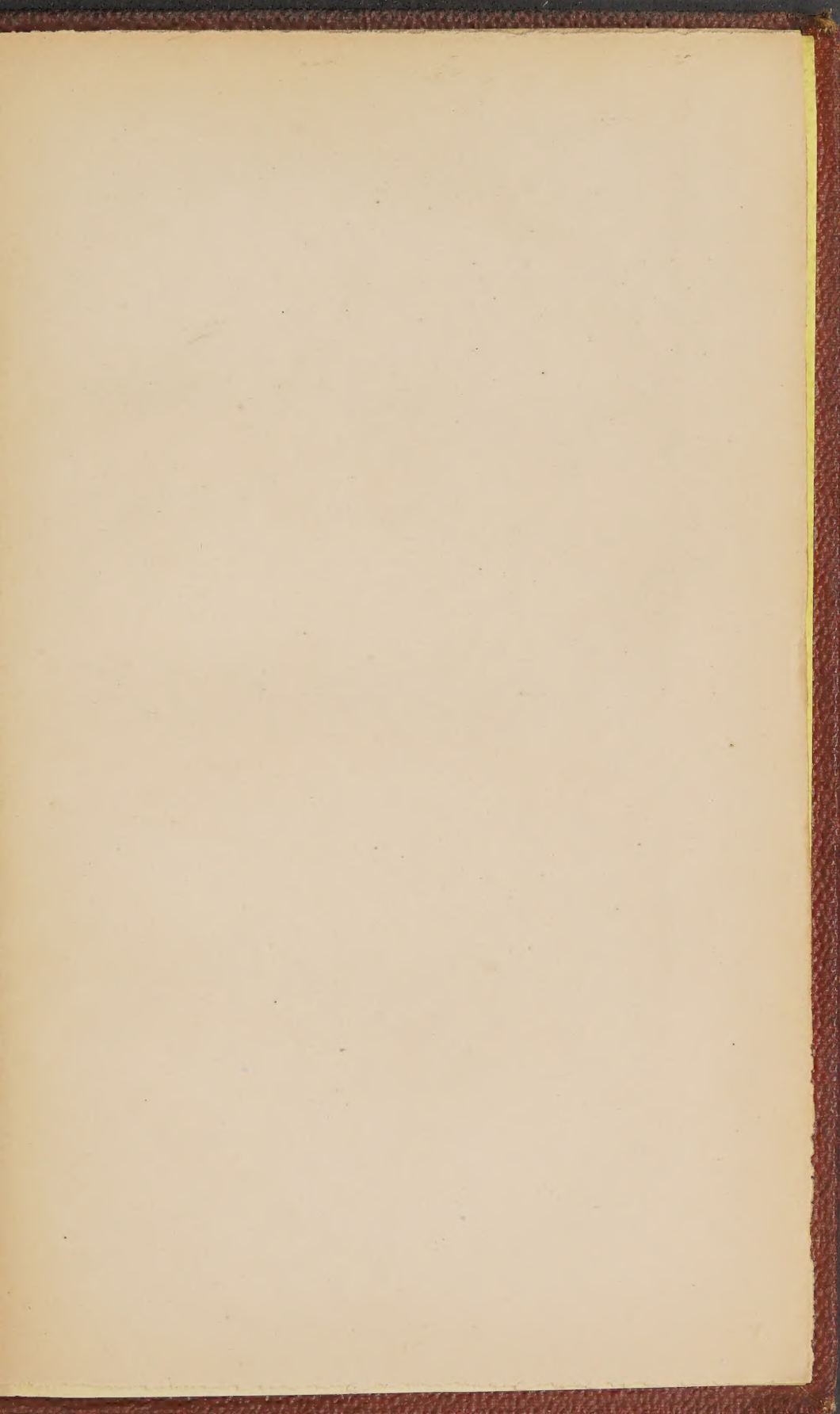
- Page 201, st. 52, v. 1, saw (2d ed.), O. heard.
- " 210, st. 20, v. 5, supplied from ed. 1609. O. wanting.
- " 216, st. 36, v. 6, their, O. there.
- " 222, st. 52, v. 6, brings, O. bring.
- " 226, st. 65, v. 3, place (ed. 1609), O. face.
- " 230, st. 3. This stanza is supplied from 2d ed. O. omitted.
- " 242, st. 37, v. 2, yelled (ed. 1609), O. yelded.
- " 244, st. 41, v. 4, nor (ed. 1609), O. for.
- " 267, st. 4, v. 6, thou, O. then.
- " 275, st. 16, v. 1, liefē (ed. 1609), O. life.
- " 277, st. 20, v. 7, blotted (2d ed.), O. blotting.
- " 281, st. 31, v. 4, on, O. one.
- " 281, st. 32, v. 7, must (ed. 1609), O. most.
- " 291, st. 59, v. 8, great (ed. 1609), O. greet.
- " 295, st. 7, v. 7, pray, O. chace.
- " 297, st. 12, v. 8, fame (2d ed.), O. frame.
- " 300, st. 21, v. 2, hond (ed. 1609), O. hand.
- " 303, st. 28, v. 2, their (2d ed.), O. her.
- " 304, st. 30, v. 1, there (ed. 1609), O. their.
- " 308, st. 42, v. 6, an yearely . . . hold, O. any earely . . . make.
- " 309, st. 44, v. 4, enrold, O. entrold.
- " 315, st. 11, v. 4, courser, O. course.
- " 335, st. 17, v. 6-9. Taken from 2d ed. see note).
- " 347, arg. v. 4, Cymochles, O. Gymochles.
- " 351, st. 10, v. 7, enimes, O. enimes.
- " 354, st. 19, v. 4, shee (ed. 1609), O. hee.
- " 359, st. 32, v. 6, meriments, O. meriment.
- " 363, st. 3, v. 4, that nigh her breath was gone (2d ed.), O. as merry as Pope Ione.
- " 365, st. 7, v. 5, of, O. off.
- " 372, st. 27, v. 9, there (ed. 1609), O. their.
- " 378, st. 43, v. 7, lent this (2d ed.), O. lent but this his.
- " 381, st. 50, v. 3, liver (ed. 1609), O. livers.

END OF VOL. I.

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